A TREASURY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE

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OF
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A TREASURY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE

(From the Beginning to the Eighteenth Century)

Selected and arranged
With Translations and Glossaries

BY

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With an Introduction

BY

STOPFORD A. BROOKE

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Editor's Preface

It may be objected to this book that there are already good anthologies of English Literature. There seems to be, however, a place unfilled for which this *Treasury* may be fitted. It has been prepared, in the first instance, as a companion to Mr. Stopford Brooke's *Primer of English Literature*, with the intention of illustrating, by prose and verse selections, the literary history and criticism to be found in that well-known book. The *Primer* has long been recognized as a classic among manuals of the kind. More than twenty-five years ago, Matthew Arnold thought it worthy of an essay to itself;[1] but without that honour it would have easily held its own, for it combines the qualities of usefulness and beauty in an unusual way. To those who need a guide on their first venture into the centuries of English Literature it is invaluable; while to those who already know and admire that wonderful country, it has the power to give keen pleasure from the penetration and delicacy of its criticism as well as from the fine rightness of its proportions.

The *Primer*, however, was never intended to be sufficient in itself; it implies that the reader will turn to the books described and criticized. But the range of literature involved makes this, in many cases, no easy matter, and it is hoped that the *Treasury of English Literature* will supply the need of those who may not be able to seek out from the books themselves these literary illustrations. Furthermore, the Editor will be glad if her work here may help to prevent, or at least render less possible, that second-hand use of a history of literature

[1] See *Mixed Essays*, 1879. Macmillan.

by which the student takes the given view, both of fact and opinion, without an intelligent effort to arrive at his own conclusions.

But, beyond these aims, it is hoped that the present book may fill a place as an English anthology representing more fully than has yet been attempted in a brief selection, the course of our literature (with the exception of the Drama) from the earliest time to the eighteenth century; and a special feature has been made of Old and Middle English writings before the time of Chaucer. The *Treasury* forms a complete work in itself and can be used apart from its connexion with the *Primer of English Literature.*

No extracts from the Drama proper have been included, except in one case as an example of Marlowe's 'mighty line.' It seems almost impossible, from the very nature of that form of art, to represent it at all justly in brief passages. Moreover, the work of selection from our dramatic literature is being done by others at the present time, to say nothing of the classic volume of Elizabethan specimens given to us by Charles Lamb.

The selections in this *Treasury* end with the poetry of Burns, though originally it was intended to bring them up to 1832, where the *Primer* itself ends. It was found, however, that this would make the book too large for its purpose, without adding much to its usefulness, since there are already many good selections from the later authors. The writers included and the order and proportionate importance assigned to them follow, as a rule, the arrangement of the *Primer,* though now and then an author has been represented who is not named there, or, if named, is only glanced at without distinctive criticism.

For the character of the specimens the Editor is, with a few exceptions, alone responsible. She has tried to select passages interesting in their subject-matter, or in their literary relationships, as well as representative of the authors in their best or most characteristic manner. It has been impossible to avoid giving certain extracts which have already a place in other

anthologies, but new matter has been quoted wherever it could be done without material loss. With one or two exceptions, the extracts up to the end of the 15th century have been printed in the original spelling; after that date, except in the case of Spenser, the spelling has been modernized.

It is too much to hope that every one will agree with the selection made. But those who know the difficulties of compiling such a book as this will be lenient in their judgment of its failings; and they will further understand how the Editor, viewing the work as a whole, now that it is finished, would like to do it all over again, making many changes. It often goes to the heart of the lover of literature when the stern exigencies of space compel him, in his character of compiler, to omit or curtail some interesting or beautiful or time-honoured or personally-endeared lines. His only comfort lies in the hope that the brief compilation may lead readers to the full text.

This *Treasury* was begun in the spring of 1900, and has never since been wholly laid aside. One advantage of the delay, however, has been the opportunity it has given for the testing of certain parts of the work. Many of the selections have been used to illustrate the Editor's lectures to college students in English Literature, while valuable suggestions have been made by those authorities who have seen the book in MS. or proof form, especially by Professor W. P. Ker, who has been kindly interested in it from the beginning.

The Editor has made the translations and glossaries attached to the Old and Middle English specimens, but for some details of arrangement and type she wishes to confess her debt to Mr. Quiller-Couch, whose delightful *Oxford Book of English Verse* has given her suggestions.

The original texts printed here have as far as possible been taken from the best editions available, some of which are now unfortunately out of print. The Editor is especially grateful to Professor Wülker of Leipzig, who has kindly allowed her

to make full use of his edition of Grein's text of the Old English poems; and to Professor Skeat for the generous permission to make extracts from his editions of Chaucer, Langland and other Middle English writers. To the Delegates of the Clarendon Press she is indebted for confirming this permission to use these publications, as well as for allowing her to quote from Mr. Sedgefield's edition of *Boethius*. To Dr. Furnivall and to the publications of the Early English Text Society the *Treasury* in its earlier pages owes much. The stanzas from the Middle English *Pearl* have been taken by kind permission from Professor Gollancz's edition of the poem. The Editor is also conscious of her obligation to the many other previous editors of English classics whose labour has made possible the compilation of such a book as this.

KATE M. WARREN.

LONDON, *September* 1905.

Introduction

THIS book, to which I have been asked to write a brief introduction, is an anthology of short pieces of English poetry and prose from the beginning of our literature up to the later part of the eighteenth century. It was fitting that I should write such an introduction, for the extracts are intended to illustrate the work of the writers mentioned in my *Primer of English Literature*, and are to be used, it is hoped, along with that little book, by the teachers and pupils who have adopted it in schools and colleges. Many years ago I was requested to collect such an anthology, but I had not time enough on my hands to enter upon so laborious an undertaking. Miss Kate Warren undertook, and has now completed, this heavy task, and the choice of the pieces, the translations of the early and middle English extracts, the arrangement and the execution of the work are, it seems to me, equally good. I think the book ought to prove of great use in the teaching of English Literature, and be also of much help to students in the early years of their study of English writing. But it appeals to those who are neither teachers nor students of literature, but who love and honour it. It presents in brief extracts a miniature image of English Literature, of its great age, its continuity, its changing history, its growth, its innate elements, the outside influences which it assimilated, its varied interests, and its general excellence. The book represents more than a thousand years of literature in England, and it is impossible to glance through it without asking oneself the question—What are the main elements, powers, interests, and what will be the destiny

of this great and varied Literature? To give a few answers, a few out of many, to that question is the aim of this introduction.

The first thing that strikes us is the great age of English Literature. Its poetry began in England in the seventh century, its prose with King Ælfred in the ninth. There was earlier poetry in the England over-seas, and earlier prose from Bæda's hand, but the latter is not extant, and the former was not made in this island. English poetry has then had a career of more than twelve hundred, and English prose a career of more than a thousand years—a great and venerable age, the thought of which alone, even without its varied history, impels and kindles the imagination. Yet, with all the great age of this Literature, it has never grown old. It is still young, animated, vigorous and inspiring, still capable of new things, still certain of a future. The power of reproduction, that is, the power of life, is still potent in its body. It combines the dignity of age with the charm of youth.

We might not perhaps say this so boldly if in its history there had been centuries of silence. But there have been only two great breaks in its plentiful production. The first, from the Conquest to the reign of John, lasted about 130 years, but was not even then devoid of literature in our tongue. The second lasted from the death of Chaucer to the reign of Henry VIII, but that was much less devoid of literature than the first. Since then, though the changes have been many, literature has never ceased to live an active life of incessant production.

The second thing, then, that we observe concerning it is its continuity. The tree which took root in the old English work of Cædmon and Cynewulf, Ælfred and Ælfric, has had, I have said, its intervals of arrested growth; one, while the language, *pari passu* with the English nationality, was being formed into a new vehicle of thought; another, when the Civil Wars had imprisoned the freedom of imagination and closed its outlets; but it has always been the same tree, and its growth (even during those intervals) has been continuous; climbing steadily, branch after branch, to its present height, expanding steadily, in foliaged splendour,

till now nations take their pleasure under its imperial shades, "high over arched and echoing walks between."

Being thus continuous, the various periods of its growth are vitally connected one with the other. It is a living organism, with a living soul. Each period of its growth not only brings up to all the excellence outward circumstance will permit its own special forms, but produces, underneath these special forms, the germs which in the next period will grow into the excellences of that period. It is quite possible to trace in the Elizabethan age of literature the arising of the fresh branches of thought and passion which the succeeding age brought to flower and fruitage. We can predict what is to emerge in Wordsworth, Coleridge, Byron, and even Shelley, from prophetic hints and ideas only shooting above the surface in the poetry which preceded them. We can trace back the ideas which take shape in the new forms of the Novel, of History, of Philosophy, to their unnoticed origins under the old forms which preceded them; and we might do work of this connecting kind from the beginning to the present day of our literature. This vital and en-linked evolution belongs, of course, to other literatures, but I do not think I exaggerate when I say that it is closer, less broken, more easily observed in English than in any other modern literature, except perhaps the literature of France.

Again, English Literature, like the English people, has always had a great power of assimilation, and this was almost forced upon it by circumstance. From the very beginning it was deeply influenced by its Celtic surroundings. Whitby, where its poetry began, was a Celtic monastery. Northumberland, where its poetry developed, was full of Celtic influences. Even in the south the Irish scholars and their schools touched the beginnings of literary life through Aldhelm, and formed the genius of Dunstan at Glastonbury. And all the literature which belongs to religion took through the Irish missionaries who invaded Middle England an Irish tinge. A certain imaginative passion, a love of natural beauty, and a reckless wildness, curiously mingled with an almost scientific devotion

to metrical form, crept into the Teutonic mind. These Celtic influences perished in the north with the invasion of the Danes, and they became small by degrees in the south where Ælfred and his successors made literature purely Teutonic. But the Celtic imagination returned with the Normans who brought back into England the Welsh story of Arthur, which, worked into excellence by their formative genius, has affected English Literature from the beginning of the thirteenth century to the present day. The powers of the Celtic genius have been assimilated by England, and of late a new river of the Celtic spirit, drawn from the mythic hills of Ireland, has begun to flow through English poetry and prose.

Almost contemporaneous with the Celtic influence on early English literature in the north of England was the influence, also in the north, of Roman thought and literature; and this fell also upon the south. It filtered into the English soul through the Roman Church, and brought with it not only the love of law and order and organic form, of a certain steadfastness in pursuit of ideas and of pleasure in their logical analysis, but also, as food for the imagination, all the legends of the Church and its theological mysteries of doctrine and ritual; and at the same time, for poetic work, an ideal of form in the verse of Vergil and of other Latin poets—an ideal the English writers scarcely understood, but which like all ideals, whether understood or not, awakened emotion and kindled thought. This logical, analysing, orderly, composing, steadying power; this classic elegance, grace, dignity and ideal of form in the Latin poets were assimilated by degrees, through various channels, during the whole course of English Literature, into its philosophy, its political treatises, its theology, and its imaginative work, both in prose and poetry. It steadied, it ordered Literature. It began in Cynewulf and Bæda. It lives to-day. It came in with the Roman Church. It was born into a new life in the Renaissance.

Another influence which affected early England was that of the Norsemen, first in the north, afterwards in the south. Few traces of this are to be found in English Literature till we

touch some of its stories in Middle English, but I have always felt that the intrusion into England of the iron temper, the passionate love of adventure, the war-savagery, the devotion to farm life and to home when at rest, the intensity of the natural affections, chiefly in their tragedy, the grim endurance of fate, which characterize the Icelandic Sagas, must have greatly modified the English character, and through that the English Literature. There has always been a Viking element in English poetry, and of late it has reappeared in one of those strange reincarnations of which there are so many examples in our literature. The Norsemen were of course one people with the English, but when they invaded and settled in England, the original English had changed their character from that of the sea-rovers they were when first they entered Britain. New blood, a fiercer, more vital, a wilder nature was now assimilated by the English folk, and we can trace its power, even in men like Wordsworth, Burns and Carlyle.

Meanwhile, as if it were necessary that new varieties should add themselves to the English race and the English imagination—in order to vary in the end the English Literature—the Norsemen, of the same stock as those who had invaded England, invaded France; and there, with their eager and digesting powers, absorbed through men like Lanfranc what wisdom and knowledge lived in Italy, took into their brains the special Gallic elements which moved in France, and eagerly drank into their imagination the Celtic legends which the British, flying before the English, had brought into Armorica. These legends they shaped into forms more literary than the British had given them. Having done this work in Normandy they carried it and all its results into England, now hungering for a new literary food. And in the course of two centuries, England absorbed through its Norman French conquerors all these new and old elements into her literature. Its assimilative power was never more clearly shown. Moreover, the more alien elements it absorbed, the more capable became its assimilating power.

I have said that England, through the Normans, took in certain Italian influences, which added logical, historical and analysing powers to the English mind. These were concerned with theology, history and ecclesiastical law; and the Normans carried them further than Italy had carried them. But now, in the fourteenth century, Italy gave to England, and chiefly to her poetry, the humanism of the childhood of the Renaissance through Dante, Petrarch and Boccaccio. The representation by Dante of the whole spirit of mediaevalism did not profoundly influence England who had had her own mediaevalism, but his vivid, personal, passionate representation of a hundred types of human nature did enkindle the soul of English poetry; while the less religious, less mediaeval, less moral, franker and bolder freedom of the humanism of Boccaccio kindled it still more. The English Renaissance began with Chaucer, and was Italian in its origin. England absorbed from Italy all that it then could absorb. But she was asked to absorb it too soon; she had not grown enough to develop fully these new Italian elements, and indeed they were themselves not sufficiently grown up to be used by men of a lesser genius than Chaucer. It was only after a long interval that, having reached maturity in Italy, England began again to assimilate them with accelerating rapidity in the age of Elizabeth. Nor was she content with Italy. She digested all she desired from the literatures of Spain and France.

There is no need to illustrate the argument any further. Every one will remember how closely, how continuously after Elizabeth's time, when modern English Literature may be said to have begun, England has taken into her literature the spiritual, philosophic and imaginative elements, not only of the European but of the Asiatic literatures. She has eagerly sought for and lovingly embraced the foreigner; and owing to this has obtained and secured for her literature an immense variety and an immense expansion.

The remarkable thing is—that, with all this assimilation of foreign elements, the literature which used them was not imita-

tive. When they were produced in English prose or poetry they were different from that which each of them had been in its native land. They had become original. The primeval *Stoff* of the English nature had, as they passed through it, conquered them for its own, changed their nature, partly by rejecting all that in them was out of affinity with it, partly by giving its strength and steadfastness to every element in them with which it chose to combine. Whatever it took it anglicized, so strong and vital were the original cells of its thought and passion. English literature has always been English.

There is, I may say in passing, a certain humility at the root of this fine assimilative power, a capacity for admiration of what is good and beautiful in others, a longing to get this goodness and beauty into its being, which places this power on that high level where the artist forgets himself in love of any noble or beautiful thing which he has not attained but desires to attain—and there is nothing which makes so powerfully as this for a splendid literature.[1] The English have possessed this, the Celt has not. The Celt thinks too much of himself, is too much enthralled by his own individuality to admire and love the literature of others, is too rarely humble enough to assimilate what is good beyond his own borders. And the result has been that he has never produced, as yet, a great or a continuous literature.

It follows from all this that another mark of English Literature is variety. It has taken in so much of the literary interests of other nations, has accepted with joy so many impulses from all sides—European, Asiatic, African—that it was sure to be like a

[1] Of course, other literatures than the English have had this power of assimilation, but I do not think that any one of them has had it to the same extent, has had so little fear of losing its own personality by taking into itself foreign elements. English Literature has rarely raised into any importance the *echt Englisch* cry, yet no one can confuse her literature with any other. It is in raising the *echt Deutsch*, the *echt Irish* cry that a literature loses growth, expansion, and finally individuality. It is by stretching out its arms to embrace other literatures, by taking them into itself, and then by reforming them within itself by its own vital force, that any literature becomes, like the English, truly and powerfully national.

robe of many colours, a web of a thousand patterns. No one can look back on its history both in prose and poetry, no one can glance through this anthology, without confessing the truth of this—and great variety is an admirable thing in any literature. It follows also from what has been said that there is in English Literature a certain internationalism which makes it fit and easy for other nations to receive as impulse, to sympathize with, and to adapt into their literary sphere. There have been many instances of this already. As the prevalence of the English language increases, this internationalism in English Literature will work more closely and fully on foreign literatures.

There are many other characteristics of this famous literature, but they are not of such a large aspect as those of which I have spoken. One or two of these may be mentioned. There is its closeness to life, period after period, its steady realism to the time in which it is written. Yet, always mingled with this closeness to the present, there is also an idealism, which, on the basis of the present, conceives and prophesies a better time in the future, makes imaginative casts into the future, and calls on men to live for the good and beautiful to come while they contend with the evil and ugliness of the present.

In this closeness to life, English Literature has painted England as it was from generation to generation. All that England is and has been is written in its prose and poetry. Not half enough has been made of this by historians. The only certain history is in a nation's literature. We can be absolutely certain that at this or that period men were thinking and feeling in such and such a way when we read the literature of any of these times. That is clear history.

Another of these characteristics of English literature is its good sense, its practical handling of life, and with that, a freedom in its discussion of all the aspects of life. Some have denied this freedom, but the denial is not true. English literature could not have handled life practically, unless it had also handled it freely. But it always used its freedom within certain moral and artistic limits on which the English nature has always

insisted, to the great excellence of its literature as a world-wide power.

Combined with this closeness to life and with this practical good sense, there is in English Literature an energy of imagination which one would not at first expect from the English nature, and which I do not think it would have possessed had it remained unmixed. But when Celtic, Norse, French, Italian elements were assimilated by the English nature, a soil, an atmosphere were made in which Imagination could be born, grow, mature and create, at ease. Whenever the English people entered the realm of art, they developed, but especially in architecture and poetry, imaginative genius. No one can look back on the long and glorious roll of the English poets without crying out with joy over the splendour of their imaginative energy. It has produced masterpieces in every form of poetry, and has done this, after a long boyhood, with matured powers for five hundred years.

This combination in a literature of imaginative power with closeness to life and practical good sense develops an enormous energy in creation. It does more. It makes, using its practical and shaping powers, the ideas of other literatures into instruments of thought which the world can easily use and comprehend. That also is one of the great goods which the English genius does for the human race.

I do not choose, in this brief introduction, to dwell on the weaknesses and faults of English Literature. That would be an easy task, but an ungrateful one. They are plain enough, and English and foreign critics are fond of marking them out for disapproval and satire. But what literature is without its failures and its stains? They are natural to its excellences, the dark shadows of its bright substances. Let others dwell on them, not I.

It remains to say a brief word on two subjects, each of which deserves a treatment at large.

This great national literature, extending backwards for

more than 1,200 years, linked together not only by its language which through all its changes is the same, but also by its solid English core which through all the foreign elements it assimilated has remained the same, is a great nationalizing power, as great in binding together a nation as the equally long and equally vital struggle of the English people for liberty within freely enacted law. The traditions of its glories, of its influence on the world, of its poetry, philosophy, science, history and imaginative story-telling, of its wisdom in law and its intelligence and spirituality in religion, and of its venerable age which abides in a youth which may well seem immortal, kindle a noble pride and patriotism of the soul in Englishmen, and bind all classes together in a bond which has no selfishness, no party spirit, no meanness, and no base hunger for place or wealth. It is a spiritual bond, and to strengthen it by knowledge of the literature of England ought to be, as it is not yet, one of the foremost aims of all Education, not only for the sake of expanding the intelligence of Englishmen and of awakening their soul, but also of filling them with the spirit of noble citizenship.

Finally, the vast extension of the English-speaking world means the vast extension of the literature of England. This literature not only goes with the empire, but with the nations, like America, who were derived from us and speak our tongue. I do not think it will ever have much influence over Asiatic people, except Japan; it will be more likely to influence the African than the Asiatic, when the African is educated. But when Australia and New Zealand are full, when English Africa governs herself, when Canada and America are crowded from shore to shore, when South America is bound up with its Northern sister, when the English tongue has become in Europe as much an international language as French was in older days, English Literature will accompany English speech, and be the beloved study of millions on millions of intelligent and imaginative men and women, their highest ideal, and the most various expression for them of the thoughts and emotions which they desire to see in noble and lovely form.

As we look into the future of the world, the expansion of English Literature is as wonderful to imagine as it is difficult to realize. Even if England, like other empires, should fall, the English tongue will not pass away with England, nor her literature. Even if another world-wide tongue should arise, English Literature, like the Latin and the Greek, but with a more varied influence than they, will remain one of the great and inspiring powers of the intelligence, the passion and the imagination of the worlds that are to be.

STOPFORD A. BROOKE.

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BOOK I

OLD ENGLISH LITERATURE FROM ITS BEGINNING TO THE ELEVENTH CENTURY

Widsiðð

Probably 7th century.

THE WANDERING POET

WIDSIÐ maðolade, wordhord onleac,
se þe monna mæst mægþa ofer eorþan,
folca geondferde :

. . . . .

"Swa ic geondferde fela fremdra londa.
geond ginne grund : godes and yfles
þær ic cunnade cnosle bidæled ;
freomægum feor folgade wide.
Forþon ic mæg singan and secgan spell,
mænan fore mengo in meoduhealle,
hu me cynegode cystum dohten.

. . . . .

Þonne wit Scilling sciran reorde
for uncrum sigedryhtne song ahofan,
hlude bi hearpan hleoþor swinsade :
þonne monige men modum wlonce
wordum sprecan, þa þe wel cuþan
þæt hi næfre song sellan ne hyrdon.

WIDSITH.

Widsith (The Far-Traveller) spake, unlocked his word-hoard : he who of men of the tribes of earth had wandered most among the peoples : . . . "So I have wandered through many strange lands, throughout the wide world. There, cut off from kindred, I have found good and evil ; far abroad from kinsmen I have gone. Therefore I can sing and tell a story, say before the company in the mead-hall how the great nobles have dealt full well with me. . . .

When Scilling and I, with a clear voice, raised the song before our royal lord, loud with the harp sounded the melody : then many a man, exultant in mind, those who well knew, spake and said that

Swa scriþende gesceapum hweorfað
gleomen gumena geond grunda fela,
þearfe secgað, þoncword sprecaþ,
simle suð oþþe norð sumne gemetað
gydda gleawne, geofum unhneawne,
se þe fore duguþe wile dom aræran,
eorlscipe æfnan, oþ þæt eal scæceð,
leoht and lif somod : lof se gewyrceð,
hafað under heofonum heahfæstne dom.

Deor's Lament

Probably 7th century or earlier.

WELAND him be warnum[1] wræces cunnade,
Anhydig eorl earfoþa dreag,
hæfde him to gesiþþe sorge and longaþ,
wintercealde wræce : wean oft onfond.

. . . .

Þæs ofereode, þisses swa mæg !
We geascodon Eormanrices
wylfenne geþoht : ahte wide folc
Gotena rices ; þæt wæs grim cyning.

they never had heard a better song. . . . So, following their destiny, wandering, the gleemen pass by men of many lands ; they tell their need, speak their thank-words, always south or north they meet someone wise in songs, free with gifts, who would raise his renown before men, make known his sway, until it all shall pass, light and life together. Whoso maketh songs of praise shall have lasting honour under the heavens.

DEOR'S LAMENT.

Weland himself knew exile, the resolute hero endured affliction ; sorrow and longing he had as fellows, winter-cold wretchedness ; oft he found woe . . . . He overcame that, so may I this !

We have heard of Eormanric's wolfish mind : he ruled the wide-spread folk of the realm of the Goths ; that was a grim king !

[1] This extremely doubtful phrase *be warnum* is left untranslated.

Sæt secg monig sorgum gebunden,
wean on wenan, wyscte geneahhe,
þæt þæs cynerices ofercumen wære.
Þæs ofereode, þisses swa mæg!

. . . . .

Þæt ic bi me sylfum secgan wille,
þæt ic hwile wæs Heodeninga scop,
dryhtne dyre: me wæs Deor noma.
Ahte ic fela wintra folgað tilne,
holdne hlaford, oþ þæt Heorrenda nu,
leoðcræftig monn londryht geþah,
þæt me eorla hleo ær gesealde.
Þæs ofereode, þisses swa mæg!

The Battle at Finsburg

7th century?

HORNAS byrnað næfre!
hleoþrode ða heaþogeong cyning:
'Ne þis ne dagað eastan ne her draca ne fleogeð
ne her ðisse healle hornas ne byrnað,
ac her forð berað . . .
. . . fugelas singað,
gylleð græghama, guðwudu hlynneð,

Many a man sat bound in sorrows, expecting woe, wishing earnestly the end of that kingdom. He overcame that, so may I this! . . .

I, as to myself, will say this: that for a while I was bard of the Heodenings, dear to a prince, Deor was my name. Many winters I held a good office, and had a kind lord, until now Heorrenda, a song-skilful man, has taken the land-right, which the lord of men to me beforetime had given. I overcame that, so may I this!

THE BATTLE AT FINSBURG.

"This is never burning of gables!" cried the King, young in war. "This light dawneth not from the east, nor flieth here a dragon, nor burn here the horns[1] of this hall, but here they bear forth: . . . the war-birds sing, the grey-wolf[2] howleth, the war-wood clangeth, shield

[1] Gables. [2] lit. grey-coat.

scyld scefte oncwyð. Nu scyneð þes mona
waðol under wolcnum ; nu arisað weadæda,
ðe ðisne folces nið fremman willað.
Ac onwacnigeað nu, wigend mine,
habbað eowre handa, hicgeaþ on ellen,
windað on orde, wesað on mode ! "
. . . Þa aras mænig
goldhladen ðegn, gyrde hine his swurde ;
ða to dura eodon drihtlice cempan,
Sigeferð and Eaha hyra sword getugon
and æt oðrum durum Ordlaf and Guþlaf,
and Hengest sylf hwearf him on laste.

. . . . .

Þa wæs on wealle wælslihta gehlyn,
sceolde celod bord cenum on handa,
banhelm berstan ; buruhðelu dynede,
oð æt ðære guðe Garulf gecrang
ealra ærest eorðbuendra,
Guðlafes sunu, ymbe hyne godra fæla
hwearflicra hræw. Hræfen wandrode
sweart and sealobrun, swurdleoma stod,
swylce eal Finnsburuh fyrenu wære.

answereth to shaft. Now shineth the moon, the full moon under heaven, now woe-deeds arise, which will urge on this feud of the folk. But awaken ye now, warriors mine, hold firm your hands, think upon bravery, turn to the forefront, be in heart ! "

Then arose many a gold-laden thane, girded his sword upon him. Then to the door went the lordly warriors, Sigeferth and Eaha drew their swords ; and at the other doors Ordlaf and Guthlaf ; and Hengest himself followed their track. Then was the sound of slaughter within the walls, the keel-like shield in the hands of the brave had to shatter the bone-helm.[1] The castle-floor rang ; at last in the conflict Garulf, son of Guthlaf, fell, the first of all the warriors [2]; about him were many heroes, bodies of the brave. The raven hovered, swart and dusky ; the sword-gleam shot forth, as if all Finsburg were on fire !

[1] Skull. [2] lit. earth-dwellers.

A Charm : For Catching a Swarm of Bees

Nim eorþan, oferweorp mid þinre swiþran handa under þinum swiþran fet and cweð :

Fo ic under fot, funde ic hit.
Hwæt, eorðe mæg wið ealra wihta gehwilce
And wið andan and wið æminde
And wið þa micelan mannes tungan.

And wið on forweorp ofer greot, þonne hi swirman, and cweð :

Sitte ge, sigewif, sigað to eorþan !
næfre ge wilde to wudu fleogan !
Beo ge swa gemindige mines godes,
swa bið manna gehwilc metes and eðeles.

Waldere

Probably early 8th century.

THE WARRIOR IS ENCOURAGED IN HIS FIGHT BY A WOMAN.

HYRDE hyne georne :
huru Welandes worc ne geswiceð
monna ænigum, þara ðe Mimming can

A CHARM : FOR CATCHING A SWARM OF BEES

Take earth, throw it with thy right hand under thy right foot and say : "Take I under foot, I have found it. Lo ! may earth avail against every kind of creature, and against malice, and against spite, and against the mickle tongue of man."

And throw earth upon them when they swarm and say : "Sit ye, royal women, sink to the earth ! Never fly ye wild to the wood. Be ye as mindful of my good, as every man is mindful of food and of home.

WALDERE

. . . (she) eagerly heartened him : "The work of Weland, truly, deceiveth not any man, who can wield the hoary Mimming.[1]

[1] The name of a sword. For *hearne*=hoary, some read *heardne*=sharp.

hearne gehealdan. Oft æt hilde gedreas
swatfag and sweordwund sec æfter oðrum.
Ætlan ordwyga ! ne læt ðin ellen nu gyt
gedreosan to dæge, dryhtscipe feallen !
. . . . . Ac is se dæg cumen,
þæt ðu scealt aninga oðer twega
lif forleosan oððe lange dom
agan mid eldum, Ælfheres sunu !
Nalles ic ðe, wine min, wordum cide,
ðy ic ðe gesawe æt ðam sweordplegan
ðurh edwitscype æniges monnes
wig forbugan oððe on weal fleon,
lice beorgan, ðeah þe laðra fela.
ðinne byrn-homon billum heowun ;
ac ðu symle furðor feohtan sohtest
mæl ofer mearce : ðy ic ðe metod ondred,
þæt þu to fyrenlice feohtan sohtest
æt ðam ætstealle, oðres monnes
wigrædenne. Weorða ðe selfne
godum dædum, ðenden ðin god recce !

Oft in the battle, bloodstained and sword-wounded, there fell man after man. Ætla's van-warrior, now let not thy strength fail to-day yet, thy mastery fall ! But come is the day, that verily thou must one or the other—lose thy life, or long dominion own among men, son of Ælfhere !

"Not at all, my beloved, do I chide thee, saying that ever I have seen thee at the sword-play, through coward fear of any man, flee from the battle or escape from the field, shelter thy body, though many foes hewed with their bills at thy corslet ; but ever thou soughtest further to fight, over the mark : therefore I dreaded the fate for thee because thou soughtest to fight too fiercely in war-are with the other hero. Honour thyself by good deeds, while thy good fortune prevail."

The Rune Song

A late form, 10th century (?), of an ancient poem.

ᚠ (feoh) byð frofur fira gehwylcum
sceal ðeah manna gehwylc miclun hyt dælan,
gif he wile for drihtne domes hleotan.

ᚢ (ur) byþ anmod and oferhyrned,
fela-frecne deor, feohteþ mid hornum
mære morstapa : þæt is modig wuht

ᚾ (nyd) byþ nearu on breostan, weorþeþ hio ðeah oft niþa bearnum
to helpe and to hæle gehwæþre, gif hi hire hlystaþ æror.

ᛁ (is) byþ oferceald, ungemetum slidor
glissaþ glæshluttor, gimmum gelicust
flor forste geworuht fæger ansyne.

ᛜ (ing) wæs ærest mid Eastdenum
gesewen secgun, oþ he siþþan est
ofer wæg gewat, wæn æfter ran :
ðus Heardingas ðone hæle nemdun.

THE RUNE SONG

Wealth is a comfort to all men, yet must every man deal it out freely, if he wish to win honour from the Lord.

The bull is fierce and hath great horns, a very savage beast ; he fighteth with his horns, a famous moor-stepper : it is a high-spirited creature.

Need is a trouble in the breast, yet oft shall it be for a help to the children of men, and for healing to all, if they heed it betimes (in this life).

Ice is very cold, immeasurably slippery, it glistens, glass-bright, most like to gems, a frost-wrought floor, fair to see.

Ing was first amid the East-danes seen of men, until he after went East, over the wave ; his chariot followed : thus the Heardings named the man.

Beowulf

Early 8th century ?

BEOWULF'S FIGHT WITH THE DRAGON. HIS DEATH.

Beowulf maðelode, beotwordum spræc
niehstan siðe : " Ic geneðde fela
guða on geogoðe : gyt ic wylle
frod folces weard fæhðe secan,
mærðum fremman, gif mec se mansceaða
of eorðsele ut geseceð " :
Gegrette ða gumena gehwylcne,
hwate helmberend hindeman siðe,
swæse gesiðas : " Nolde ic sweord beran,
wæpen to wyrme, gif ic wiste, hu
wiððam aglæcean elles meahte
gylpe wiðgripan, swa ic gio wið Grendle dyde ;
ac ic ðær heaðufyres hates wene,
oreðes and attres : for ðon ic me on hafu
bord and byrnan. Nelle ic beorges weard,
feond oferfleon fotes trem
ac unc sceal weorðan æt wealle, swa unc wyrd geteoð,
metod manna gehwæs : ic eom on mode from,
þæt ic wið þone guðflogan gylp ofersitte.

BEOWULF

Beowulf spake, uttered vaunting words for the last time :—" I ventured many battles in my youth : yet once more I, the old guardian of the folk, will seek the strife, work renown, if that wicked thief will come from his earth-cave and seek me out."

Then he greeted each of the men, the brave helm-bearers, the dear comrades, for the last time : " I would not bear sword or weapon against the Worm[1] if I knew how else I could uphold my vaunt against the wretch, as I did of yore against Grendel. But I expect hot war-fire there, blasting breath and venom : therefore have I on me shield and corslet. I will not flee the foe, the warder of the mount, the space of a foot, but it shall be to us at the cliff-wall as Weird, the measurer to every man, shall decree. I am strong of

[1] Dragon.

Gebide ge on beorge byrnum werede,
secgas on searwum, hwæðer sel mæge
æfter wælræse wunde gedygan
uncer twega. Nis þæt eower sið
ne gemet mannes nefne min anes,
þæt he wið aglæcean eofoðo dæle,
eorlscype efne. Ic mid elne sceall
gold gegangan oððe guð nimeð,
feorhbealu freene frean eowerne."
Aras ða bi ronde rof oretta,
heard under helme, hiorosercean bær
under stancleofu, strengo getruwode
anes mannes : ne bið swylc earges sið.
Geseah ða be wealle, se ðe worna fela,
gumcystum god, guða gedigde,
hildehlemma, þonne hnitan feðan,
stondan stanbogan, stream ut þonan
brecan of beorge ; wæs þære burnan wælm
heaðofyrum hat : ne meahte horde neah
unbyrnende ænige hwile
deop gedygan for dracan lege.
Set ða of breostum, þa he gebolgen wæs,
Weder-Geata leod word ut faran,

heart, so that I forbear a boast against the flying foe. Await ye on the hill, wearing your corslets, men in armour, which of us two after the deadly struggle shall survive. It is not your venture, nor any man's, but mine alone, to put forth strength against the monster, and do brave deeds. I must win gold with valour, or War, the fearful life-destroyer, must take your lord." Then the strong warrior arose with his shield, brave beneath the helmet, wearing his corslet for warfare, went down by the stony-cliff ; he trusted in the strength of a man : that is not the way of a coward.

Then he who strong in virtue had come through many wars, shocks of battle, when armies clash, saw a rocky arch standing, and a stream breaking forth thence, from the hill; the welling surge of that burn was hot with battle-fire : he could not any while endure unburned the hollow near the hoard, because of the dragon's flame. Then the lord of the Weder-Geats was angry ; he let forth word

stearcheort styrmde ; stefn in becom
heaðotorht hlynnan under harne stan.
Hete wæs onhrered, hordweard oncniow
mannes reorde : næs ðær mara fyrst
freode to friclan. From ærest cwom
oruð aglæcean ut of stane,
hat hildeswat ; hruse dynede.
Biorn under beorge bordrand onswaf
wið ðam gryregieste, Geata dryhten :
ða wæs hringbogan heorte gefysed
sæcce to seceanne. Sweord ær gebræd
god guðcyning, gomele lafe
ecgum ungleaw : æghwæðrum wæs
bealohycgendra broga fram oðrum.
Stiðmod gestod wið steapne rond
winia bealdor, ða se wyrm gebeah
snude tosomne : he on searwum bad.
Gewat ða byrnende gebogen scriðan,
to gescipe scyndan ; scyld wel gebearg
life and lice læssan hwile
mærum þeodne, þonne his myne sohte,
ðær he þy fyrste forman dogore

from his breast, stormed brave-hearted, his voice went in under the grey rock, resounding with the ring of battle. Hate was aroused ; the keeper of the hoard discerned the voice of man : there was no more time to seek for peace. At first the breath of the monster, hot battle-sweat, came out from the rock ; the earth resounded. The warrior, the lord of the Geats, raised his shield against the grisly creature[1] ; then was the heart of the coiling thing egged on to seek fight. The goodly warrior had first drawn his sword, an ancient relic, sharp of edge : fear of the other was in each of those two who were meditating death. The prince of friends stood strong-hearted by his tall shield when the Worm coiled itself quickly together : he waited in his war-gear. Then the burning creature, in coils, went gliding forth, hastening to its doom ; the shield sheltered well the life and body of the famous prince a less time than he had hoped for, if he were then to win

[1] lit. 'guest.'

wealdan moste, swa him wyrd ne gescraf
hreð æt hilde. Hond up abræd
Geata dryhten, gryrefahne sloh
incge lafe, þæt sio ecg gewac
brun on bane, bat unswiðor,
þonne his ðiodcyning þearfe hæfde,
bysigum gebæded. Þa wæs beorges weard
æfter heaðuswenge on hreoum mode,
wearp wælfyre : wide sprungon
hildeleoman. Hreðsigora ne gealp
goldwine Geata : guðbill geswac
nacod æt niðe, swa hyt no sceolde,
iren ærgod. Ne wæs þæt eðe sið
þæt se mæra maga Ecgðeowes
grundwong þone ofgyfan wolde,
sceolde wyrmes willan wic eardian
elles hwergen, swa sceal æghwylc mon
alætan lændagas. Næs ða long to ðon,
þæt ða aglæcean hy eft gemetton.
Hyrte hyne hordweard, hreðer æðme weoll.
niwan stefne nearo þrowode
fyre befongen, se ðe ær folce weold.

glory at once in the strife, as Wyrd had however not decreed for him. The Lord of the Geats raised his hand, struck the blazing horror with the weighty sword, so that the brown edge gave way, on the bone ; it bit more weakly than its lord had need of, hard pressed in a strait. Then the guardian of the barrow was enraged in mind after that war-stroke, threw out slaughter-fire : the battle-flames shot far and wide. The prince of the Geats did not boast of victory : the naked war-weapon, a sword, aforetime good, failed in the fight, as it should not. That was not an easy adventure when the great kinsman of Ecgtheow willed to leave the earth ; because of the Worm he had to seek a dwelling elsewhere : so must every man leave these passing days of life.

Then it was not long before the fierce foes met each other again. The keeper of the hoard heartened himself, his breast heaved with his breathing ; and he who ruled a people was anew in a strait, enveloped in fire. His companions, children of princes,

Nealles him on heape handgesteallan,
æðelinga bearn ymbe gestodon
hildecystum, ac hy on holt bugon,
ealdre burgan. Hiora in anum weoll
sefa wið sorgum : sibb æfre ne mæg
wiht onwendan, þam ðe wel þenceð.
Wiglaf wæs haten Weoxstanes sunu,
leoflic lindwiga, leod Scylfinga,
mæg Ælfheres. Geseah his mondryhten
under heregriman hat þrowian : (Ll. 2510-2605.)

. . . . . .

sægde gesiðum (him wæs sefa geomor) :
"Ic ðæt mæl geman, þær we medu þegun,
þonne we geheton ussum hlaforde
in biorsele, ðe us ðas beagas geaf,
þæt we him ða guðgetawa gyldan woldon,
gif him þyslicu þearf gelumpe,
helmas and heard sweord, ...
. . . . . Nu is se dæg cumen,
þæt ure mandryhten mægenes behofað
godra guðrinca : wutun gangan to,
helpan hildfruman, þenden hyt sy,
gledegesa grim. God wat on mec,

never stood round about him in bravery, but they fled to the wood and saved their own life. Sorrow welled up in the soul of one of them : nothing can set aside kinship, in him who thinketh aright.

He was called Wiglaf, the son of Weohstan, a beloved shield-warrior, a prince of the Scylfings, the kinsman of Ælfhere. He saw his lord enduring heat under the war-mask . . . . he said to his comrades (his soul was sad within him) : "I remember the time when we drank mead in the beer-hall, and we promised our lord who gave us those rings that we would requite him for the war-gear, the helmets and sharp swords, if there should befall him need like this. . . . . Now is the day come that our lord needeth the might of good warriors : let us go to him and help our prince, while we may, grim is the fiery-horror ! God knows, as to me, much liefer had I

þæt me is micle leofre, þæt minne lichaman
mid minne goldgyfan gled fæðmiæ.
Ne þynceð me gerysne, þæt we rondas beren
eft to earde, nemne we æror mægen
fane gefyllan, feorh ealgian
Wedra þiodnes. Ic wat geare,
Þæt næron ealdgewyrht, þæt he ana scyle
Geata duguðe gnorn þrowian
gesigan æt sæcce : sceal urum ðæt sweord and helm,
byrne and byrduscrud bam gemæne."
Wod þa þurh þone wælrec, wigheafolan bær
frean on fultum, fea worda cwæð :
" Leofa Biowulf, læst eall tela,
swa ðu on geoguðfeore geara gecwæde,
þæt ðu ne alæte be ðe lifigendum
dom gedreosan : scealt nu dædum rof,
æðeling anhydig, calle mægene
feorh ealgian : ic ðe fullæstu."
Æfter ðam wordum wyrm yrre cwom,
atol inwitgæst oðre siðe
fyrwylmum fah fionda niosian
laðra manna. Ligyðum forborn

that the flame should devour my body with my gold-giver. Methinketh it unfitting that we should bear our shields home again unless we first can fell the foe, save the life of the lord of the Weders. I know full well that his deeds of old have not been such that he alone of the great of the Geats should suffer this wretchedness, and sink in the conflict : sword and helm, corslet and shield must be common to us." Then he strode through the deadly reek, went in his helmet to help his lord ; few the words he said : " Beloved Beowulf, hold out to the last, even as thou didst say of yore, in the days of youth, that thou, whilst living, wouldst not let thine honour fail. Brave of deed, now, resolute Prince, with all thy might, defend thy life ! I will help thee."

After these words, the Worm, the dire and evil thing, came angrily, a second time, bright with curling fire, to find his foes, hateful mankind. The shield was burnt up to its rim with the waves

bord wið rond : byrne ne meahte
geongum garwigan geoce gefremman ;
ac se maga geonga under his mæges scyld
elne geeode, þa his agen wæs
gledum forgrunden. . . . .
. . . . Þa gen sylf cyning
geweold his gewitte, wællseaxe gebræd
biter and beaduscearp, þæt he on byrnan wæg :
forwrat Wedra helm wyrm on middan.
Feond gefyldan, ferh ellen wræc,
and hi hyne þa begen abroten hæfdon,
sibæðelingas : swylc sceolde secg wesan,
þegn æt ðearfe. Þæt þam þeodne wæs
siðast sigehwila sylfes dædum,
worlde geweorces. Þa sio wund ongon,
þe him se eorðdraca ær geworhte,
swelan and swellan : he þæt sona onfand,
þæt him on breostum bealonið weoll,
attor on innan. . . . . (Ll. 2632–2715.)

. . . . .

Biowulf maþelode, ...

of flame : the corslet would not help the young warrior ; but the young man did bravely under the shield of his kinsman when his own was destroyed by the heat. (*After this Beowulf's sword, Nægling, snaps in two and the dragon nearly overcomes him, but the king at last gives it a death-blow.*) Then the king again wielded his wit, drew his deadly knife, keen and battle-sharp, which he wore on his corslet : the Lord of the Weders cut the Worm in two in the middle. They had felled the foe, valour had driven out his life, and they together, then, princes akin, had destroyed him. Such must a man, a thane, be in time of need. For the prince, that was the last time of victory by his own deeds, of his work in the world. Then the wound which the Earthdrake had before given him began to burn and swell : soon he found out that deadly evil seethed in his breast, venom within.

(*Then the king sits gazing at the wonderful earth-cavern of the dead dragon while Wiglaf bathes his wounds*) : Beowulf spake. . . .

"Nu ic suna minum syllan wolde
guðgewædu, þær me gifeðe swa
ænig yrfeweard æfter wurde
lice gelenge. Ic þas leode heold
fiftig wintra: næs se folccyning
ymbesittendra ænig ðara,
þe mec guðwinum gretan dorste,
egesan ðeon. Ic on earde bad
mælgesceafta, heold min tela,
ne sohte searoniðas, ne me swor fela
aða on unriht: ic ðæs ealles mæg
feorhbennum seoc gefean habban;
for ðam me witan ne ðearf waldend fira
morðorbealo maga, þonne min sceaceð
lif of lice. Nu ðu lungre geong
hord sceawian under harne stan,
Wiglaf leofa, nu se wyrm ligeð,
swefeð sare wund, since bereafod.
Bio nu on ofoste, þæt ic ærwelan,
goldæht ongite, gearo sceawige
swegle searogimmas, þæt ic ðy seft mæge
æfter maððumwelan min alætan
lif and leodscipe, þone ic longe heold." (Ll. 2729–2751.)

"Now I should have wished to give to my son my war-gear, if it had so been granted that any heir from my body should come after me. I have ruled this people fifty winters: no king was there of the nations around who durst come upon me with his war-friends, threaten me with terrible things. At home I awaited my appointed time, held my own well, sought no feuds, swore not unjustly many oaths: for all this now, sick with life-wounds, I may have comfort; for the Ruler of Men never need blame me for the murder of kinsmen, when my life slips from the body. Now go thou quickly and view the hoard beneath the hoary rock, beloved Wiglaf, now the Worm lieth dead, sleeping with a sore wound, bereft of treasure. Hasten now, that I may see the ancient wealth, the golden treasure, survey well the bright and wondrous gems, that I may the more peacefully, because of this treasure, leave my life and my people whom I long have ruled." (*Wiglaf goes into the cave to fetch*

Ar wæs on ofoste, eftsiðes georn,
frætwum gefyrðred: hyne fyrwet bræc,
hwæðer collenferð cwicne gemette
in ðam wongstede Wedra þeoden,
ellensiocne, þær he hine ær forlet.
He ða mid þam maðmum mærne þioden
dryhten sinne driorigne fand
ealdres æt ende. He hine eft ongon
wæteres weorpan, oð þæt wordes ord
breost hord þurhbræc; . . . .
gomel on giohðe (gold sceawode):
"Ic ðara frætwa frean ealles ðanc,
wuldurcyninge wordum secge,
ecum dryhtne, þe ic her on starie,
þæs ðe ic moste minum leodum
ær swyltdæge swylc gestrynan.
"Nu ic on maðma hord mine bebohte
frode feorhlege, fremmað ge nu
Leoda þearfe: ne mæg ic her leng wesan.
Hataðð heaðomære hlæw gewyrcean,
beorhtne æfter bæle æt brimes nosan.

the treasure). The messenger hastened, eager to return fraught with[1] the jewels; anxiety tore him whether he should find the brave-souled one, the lord of the Weders, alive in the place where before he had left him, waning in strength.

Carrying the treasure, he then came upon the great prince, his lord, bleeding, and ending his life. Again he sprinkled water over him, until a word[2] broke forth from his soul.[3] Beowulf spake, an aged man in pain, as he looked at the gold: "I speak and say my thanks to the Master of All, the Glory-king, the Eternal Lord, for the costly things which here I look upon, for to me it has been granted to gain them for my people, before my death-day.

"Now have I sold my old life for this hoard of treasures, help ye now the need of the people: I cannot be here longer. Bid the great warriors raise a glorious barrow, after my burning,[4] on a

[1] This translation of *gefyrðred* is doubtful.
[2] lit. 'point of a word.'
[3] lit 'breast-hoard.'
[4] The burning of his body after death.

se scel to gemyndum minum leodum
heah hlifian on Hrones næsse,
þæt hit sæliðend syððan hatan
Biowulfes biorh, ða ðe brentingas
ofer floda genipu feorran drifað."
Dyde him of healse hring gyldenne
þioden þristhydig : þegne gesealde,
geongum garwigan goldfahne helm,
beah and byrnan, het hyne brucan well ;
"Þu eart endelaf usses cynnes,
Wægmundinga, ealle wyrd forsweof,
mine magas to metodsceafte,
eorlas on elne : ic him æfter sceal."
Þæt wæs þam gomelan gingæste word
breostgehygdum, ær he bæl cure,
hate heaðowylmas : him of hreðre gewat
sawol secean soðfæstra dom.

(Ll. 2783–2820.)

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ness of the sea ; it shall stand high on Hrones Ness for a memorial to my people ; so that sailors who drive their tall ships from afar through the mists of the ocean thereafter shall call it Beowulf's Barrow."

The brave-minded prince took from his neck the golden circlet : gave to his thegn, the young warrior, the gold-adorned helmet, the collar and corslet, bade him use them well ; " Thou art the last of our race, the Wægmundings ; Wyrd has swept off to their doom all my kinsmen, the brave heroes. I must after them." That was the last word of the old man, from the thoughts of his heart, ere he sought the bale-fire, the hot battling-flames. The soul went forth from his breast seeking the doom of the righteous.

The Cædmon Poems

7th to 9th centuries.

GENESIS

The Creation

Ne wæs her þa giet nympe heolstersceado
wiht geworden, ac þes wida grund
stod deop and dim, drihtne fremde,
idel and unnyt : on þone eagum wlat
stiðfrihþ cining and þa stowe beheold
dreama leasa ; geseah deorc gesweorc
semian sinnihte, sweart under roderum,
wonn and weste, oð þæt þeos woruldgesceaft
þurh word gewearð wuldorcyninges.
He ærest gesceop ece drihten,
helm eallwihta heofon and eorðan ;
rodor arærde and þis rume land
gestaþelode strangum mihtum
frea ælmihtig. Folde wæs þa gyt
græs ungrene : garsecg þeahte,
sweart synnihte side and wide,
wonne wægas. Þa wæs wuldortorht
heofonweardes gast ofer holm boren
miclum spedum. (Ll. 103–121.)

THE CREATION

Then here as yet there was naught but shadowy darkness, and this wide-spread earth loomed large and dim, empty and useless : the firm-hearted king looked upon it with his eyes and beheld the place void of gladness ; he saw the dark mists brooding in eternal night, swart beneath the heavens, wan and waste, until by the word of the King of Glory this world grew up.

The Eternal Lord, the guardian of all creatures, shaped first the heaven and earth ; he upreared the sky, and set firm this widespread land with his strong might, the Lord Almighty. The ground was not yet green with grass : swart eternal night far and wide covered the ocean, the dark waves. Then was the glory-bright Spirit of the Heaven-keeper borne over the heaving sea with great power.

The Temptation

Angan hine þa gyrwan godes andsaca,
fus on frætwum, hæfde fæcne hyge,
hæleðhelm on heafod asette and þone ful hearde geband,
speonn mid spangum : wiste him spræca fela
wora worda. Wand him up þanon,
hwearf him þurh þa helldora, hæfde hyge strangne,
leolc on lyfte laþ wendemod,
swang þaet fyr on twa feondes cræfte,
wolde dearnunga drihtnes geongran,
mid mandædum menn beswican,
forlædan and forlæran, þæt hie wurdon lað gode.
He þa geferede þurh feondes cræft,
oð ðæt he Adam on eorðrice,
godes handgesceaft gearone funde,
wislice geworht and his wif somed,
freo fægroste. (Ll. 442–457.)

. . . .

Wearp hine þa on wyrmes lic and wand him þa ymbutan
þone deaðes beam þurh deofles cræft,
genam þær þæs ofætes and wende hine eft þanon,
þær he wiste handgeweorc heofoncyninges.

THE TEMPTATION

Then God's adversary began to equip himself, eager for his harness he had an artful mind ; he set a helmet on his head and bound it down firmly, fastened it with clasps : he knew many a speech of crooked words. He thence upwheeled himself, turned through the hell-doors ; he had a strong heart. He flew through the air, his mind bent on evil, he swung the fire in two by the craft of a fiend. He would secretly deceive mankind, the subjects of the Lord, with his wicked deeds, would mislead and teach them wrong, that they might be hateful to God. He then fared on by his fiendish craft, until he found Adam, the handiwork of God, wisely wrought, all complete, on the realm of earth, and his wife with him, the fairest woman. . . . Then he threw himself into serpent's form and wound himself about the tree of death with devil's craft, took there of the fruit and again turned him thence where he knew was the handiwork of the Heavenly

Ongon hine þa frinan forman worde
se laða mid ligenum : " Langað þe awuht,
Adam, up to Gode ? ic eom on his ærende hider
feorran gefered. Ne þæt nu fyrn ne wæs,
þæt ic wið hine sylfne sæt : þa het he me on þysne sið faran,
het, þæt þa þisses ofætes æte, cwæð, þæt þin, abal and cræft
and þin modsefa mara wurde
and þin lichoma leohtra micle,
þin gesceapu scenran . . . .
hæfst þe wið drihten dyrne geworhtne ; ic gehyrde hine þine dæd and word
lofian on his leohte and ymb þin lif sprecan.
Swa þa læstan scealt, þæt in þis land hider
his bodan bringað : . . .
. . . . . læste þu georne
his ambyhto, nim þe þis ofæt on hand,
bit his and byrge." . . .
Adam maðelode, þær he on eorðan stod,
selfsceafte guma : "Þonne ic sigedrihten,
mihtigne god mæðlan gehyrde
strangre stemne and me her stondan het
his bebodu healdan and me þas bryd forgeaf,

King. Then began the enemy in his first word to ask with lies of him. " Dost thou long for aught, Adam, up towards God ? I have come hither from afar on his errand. It was not now long ago that I sat with himself, when he bade me go on this quest, bade that thou eat of this fruit; said that thy strength and power and thy mind should become mightier and thy body much fairer, thy form lovelier . . . Thou hast made thyself dear to the Lord ; I heard him, in his light, praise thy word and deed and speak about thy life. So thou oughtest to fulfil the thing that bringeth his servant to this land. Do thou willingly his behest ; take thee this fruit in hand, bite of it and taste." . . . Adam spake, he stood there on the earth, of no man born ; " When I heard speak the Lord of Victory, the mighty God, with a great voice, and he bade me stand here, hold to his commandment,

wlitesciene wif, and me warnian het,
þæt ic on þone deaðes beam bedroren ne wurde,
beswicen to swiðe : he cwæð, þæt þa sweartan helle
healdan sceolde, se ðe bi his heortan wuht
laðes gelæde. Nat þeah þu mid ligenum fare
þurh dyrne geþanc, þe þu drihtnes eart
boda of heofnum. Hwæt ! ic þinra bysna ne mæg,
worda ne wisna wuht oncnawan,
siðes ne sagona. Ic wat, hwæt he me self bebead
nergend user, þa ic hine nehst geseah :
he het me his word weorðian and wel healdan,
læstan his lare. Þu gelic ne bist
ænegum his engla, þe ic ær geseah,
ne þu me oðiewdest ænig tacen,
þe he me þurh treowe to onsende,
min hearra þurh hyldo. Þy ic þe hyran ne cann :
ac þu meaht þe forð faran. Ic hæbbe me fæstne geleafan
up to þam ælmihtegan gode, þe me mid his earmum worhte
her mid handum sinum : he mæg me of his hean rice
gyfian mid goda gehwilcum, þeah he his gingran ne sende."

and gave me this bride, woman of lovely form, and bade me beware that I should not be seduced by the tree of death, too greatly deceived, he said then that the swart Hell should hold him who bare at his heart any of that hateful thing. I wot not if thou comest here with lies, through secret purpose, thou who art a messenger of God from Heaven. Lo ! naught of thy bidding, of thy words nor thy ways, can I understand, nor thy story of this quest. I know what he himself, our Preserver, commanded me when I saw him last : he bade me honour his word and hold it fast, follow his teaching. Thou art not like any of his angels which I have seen before, nor hast thou shown any token which he has sent me for pledge, my Lord in kindness. Therefore I cannot hear thee, but thou mayest fare thee forth. I have firm faith in the Almighty God, who wrought me with his arms, with his hands here : from his high realm he can give me every good, though he send no servant."

Wende hine wraðmod, þær he þæt wif geseah,
on eorðrice Evan stondan
sceone gesceapene ; cwæð, þæt sceaðena mæst :
. . . . " Ic wat, inc waldend God
abolgen wyrð, swa ic him þisne bodscipe
selfa secge, þonne ic of þys siðe cume
ofer langne weg, þæt git ne læstan wel
hwilc ærende, swa he easten hider
on þysne sið sendeð. Nu sceal he sylf faran
to incre andsware ; ne mæg his ærende
his boda beodan : þy ic wat, þæt he inc abolgen wyrð
mihtig on mode. Gif þu þeah minum wilt,
wif, willende wordum hyran,
þu meaht his þonne rume ræd geþencan.
Gehyge on þinum breostum, þæt þu inc bam twam meaht
wite bewarigan, swa ic þe wisie :
æt þisses ofætes. Þonne wurðað þin eagan swa leoht
þæt þu meaht swa wide ofer woruld ealle
geseon siððan and selfes stol
herran þines and habban his hyldo forð.
Meaht þu Adam eft gestyran,
gif þu his willan hæfst and he þinum wordum getrywð.

Wrathful in mind he turned, and there he saw the woman, Eve, standing on the earth, shapen in loveliness ; then said that mightiest of foes : " I know the Lord God will be angry with you when I myself give him this message, when I come from this journey over a long way, saying that ye will not heed my tidings that he sent hither from the East at this time. Now must he himself come for your answer ; his messenger cannot make his errand known. Therefore, I know, that he will be angry with you both, wrathful in mind. Yet if thou, woman, wilt willingly obey my words, then thou mayest devise weighty counsel for it. Reflect in thy heart that thou mayest ward off the punishment from both of you, as I shall show thee ; eat of this fruit. Then shall thine eyes be so enlightened that thou mayest see forthwith far and wide over all the world and the throne of thy Lord himself, and henceforth have his favour. Thou mightest lead Adam,

. . . . . Span þu hine georne,
þæt he þine lare læste, þy læs gyt lað Gode
incrum waldende weorðan þyrfen.
Gif þu þæt angin fremest, idesa seo betste,
forhele ic incrum herran, þæt me hearmes swa fela
Adam gespræc, eargra worda."

. . . . .

Lædde hie swa mid ligenum and mid listum speon
idese on þæt unriht, oð þæt hire on innan ongan
weallan wyrmes geþeaht (hæfde hire wacran hige
metod gemearcod), þæt heo hire mod ongan
lætan æfter þam larum. . . .
. . . . . Ne wearð wyrse dæd
Monnum gemearcod! þæt is micel wundor
þæt hit ece god æfre wolde,
þeoden þolian, þæt wurde þegn swa monig
forlædd be þam lygenum, þe for þam larum com!

. . . . .

Heo þa þæs ofætes æt, alwaldan bræc
word and willan: þa meahte heo wide gescon

. . . . .

þæt hire þuhte hwitre heofon and eorðe

then, if thou hast the will for it, and he believeth thy words. Do thou urge him earnestly to follow thy counsel, lest ye, perforce, become hateful to the Lord God. If thou, O best of women, dost fulfil the deed, I will hide it from your Lord that Adam spake so many evil things to me and vile words." . . . Thus with lies he led her on and with artfulness enticed the woman into wrong, until the counsel of the Serpent began to stir within her (she had the weaker mind allotted by the Lord), so that her heart began to let in that advice.

Never was a worse deed marked out for men. It is a great wonder that the Eternal God, the Lord, would suffer it, that so many a man should be led wrong by the lies which came from that cunning counsel.

. . . Then she ate of the fruit, she broke the command and the will of the Almighty. Then could she see far and wide, so that heaven and earth seemed brighter to her, and all this world more

and eall þeos woruld wlitigre and geweorc godes
micel and mihtig, þeah heo hit þurh monnes geþeaht
ne sceawode : ac se sceaða georne
swicode ymb þa sawle, ...
. . . Þa se forhatena spræc
þurh feondscipe (nalles he hie freme lærde) :
"Þu meaht nu þe self geseon, swa ic hit þe secgan
ne þearf,
Eve seo gode, þæt þe is ungelic
wlite and wæstmas, siððan þu minum wordum getru-
wodest . . . .
Sæge Adame, hwilce þu gesihðe hæfst
þurh minne cime cræfta." . . .
Þa gieng to Adame idesa scenost,
wifa wlitegost, þe on woruld come :
forþon heo wæs handgeweorc heofoncyninges,
þeah heo þa dearnenga fordon wurde
forlæd mid ligenum. . . . .
Sum heo hire on handum bær, sum hire æt heortan læg
æppel unsælga . . .
(Ll. 491-637.)
. . . Þa heo to hire hearran spræc :
"Adam, frea min ! þis ofet is swa swete,
bliðð on breostum, and þes boda sciene

lovely, and the work of God great and mighty. Yet not by the art of man did she behold it, but the enemy diligently haunted her soul. . . . Then the accursed one spake in fiendish craft (no virtue he taught her) : "Thou mayest now see thyself, as I need not tell thee, O Eve the good, that changed are thy countenance and form, since thou hast believed my words. Tell Adam what vision thou hast, what knowledge through my coming." . . . Then went to Adam the fairest of women, the loveliest of wives who have come to the world, for she was the handiwork of the Heavenly King, though she had been secretly undone, led away with lies. . . . Some of the evil apple she bare in her hand, some lay at her heart. . . . Then she spake to her lord : "Adam, my lord ! this fruit is so sweet, delightful to the heart, and this messenger bright is a good angel of

godes engel god : ic on his gearwan geseo,
þæt he is ærendseeg uncres hearran,
hefoncyninges. His hyldo is unc betere
to gewinnanne, þonne his wiðermedo.
Gif þu him heodæg wuht hearmes gespræce
he forgifð hit þeah, gif wit him geongordom
læstan willað. Hwæt scal þe swa laðlic strið
wið þines hearran bodan ? Unc is his hyldo þearf :
he mæg unc ærendian to þam alwaldan
heofoncyninge. Ic mæg heonan geseon,
hwær he sylf siteð (þæt is suð and east)
wela bewunden, se þas woruld gesceop ;
geseo ic him his englas ymbe hweorfan
mid feðerhaman, ealra folca mæst,
wereda wynsumast. Hwa meaht me swelc gewit gifan
gif hit gegnunga god ne onsende ?

(Ll. 654-672.)

. . . .

Hio spræc him þicce to and speon hine ealne dæg
on þa dimman dæd . . .
. . . wæs se feond full neah
þe on þa frecnan fyrd gefaren hæfde
ofer langne weg . . . . .

God. I see by his garments that he is a messenger from our Lord the King of Heaven. Better it is for us to win his favour than his enmity. If thou hast to-day spoken any ill of him, yet he will forgive it thee, if we resolve to offer him obedience. Why must there be in thee such unseemly strife against thy Lord's messenger ? We have need of his favour : he can lay our wants before the Lord the Heavenly King. I can see from here where he himself is sitting (that is South and East) surrounded with weal, he who made the world ; I see his angels with him, hovering round about with their feather-raiment, mightest of all folk, loveliest of companies. Who could give me such wit if verily God did not send it ?" . . . She spake to him incessantly, and egged him on all day to the dark deed (the foe was very near, who had come a long

. . . oð þam þegne ongan
his hige hweorfan, þæt he þam gehate getruwode,
þe him þæt wif wordum sægde :
heo dyde hit þeah þurh holdne hyge, nyste þæt þæt
hearma swa fela
fyrenearfeða fylgean sceolde
Monna cynne . . .
. . . He æt þam wife onfeng
helle and l innsið, þeah hit nære haten swa,
ac hit ofætes noman agan sceolde !
. . . Swa hit him on innan com
hran æt heortan, hloh þa and plegode
boda bitre gehugod, sægde begra þanc
hearran sinum : Nu hæbbe ic þine hyldo me
witode geworhte and þinne willan gelæst.
(Ll. 684–727.)
. . . Mæg þin mod wesan
bliðe on breostum ; forþon her synt butu gedon
ge þæt hæleða bearn heofonrices sculon
leode forlætan and on þæt lig to þe
hate hweorfan : eac is hearm Gode

way on that daring errand) . . . . until his heart began to turn within the man, so that he trusted to the promise which the woman gave to him in words : yet she did it through a faithful heart, she knew not that so much harm and sinful misery should follow to the race of men . . . He took from the woman hell and death, though it was not called so, but it was made to have the name of a fruit . . . So it came within him, it touched his heart, and then the angel, bitter of thought, laughed and sported, said thanks to his lord [1] for both of these things : "Now have I won to me thy promised favour and have fulfilled thy will . . thy heart may be glad within thy breast ; for here are both things done : the children of mankind must leave the heavenly realm and turn to thee, hot in that flame ; also is there harm to God, mind-

[1] The Tempter, Satan, is conceived by the poet as the emissary of a greater ruler in Hell.

modsorg gemacod. Swa hwæt swa wit her morðres
hit is nu Adame eall forgolden [þoliað
. . . forþon is min mod gehæled,
hyge ymb heortan gerume : ealle synt uncre hearmas
gewrecene
laðes þæt wit lange þoledon . . .
. . . Sorgedon batwa
Adam and Eve and him oft betuh
gnornword gengdon. . . .
(Ll. 750–760)

Adam gemælde and to Evan spræc :
" Hwæt ! þu Eve hæfst yfele gemearcod
uncer sylfra sið. Gesyhst þu nu þa sweartan helle,
grædige and gifre ? Nu þu hie grimman meaht
heonane gehyran : Nis heofonrice
gelic þam lige ; ac þis is landa betst,
þæt wit þurh uncres hearran þanc habban moston
. . . Nu slit me hunger and þurst
bitre on breostrum, þæs wit begra ær
wæron orsorge on ealle tid.
Hu sculon wit nu libban oððe on þys lande wesan,
gif her wind cymð westan oððe eastan
suðan oððe norðan, gesweorc upfæred,
cymeð hægles scur hefone getenge,

sorrow, made ready. Whatsoever we two suffer here of misery, it is now all paid back on Adam . . therefore my mind is healed, my heart is enlarged in my breast : all our injuries are avenged, all the insult we have long suffered." . . . Both Adam and Eve fell into sorrow and oft there passed between them words of grief. . . . Adam spake, and said to Eve, " Lo ! thou, O Eve, badly hast marked out our fate for us. Now dost thou see the swart hell greedy and ravenous ? Now from here thou mayst hearken to the grim ones : the heaven realm is not like that flame ; but yet this is the best land that we may have by the favour of our Lord . . . Now hunger and thirst tear me, bitter in the breast ; from these, before, we both were always free. How shall we now live or be dwelling in this land, if here the wind cometh from west or east, south or north, gloom

færeð forst on gemang, se byð fyrnum ceald,
hwilum of heofnum hate scineð,
blicð þeos beorhte sunne and wit her baru standað
unwered wædo ? Nys unc wuht beforan
to scursceade ne sceattes wiht
to mete gemearcod : ac unc is mihtig god
waldend wraðmod. To hwon sculon wit weorðan nu ?
Nu me mæg ahreowan, þæt ic bæd heofnes god,
waldend þone godan, þæt he þe her worhte to me
of liðum minum, nu þu me forlæred hæfst
on mines herran hete : swa me nu hreowan mæg
æfre to aldre, þæt ic þe minum eagum geseah ! "
Þa spræc Eve eft, idesa scienost,
wifa wlitegost (hie wæs geweorc Godes,
þeah heo þa on deofles cræft bedroren wurde) :
"Þu meaht hit me witan, wine min Adam,
wordum þinum : hit þe þeah wyrs ne mæg
on þinum hyge hreowan, þonne hit me æt heortan deð."
(Ll. 790–825.)

riseth, a shower of hail cometh from the heaven, and the frost fareth upon us, which is cruelly cold ? Sometimes the bright sun will shine and blicker with heat from the heavens, and we shall stand here bare, with no covering of raiment. There is naught at hand for shade from the shower nor aught in store set by for food, but the mighty God, the Lord, is wrathful with us. To what shall we two now come ? Now I may rue it that I prayed the God of Heaven, the good Lord, that he should here have made thee for me from my limbs, now thou hast led me astray into my Lord's hatred. So now I may rue it for ever and ever, that I have seen thee with mine eyes ! " Then spake Eve thereupon, fairest of women, loveliest of wives (she was the work of God, though by the devil's craft she had been deceived), " Thou mayest reproach me with it, in thy words, Adam my beloved, yet it cannot worse rue thee in thy mind than it doth me at my heart."

THE EXODUS

The Israelites and Egyptians at the Red Sea

Hof ða for hergum hlude stefne
lifigendra leod, þa he to leodum spræc :
" Hwaet ! ge nu eagum to on lociað,
folca leofost, faerwundra sum
hu ic sylfa sloh ond þeos swiðre hand
grene tane garsecges deop :
yð up færeð, ofstum wyrceð
wæter ond wealfæstan. Wegas syndon dryge
haswe herestræta, holm gerymed,
ealde staðolas, þa ic ær ne gefrægn
ofer middangeard men geferan,
fage feldas, þa forð heonon
in ece yðe þeahton,
sælde sægrundas : suðwind fornam
bæðweges blæst, brim is areafod,
sand sæcir spau. Ic wat soð gere,
þæt eow mihtig god miltse gecyðde,
eorlas, ærglade ! Ofest is selost
þæt ge of feonda fæðme weorðen,
nu se agend up arærde

THE EXODUS

The leader of the living ones raised a loud voice before the armies, when he spake to the people : " Lo ! ye now, best beloved of people, look with your eyes upon a sudden wonder, how I myself and this right hand with a green rod have struck the deep of ocean. The wave upriseth, quickly worketh the water into a wall-fastness. The ways are dry, the grey army-streets, the sea is opened, the ancient foundations which I have never heard before that men upon the earth have trod, the foamy[1] fields, which through eternity the waves have covered, the sea depths, held erewhile in bondage. The South wind swept away the sea breeze. The ocean is sundered, the sea ebb hath thrown forth the sand. I know full truly that the mighty God will have shown mercy to you, O men, before sunset ! Haste is best that ye may come forth from the grip of the foes, now

[1] This follows the reading *famge* instead of *fage* as in the text.

reade streamas in randgebeorh :
syndon þa foreweallas fægre gestepte,
wrætlicu wægfaru oð wolcna hrof."
Æfter þam wordum werod eall aras,
modigra mægen : mere stille bad.
Hofon herecyste hwite linde,
segnas on sande. Sæweall astah,
uplang gestod wið Israhelum
andægne fyrst ; wæs seo eorla gedriht
anes modes . . .
wod on wægstream, wigan on heape
ofer grenne grund . . . (Ll. 276-312.)
Folc waes afæred : flodegsa becwom
gastas geomre, geofon deaðe hweop.
Wæron beorhhliðu blode bestemed,
holm heolfre spaw, hream wæs on yðum,
wæter wæpna ful, wælmist astah.
Wæron Egypte eft oncyrde,
flugon forhtigende, faer ongeton,
woldon herebleaðe hamas findan :
gylp wearð gnornra. Him ongen genap
atol yða gewealc : ne ðær ænig becwom

the Lord hath upreared the red streams as a shield-wall. Here are the fore-walls finely erected, wondrous wave-road to the roof of the clouds." After these words the host all arose, the troop of the brave ones ; the sea abode still. The army bands raised the white linden shields, their ensigns on the sand. The sea-wall arose, upright it stood for Israel the space of a day ; the band of men was of one mind. . . . .

(*Then the crossing of the sea begins—the Tribe of Judah goes first. The Egyptians follow and are overwhelmed in the sea.*)

The folk was affrighted, flood-terror came upon their sad souls, the ocean threatened death. The heights were besteamed with blood, the sea foamed with gore, shrieking was in the waves, the water full of weapons, a deadly mist arose. The Egyptians were turned back, fearful they fled ; perceiving the peril, they wished, panic stricken, to find their homes ; their vaunting was gloomier. Darkening towards them loomed the dire rolling of the wave ; none

herges to hame, ac behindan beleac
wyrd mid wæge. Þær ær wegas lagon,
mere modgode, mægen wæs adrenced.
Streamas stodon, storm up gewat
heah to heofonum, herewopa mæst;
laðe cyrmdon; lyft up geswearc;
fægum stæfnum flod blod gewod:
Randbyrig wæron rofene, rodor swipode
meredeaða mæst; modige swulton
cyningas on corðre, cyre swiðrode
sæs æt ende. Wigbord scinon.
Heah ofer hæleðum holmweall astah,
merestream modig: mægen wæs on cwealme
fæste gefeterod. (Ll. 446–469.)

JUDITH

8th century ?

Judith and her Maid Return to the People with the Head of Holofernes

. . . Eodon ða gegnum þanonne
þa idesa ba ellenþriste,
oðþæt hie becomon collenferhðe,
eadhreðige mægð ut of ðam herige,
þæt hic sweotollice geseon mihten

there of the army came home. But Wyrd locked them behind with the wave; where before the road lay, the sea grew mighty, the army went under. The waters went forth, the storm arose high to the heavens; the foe shrieked out the greatest of army cries. The air grew thick with the doomed voices; blood flowed through the flood. The shield walls were riven; the greatest of sea-deaths struck the sky; proud, died the kings, in a body. Hope of return failed at the end of the sea. The shields shone; high over the warriors arose the ocean-wall, the mighty sea-stream. The army was fast fettered in death.

JUDITH RETURNS

Then they went forth thence, both[1] the courageous women, until they had come, exultant, triumphant maidens, out from the army

[1] "Both," i.e. Judith and her handmaid.

þære wlitegan byrig weallas blican,
Bethuliam. Hie ða beahhrodene
feðelaste forð onettan,
oð hie glædmode gegan hæfdon
To ðam wealgate. Wiggend sæton,
weras wæccende wearde heoldon
in ðam fæstenne, swa ðam folce ær
geomormodum Judith bebead,
searoðoncol mægð, þa heo on sið gewat,
ides ellenrof. Wæs ða eft cumen
leof to leodum, ond ða lungre het
gleawhydig wif gumena sumne
of ðære ginnan byrig hyre togeanes gan
ond hi ofostlice in forlæton
þurh ðæs wealles geat, ond þæt word acwæð
to ðam sigefolce: "Ic eow secgan mæg
þoncwyrðe þing, þæt ge ne þyrfen leng.
murnan on mode: eow ys metod bliðe,
cyninga wuldor; þæt gecyðed wearð
geond woruld wide, þæt eow ys wuldorblæd
torhtlic toweard ond tir gifeðe
þara læðða, þe ge lange drugon."

so that they could clearly see the shining walls of the fair city Bethulia. Then, ring-adorned, they hastened on the road, until, glad-minded, they had come to the wall-gate. The warriors were sitting, the watchers were holding ward within the fortress, as Judith, the shrewd maiden, had before bidden the sad-minded people, when she went on her errand, the undaunted woman. Now again had she come, dear to the people. Then the wise woman forthwith bade one of the men from the spacious city to come to meet her and quickly let her in through the gate of the wall; and this word she spake to the triumphant people: "I can tell you a gladsome thing; that ye need no longer mourn in mind; the Lord is good to you, the Glory of Kings. It is made known, throughout the wide world, that bright and glorious prosperity is at hand for you, and honour is given for those wrongs which ye long have endured."

Þa wurdon bliðe burhsittende,
syddan hi gehyrdon, hu seo halige spræc
ofer heanne weall. Here wæs on lustum :
wið þæs fæstengeates folc onette,
weras, wif somod wornum ond heapum,
ðreatum ond ðrymmum þrungon ond urnon
ongean ða þeodnes mægð þusendmælum,
ealde ge geonge : æghwylcum wearð
men on ðære medobyrig mod areted,
syddan hie ongeaton, þæt wæs Judith cumen
eft to eðle, ond ða ofostlice
hie mid eaðmedum in forleton.
Þa seo gleawe het golde gefrætewod
hyre ðinenne þancolmode
þæs herewæðan heafod onwriðan
ond hyt to behðe blodig ætywan
þam burgleodum, hu hyre æt beaduwe gespeow.
Spræc þa seo æðele to eallum þam folce :
" Her ge magon sweotole, sigerofe hæleð,
leoda ræswan, on ðæs laðestan
hæðenes heaðorinces heafod starian
. . . ic him ealdor oðþrong
þurh Godes fultum. Nu ic gumena gehwæne

Then the city dwellers were glad when they heard how the holy one spake, over the high wall. The host was in delight : the people hastened to the fortress gate, men and women together in crowds and heaps, in throngs and multitudes, pressed forth and ran, in thousands, both old and young, to meet the Lord's maiden ; each man in that city was cheered in mind when he knew that Judith had come back to her home. And then with reverence they let her in.

Then the wise woman, gold-adorned, bade her handmaid, the thoughtful-minded, unwrap the head of the army leader, and show it gory to the city folk, as witness how she had sped in the combat. Then the noble one spake to all the folk : " Here may ye clearly, victorious heroes, leaders of the people, gaze on the head of that most hateful heathen warrior. I deprived him of life through the

Þyssa burgleoda biddan wylle
randwiggendra, þæt ge recene eow
fysan to gefeohte ; syþþan frymþa God,
arfæst cyning eastan sende
leohtne leoman, berað linde forð,
bord for breostum and byrnhomas,
scire helmas in sceaþena gemong,
fyllan folctogan fagum sweordum,
fæge frumgaras. Fynd syndon eowere
gedemed to deaþe and ge dom agon
tir æt tohtan, swa eow getacnod hafað
mihtig dryhten þurh mine hand." (Ll. 132–198.)

CHRIST AND SATAN : THE HARROWING OF HELL

CHRIST ENTERING HADES 8th century ?

Þa him egsa becom
dyne for deman, þa he duru in helle
bræc and begde : bliss wearð monnum,
þa hi hælendes heafod gesawon.

. . . . .

Þa wæron mid egsan ealle afyrhte
wide geond windsele, wordum mændon :

help of God. Now I wish to pray every man of this city-folk, every shield warrior, that ye hasten you quickly to fight ; when the God of Creation, the merciful King, shall send from the east the bright beam, bear forth your lindens, shields before breasts, and your coats of mail, bright helmets among the foes, fell the folk-leaders, the fated chiefs, with shining swords. Your enemies are doomed to death, and ye shall have honour, glory in the conflict, as the mighty Lord has betokened to you through my hand."

CHRIST AND SATAN

Then came terror upon them (*Lucifer and his crew*), a crashing din before the Lord, when he brake and bent the doors in upon Hell. There was joy to men when they saw the face [1] of the Saviour . . . They (*the fiends*) were all affrighted with terrors, far and wide through-

[1] Lit., head.

"Þis is stronglic, nu þes storm becom,
þegen mid þreate, þeoden engla;
him beforan fereð fægerre leoht
þonne we æfre ær eagum gesawon,
butan þa we mid englum uppe wæron.
Wile nu ure witu þurh his wuldres cræft
eall to weorpan, nu þes egsa com,
dyne for dryhtne, sceal þes dreorga heap
ungeara nu atol þrowian.
Hit is se seolfa sunu waldendes,
engla drihten, wile up heonan
sawla lædan and we seoððan a
þæs yrreweorces henðo geþoliað."
Hwearf þa to helle hæleða bearnum
meotod þurh mihte, wolde manna rim
fela þusenda forð gelædan
up to eðle. Þa com engla sweg
dyne on dægred: hæfde drihten seolf
feond oferfohten; wæs seo fæhðe þa gyt
open on uhtan, ...
aras þa anra gehwylc and wið earm gesæt,

out the windy-hall; they moaned in words: "This is terrible, now this assault has come, the thane with his band, the Prince of angels; in front of him goeth a fairer light than we ever before have seen with our eyes, save only when we were up with the angels.

"Now these torments of ours will be utterly put to naught, through the power of his glory, now this terror has come, this din, before the Lord. Soon, now, must this our wretched crew suffer misery! It is the Son of the Ruler himself, the Lord of Angels; he will take the souls up hence, and we ever after shall endure contempt for this deed of wrath." Then through his might the Lord turned to Hell for the children of men; he would lead forth a multitude of men, many thousands, up to their home. Then came the sound of angels, tumult in the day-break: the Lord himself had overcome the fiend; the deadly feud was open until dawn . . . Then arose every one and rested on his arm, leaned on his hand; though the

hleonade wið handa ; þeah hylle gryre
egeslic þuhte, wæron ealle þæs
fægen in firnum, þæt heora drihten
wolde him to helpe helle gesecan.

* * * * *

Þæt, la, wæs fæger, þæt se feða com
up to earde and se eca mid him
meotod mancynnes in þa mæran burh.

(Ll. 379-406 ; 432, 457, &c.)

THE RUINED CITY

8th century.

WRÆTLIC is þaes wealstan : wyrde gebræcon,
burgstede burston, brosnað enta geweorc.
Hrofas sind gehrorene, hreorge torras,
hrungeat-torras berofen, hrim on lime,
scearde scurbeorge scorene, gedrorene,
ældo under-eotone. Eorðgrap hafað
waldend-wyrhtan forweorone, geleorene,
heard gripe hrusan : oþ hund cnea
werþeoda gewitan. Oft þæs wag gebad
ræghar and readfah rice æfter oþrum
ofstonden under stormum . . .

horror of hell seemed awful, yet were all so glad in their suffering that the Lord of men wished to help them to seek their home . . . Lo, that was fair ! when that company came up to their home, and the Eternal with them, the Lord of Mankind, into the great city.

THE RUINED CITY

Wondrous is its wall-stone : fates have broken, have shattered the city, the work of giants is perishing. The roofs are fallen, the towers in ruins, the towers with grated doors despoiled, rime on the lime, the ramparts [1] shorn down, fallen, with age undereaten. The earth-grasp, the hard grip of the ground, holds the mighty workers, decayed, departed : till a hundred generations of men pass away. Oft its wall abided, goat-grey and red-stained, through rule after rule, steady under storms . . . bright were the burg-dwellings, bath-

[1] Lit., notched shower-defences.

THE WANDERER

Beorht wæron burgræced, burnsele monige,
heah horngestreon, heresweg micel,
meodoheall monig, mandreama full,
oþ þæt þæt onwende wyrd seo swiþe.
* * * * *
Stanhofu stodan ; stream hate wearp
widan wylme : weal eall befeng.
beorhtan bosme, þær þa baþu wæron
hat on hreþre ; þæt wæs hyðelic.

(Ll. 1–12, 22, 39, &c.)

THE WANDERER

8th century.

Swa cwæð eardstapa earfeþa gemyndig,
wraþra wælsleahta, winemæga hryre :
" Oft ic sceolde ana uhtna gehwylce
mine ceare cwiþan. Nis nu cwicra nan,
þe ic him modsefan minne durre
sweotule asecgan. Ic to soþe wat
þæt biþ in eorle indryhten þeaw ;
þæt he his ferðlocan fæste binde,
healde his hordcofan, hycge swa he wille ;
* * * * *

halls many, high the clustered pinnacles,[1] great the warlike sound, many a mead-hall, full of mirth of men, until the strong Wyrd changed it . . . There stood the courts of stone ; the stream threw forth hot and spreading billows : a wall encircled all its bright bosom, where the baths were, hot within ; that was well fitted for men.

THE WANDERER

Thus quoth a wanderer, mindful of miseries, of cruel slaughters, the fall of dear kinsmen : " Oft at each dawn, alone I must speak my care. None now is living to whom I dare tell my heart clearly. I know forsooth that it is a noble habit in a man to bind fast the casket of his soul, to hold firm his heart,[2] think as he will. So, oft

[1] Lit., horn-wealth. [2] Lit., treasure-coffer.

Swa ic modsefan minne sceolde
oft earmcearig, eðle bidæled,
freomægum feor feterum sælan,
siþþan geara iu goldwine mine
hrusan heolster biwrah and ic hean þonan
wod wintercearig ofer waþema gebind,
sohte sele dreorig sinces bryttan,
hwær ic feor oþþe neah findan meahte,
þone þe in meoduhealle mine wisse
oþþe mec freondleasne frefran wolde,
wenian mid wynnum. Wat se þe cunnað,
nu sliþen bið sorg to geferan,
þam þe him lyt hafað leofra geholena:
warað hine wræclast nales wunden gold,
ferðloca freorig nalæs foldan blæd;
gemon he sele, secgas and sincþege,
hu hine on geoguðe his goldwine
wenede to wiste: wyn eal gedreas.
For þon wat se þe sceal his winedryhtnes
leofes larcwidum longe forþolian,
ðonne sorg and slæp somod ætgædre
earmne anhogan oft gebindað:
þinceð him on mode þæt he his mondryhten

wretched, divided from home, far from my brethren, my breast I was forced to seal up in fetters, when the darkness of earth had covered my lord.[1] And I went thence, heavy-hearted, winter-sad, over the mingled waves; dreary I sought the hall of some giver of treasure if, far or near, I might find anyone who in the mead hall would love me or comfort me, friendless, treat me kindly. He knoweth who trieth it, how cruel is sorrow for companion, to him who hath few faithful friends: him the track of exile attends, not the wreathen gold; a frozen body, not the joys of earth; he remembereth the hall, the brave men, and receiving of treasure, how in his youth his lord used to cherish him: all joy has failed. This he knoweth who must long forego the counsel of his dear lord, that when sorrow and sleep both together often bind

[1] Lit., gold-friend.

clyppe and cysse and on cneo leege
honda and heafod, swa he hwilum ær
in geardagum giefstolas breac :
ðonne onwæcneð eft wineleas guma,
gesihð him biforan fealwe wegas,
baþian brimfuglas, brædan feþra,
hreosan hrim and snaw hagle gemenged.
Þonne beoð þy hefigran heortan benne
sare æfter swæsne, sorg bið geniwad ;
Þonne maga gemynd mod geondhweorfeð,
greteð gliwstafum, georne geondsceawað ;
Secga geseldan swimmað eft onweg :
fleotendra ferð no þær fela bringeð
cuðra cwidegiedda : cearo bið geniwad,
þam þe sendan sceal swiþe geneahhe
ofer waþema gebind werigne sefan. (Ll. 6–57).

* * * * *

Hwær cwom mearg ? hwær cwom mago ? hwær
cwom maþþumgyfa ?
hwær cwom symbla gesetu ? hwær sindon sele
dreamas ?
Ea la beorht bune ! ea la byrnwiga !
ea la þeodnes þrym ! hu seo þrag gewat,

the poor lone wanderer, it seemeth in mind to him as if he claspeth and kisseth his noble lord and layeth on his knee his hands and head, as of old, when in days of yore he enjoyed gifts from the royal-seat.[1] Then the friendless man awakeneth again, seeth before him the fallow waves, the sea-fowls bathing, broadening their feathers, frost and snow falling, mingled with hail.

"Then are the wounds of his heart the heavier, sore-longing after the beloved, sorrow is renewed." . . . (*the poet then muses on the passing of all things, and the ruin of a great city, and breaks forth* :)

"Where is the horse gone ? Where is the man gone ? Where is gone the treasure-giver ? Where are gone the seats of feasting ? Where are the hall-joys ? Ea la ! the beaker bright ! Ea la ! the mailed warrior ! Ea la ! the princes' splendour ! How the time

[1] Lit., he enjoyed the gift-stool.

genap under nihthelm, swa heo ne wære!
Stondeð nu on laste leofre duguþe
weal wundrum heah, wyrmlicum fah:
eorlas fornoman asca þryþe,
wæpen wælgifru, wyrd seo mære,
and þas stanhleoþu stormas cnyssað;
hrið hreosende, hruse bindeð
wintres woma, þonne won cymeð,
nipeð nihtscua, norþan onsendeð
hreo hæglfare hæleþum on andan.
Eall is earfoðlic eorþan rice,
onwendeð wyrda gesceaft weoruld under heofonum:
her bið feoh læne, her bið freond læne,
her bið mon læne, her bið mæg læne:
eal þis eorþan gesteal idel weorþeð. (Ll. 92–110)

THE SEAFARER

8th century.

The Allurement of the Sea

For þon him gelyfeð lyt, se þe ah lifes wyn
gebiden in burgum, bealosiþa hwon,
wlonc and wingal, hu ic werig oft

has passed away! Darkened under the helm of night, as if it had not been! Now there standeth in the place of well-loved heroes a wall wondrous high, marked with serpent-forms; the strength of ashen spears, slaughter-greedy weapons, has taken off the chieftains—great is Wyrd—and storms dash upon these rocky walls. The falling snow-flakes,[1] the winter's terror, bind the earth when the night-shadow cometh wan and groweth dark, sendeth from the North the fierce hail-storm for the hurt of men. All is affliction on the realm of earth, the doom of Wyrd changeth the world beneath the heavens. Here wealth is fleeting, here a friend is fleeting, here is man fleeting, here is woman fleeting. All this place of earth is vanity.

THE SEAFARER

He little believeth, who, abiding in cities, owneth the joy of life with few adversities, proud and hot with wine, how often, aweary

[1] This translation of *hrið* is doubtful.

in brimlade bidan sceolde !
Nap nihtscua, norþan sniwde,
hrim hrusan bond, hægl feol on eorðan,
corna caldast, For þon cnyssað nu
heortan geþohtas, þæt ic hean streamas,
sealtyþa gelac sylf cunnige ;
monað modes lust mæla gehwylce
ferð to feran, þæt ic feor heonan
elþeodigra eard gesece.
For þon nis þæs modwlonc mon ofer eorðan
ne his gifena þæs god ne in geoguþe to þæs hwæt
ne in his dædum to þæs deor ne him his dryhten to þæs
hold,
þæt he a his sæfore sorge næbbe,
to hwon hine dryhten gedon wille.
Ne biþ him to hearpan hyge ne to hringþege
ne to wife wyn ne to worulde hyht
ne ymbe owiht elles nefne ymb yða gewealc :
ac a hafað longunge, se þe on lagu fundað.
Bearwas blostmum nimað, byrig fægriað,
wongas wlitigað, woruld onetteð :
ealle þa gemoniað modes fusne

I must dwell upon the sea-way. The night-shadow darkened, it snowed from the north, frost bound the land, hail fell on earth, coldest of grains. So now the thoughts of my heart urge that I myself should try the high streams, the play of salt waves. The desire of my mind, every moment, spurs on my soul to go, that I far hence may seek a stranger land. For there is no man so high-hearted over earth, nor so good in gifts, nor so keen in youth, nor so brave in deeds, nor so loyal to his lord, that he may not have always sad yearning towards the sea-faring, for what the Lord will give him there. His heart is not for the harp, nor receiving of rings, nor delight of a wife, nor the joy of the world, nor about aught else but the rolling of the waves. And he ever hath longing who wisheth for the sea.

Trees take on their blossoms, the city groweth fair, the meadows are lovely, the world is astir ; all things admonish the ready heart

sefan to siðe, þam þe swa þenceð
on flodwegas feor gewitan ;
swylce geac monað geomran reorde,
singeð sumeres weard, sorge beodeð
bitter in breosthord. Þæt se beorn ne wat,
esteadig secg, hwæt þa sume dreogað,
þe þa wræclastas widost lecgað.
For þon nu min hyge hweorfeð ofer hreþerlocan,
min modsefa mid mereflode
ofer hwæles eþel, hweorfeð wide
ofer eorþan sceatas, cymeð eft to me
gifre and grædig, gielleð anfloga,
hweteð on hwælweg hreþer unwearnum
ofer holma gelagu. (Ll. 28-64.)

THE WIFE'S COMPLAINT

8th century.

Ic þis giedd wrece bi me ful geomorre,
minre sylfre sið ; ic þæt secgan mæg,
hwæt ic yrmþa gebad, siþþan ic up weox,
niwes oþþe ealdes, no ma þonne nu :
a ic wite wonn minra wræcsiþa !
Ærest min hlaford gewat heonan of leodum

to courage for its journey, in what man soever planneth to go afar on the flood ways. So, too, the cuckoo moaneth with mournful voice, summer's warden singeth, bodeth sorrow, bitter in the breast hoard. The man safe at home knoweth not then what some endure who far abroad make tracks of exile.

So now my mind stirreth within my breast ; my soul amid the sea-flood, over the whale's home, roameth widely over the ends of earth, cometh back to me, ravening and greedy, screameth the lone-flier, not to be gainsaid, whetteth my heart upon the whale-way over the plains of ocean.

THE WIFE'S COMPLAINT

Full wretched, I sing this song about myself, my own fate. I can say this : that of the miseries I have borne, newly or of old, since I grew up, none were greater than now ; ever I know sorrow through

ofer yþa gelac : hæfde ic uhtceare,
hwær min leodfruma londes wære.
Þa ic me feran gewat, folgað secan
wineleas wræcca for minre weaþearfe :
ongunnon þæt þæs monnes magas hycgan
þurh dyrne geþoht, þæt hy todælden unc,
þæt wit gewidost in woruldrice
lifdon laðlicost and mec longade.
. . . Ful oft wit beotedan,
þæt unc ne gedælde nemne deað ana
owiht elles : eft is þæt onhworfen,
is nu swa hit no wære
freondscipe uncer ! Sceal ic feor ge neah
mines fela leofan fæhðu dreogan.
Heht mec mon wunian on wuda bearwe
under actreo in þam eorðscræfe :
eald is þes eorðsele, eal ic eom oflongad ;
sindon dena dimme, duna uphea,
bitre burgtunas, brerum beweaxne,
wic wynna leas. Ful oft mec her wraþe begeat
fromsiþ frean. Frynd sind on eorþan
leofe lifgende, leger weardiað,
þonne ic on uhtan ana gonge

my exile ! First, my lord went forth from his land, over the swirl of the waves : then had I sorrow at dawn, for where in the land might my master be ? Then I went forth, a friendless exile, to seek service in my woeful need. The kinsmen of my lord had devised, with dark thought, how they might sunder us, so that we two, far apart in the world, lived most miserably, and weary the longing to me. . . . Full oft we two had vowed that except death alone, naught else should divide us : now that is all changed ; now is it as if our friendship had never been. Far and near must I endure much enmity on account of my beloved. They bade me dwell in the thicket of the wood, under an oak tree in the earth-cave. Old is this earth hall, I am all weary longing ; dim are the dells, high the hills, cruel the hedges, with briars over-grown, a joyless dwelling. Full oft the departure of my lord lieth bitterly upon me. Friends are in the land, dear living ones ; they lie on their beds when I, in

under actreo geond þas eorðscrafu !
þær ic sittan mot sumorlangne dæg,
þær ic wepan mæg mine wræcsiþas
earfoða fela . . . . . .
. . . . . Sy ful wide fah
feorres folclondes, þæt min freond siteð
under stanhliþe storme behrimed,
wine werigmod, wætre beflowen
on dreorsele ! Dreogeð se min wine
micle modceare : he gemon to oft
wynlicran wic. Wa bið þam þe sceal
of langoþe leofes abidan !

Riddles

8th century.

No. II

HWYLC is hæleþa þæs horsc and þæs hygecræftig
þæt þæt mæge asecgan, hwa mec on sið wræce,
þonne ic astige strong, stundum reþe
þrymful þunie, þragum wræce
fere geond foldan, folcsalo bærne
ræced reafige ? recas stigað

the dawning, go lonely under the oak tree in this earth cave. There I may sit the summer-long day, there I can weep my exile fate, my many sorrows . . . It may be, exiled afar, in the distant folk-land, that my friend sitteth, under the rocky cliffs, frozen with the storm, my beloved, weary-minded, flooded with water in that drear hall. My beloved endureth much sorrow of heart : he remembereth too often a happier dwelling. Woe is to him who, in yearning must wait for his dear one.

RIDDLES

Which of the heroes is so wary and so wise that he can say who driveth me on my journey, when I rise up strong, sometimes fierce, mighty, I thunder, at times rush fearfully over the earth, burn the folk-hall, ravage the dwellings, the reek ariseth, ashen over the

naswe ofer hrofum, hlin bið on eorþan,
wælcwealm wera.[1] Þonne ic wudu hrere,
bearwas bledhwate, beamas fylle
holme gehrefed, heahum meahtum.
wrecan on waþe wide sended,
hæbbe me on hryege, þæt ær hadas wreah
foldbuendra flæsc and gæstas
somod on sonde.[2] Saga, hwa mec þecce
oþþe hu ic hatte, þe þa hlæst bere!

No. III

Hwilum ic gewite, swa ne wenaþ men,
under yða geþræc eorþan secan,
garseeges grund: gifen bið gewreged
flod afysed,[3] fam gewealcen;
hwælmere hlimmeð, hlude grimmeð;
streamas staþu beatað, stundum weorpaþ
on stealc hleoþa stane and sonde,
ware and wæge, þonne ic winnende
holmmægne biþeaht hrusan styrge,
side sægrundas: sundhelme ne mæg

roofs? Clamour is on earth, men battling with death.[1] Then I shake the wood, the fruitful forest, fell the trees, overwhelmed with water, with mighty powers sent far and wide to press upon my way. I have upon my back what ere has covered forms of men, flesh and spirits of earth-dwellers together upon the shore.[2] Say who hideth me, or what I am called who bear these burdens?

(*Answer:* A Storm on land.)

Sometimes I withdraw, when men ween it not, under the crowding of the waves, to seek the earth, the ground of ocean: the sea is stirred, the flood troubled, the foam tossed; the whale-mere roareth, loudly rageth; the waters beat the shore, at times dash upon the steep cliffs with stone and sand, sea-weed and wave, then I, fighting, covered with sea-might, stir the earth, the vast sea-ground: I can-

[1] Lit., "death in battle of men."
[2] Probably an allusion to the Flood.
[3] This half line is supplied by Grein, the earliest German editor of the text, the MS. being defective here.

losian, ær mec læte, se þe min latteow bið
on siþa gehwam. Saga, þoncol mon,
hwa mec bregde of brimes fæþmum,
þonne streamas eft stille weorþað,
yþa geþwære, þe mec ær wrugon !

No. VI

Ic eom anhaga iserne wund,
bille gebennad, beadoweorca sæd,
ecgum werig. Oft ic wig seo,
frecne feohtan, frofre ne wene,
þæt me geoc cyme guðgewinnes,
ær ic mid ældum eal forwurde,
ac mec hnossiað homera lafe
heardecg heoroscearp, hondweorc smiþa,
bitað in burgum : ic a bidan sceal
laþran gemotes. Næfre læcecynn
on folcstede findan meahte,
þara þe mid wyrtum wunde gehælde,
ac me ecga dolg eacen weorðað
þurh deaðslege dagum and nihtum.

not loose me from the sea-covering, ere he let me, he who is my leader on every journey. Say, O thoughtful man, who draweth me from the breast of ocean when the waters again become still, the waves gentle, which veiled me before.

(*Answer :* A Storm on sea).

I am a lonely one, wounded with the iron, hurt with the battle-axe, sick of war-works, weary of swords. Oft I see war, the fierce fighting; I look not for comfort, that succour may come to me in the battle, ere I have perished utterly with my leaders ; but the "hammers' forging," keen-edged, sword sharp, the handwork of smiths, strike at me, bite me in the citadels. I ever must await a more evil conflict. Never leech-kin in folk-dwelling could I find, who might heal the wound with herbs, but the cuts from the swords grew larger, through the death strokes by day and by night.

(*Answer :* A Shield.)

No. VIII

Hrægl min swigað, þonne ic hrusan trede
oþþe þa wic buge oþþe wado drefe.
Hwilum mec ahebbað ofer hæleþa byht
hyrste mine and þeos hea lyft
and mec þonne wide wolcna strengu
ofer folc byreð : frætwe mine
swogað hlude and swinsiað
torhte singað, þonne ic getenge ne beom
flode and foldan ferende gæst.

No. XXX

Ic wiht geseah wundorlice
hornum bitweonum huþe lædan,
lyftfæt leohtlic listum gegierwed,
huþe to þam ham of þam heresiþe,
wolde hyre on þære byrig bur atimbran,
searwum asettan, gif hit swa meahte.
Þa cwom wundorlicu wiht ofer wealles hrof,
seo is eallum cuð eorðbuendum,
ahredde þa þa huþe and to ham bedraf
wreccan ofer willan, gewat hyre west þonan

My raiment is still when I tread the earth, or rest in the dwelling, or drive the water. Sometimes my trappings and this high air upraise me over the houses of men, and then the strength of the clouds beareth me far and wide over the folk. My garments rustle loudly, and sound sweetly, sing beautifully, when I am not touching flood and field, a faring spirit.

(*Answer :* A Swan.)

I saw a creature wondrously bearing booty between its horns A bright air-vessel, beautifully adorned, bearing booty home from the war-path, it would build a bower for itself in the citadel,[1] skilfully set it up, if so it might. Then came a wondrous creature over the "roof of the wall,"[2] it is known to all earth-dwellers ; snatched then the spoil away, and drove home the wanderer against her will ; thence departed west, going vengefully, hastened forward :

[1] Lit. "burg," i.e., citadel of the heavens. [2] The horizon

fæhþum feran, forð onette:
dust stonc to heofenum, deaw feol on eorþan,
niht forð gewat. Nænig siþþan
wera gewiste þære wihte sið.

Cynewulf

JULIANA

Fl. 8th century.

Cynewulf's Lament for his Sins

Is me þearf micel,
þæt seo halge me helpe gefremme,
þonne me gedælað deorast ealra,
sibbe toslitað sinhiwan tu,
micle modlufan, min sceal of lice
sawul on siðfæt, nat ic sylfa hwider,
eardes uncyðþu: of sceal ic þissum,
secan oþerne ærgewyrhtum,
gongan iudædum; geomor hweorfeð
C Y and N cyning biþ reþe
sigora syllend, þonne synnum fah
E, W and U acle bidað,
hwæt him æfter dædum deman wille

Dust arose to heaven, dew fell on earth, night came forth. None of men knew afterwards the path of that creature.

(*Answer:* The Moon and the Sun.)

CYNEWULF'S LAMENT

Great will be my need that the holy one[1] should give me help, when the dearest of all are divided from me, when the two wedded ones[2] rend asunder their kinship, their mighty heart-love, and my soul shall go forth from the body on that journey, I know not whither, to the unknown land: from this world must I seek another, with my former works, I must go with my ancient deeds. Sad shall turn hence. C. Y. and N.; the King shall be wroth, the Giver of Victory, when stained with sins, E.W. and U. shall abide, with trembling, what He will doom to them, after their deeds, as life's reward. L. F.

[1] Saint Juliana. [2] Body and Soul.

lifes to leane ; L F beofað,
seomað sorgcearig, sar eal gemon,
synna wunde, þe ic siþ oþþe ær
geworhte in worulde . . .
. . . . bidde ic monna gehwone
gumena cynnes, þe þis gied wræce,
þæt he mec neodful bi noman minum
gemyne modig and meotud bidde,
þæt me heofona helm helpe gefremme.
meahte waldend on þam miclan dæge.

(Ll. 695-723.)

GUTHLAC [1]

The Death of St. Guthlac

(*He addresses his faithful servant.*)

"Leofast monna ! Nu ic for lufan þinre
and geferscype, þat wit fyrn mid unc
longe læstan, nelle ic lætan þe
æfre unrotne æfter ealdorlege
meðne modseocne minre geweorðan
soden sorgwælmum : a ic sibbe wiþ þe
healdan wille. Nu of hreðerlocan
to þam soþan gefean sawel fundað :
nis seo tid latu, tydrað þis banfæt,

shall quake, and anxiously wait. All the grievousness I shall remember the wounds of sin, which late or early I have wrought in the world. . . . I pray each man of human kind who may sing this song,[2] that he earnestly and fervently remember me by my name, and pray the Creator that the Guardian of Heaven may give me help, the Lord of Might in that great day.

THE DEATH OF ST. GUTHLAC

"O dearest of men ! Now for love of thee, and for the fellowship that we two of old have long borne to each other, I will not let thee be ever cheerless, out-wearied, sick at heart, troubled with welling sorrows : but always I will keep friendship with thee. Now is my soul yearning towards the true bliss : time doth not linger ; this body,[3] this earth-hoard mourneth ; the spirit hasteneth to the

[1] Cynewulf's authorship of the latter half of this poem is fairly proved.
[2] Recite this poem. [3] Lit., bone-vessel.

greothord gnornað, gæst hine fyseð
on ecne geard utsiþes georn
on sellan gesetu ; ic swiðe eom
weorce gewergad." Þa to þam wage gesag,
heafelan onhylde, hyrde þa gena
ellen on innan, oroð stundum teah
mægne modig : him of muðe cwom
swecca swetast, swylce on sumeres tid
stincað on stowum staþelum fæste
wynnum æfter wongum wyrta geblowene
honigflowende : swa þæs halgan wæs
ondlonge dæg oþ æfen forð
oroð uphlæden. Þa se æþela glæm
setlgong sohte, swearc norðrodor
won under wolcnum, woruld miste oferteah,
þystrum biþeahte, þrong niht ofer tiht
londes frætwa, ða cwom leohta mæst
halig of heofonum hædre scinan
beorhte ofer burgsalu. Bad se þe sceolde
eadig on elne endedogor
awrecen wælstrælum. Wuldres scima

eternal home, eager for its journey hence to a better place. Now am I much wearied with suffering." Then he leaned back against[1] the wall and bowed his head, yet he kept up his strength within; at times, powerful with vigour, he drew his breath ; there came from his mouth the sweetest of fragrance, such as in summer's tide plants flowing with honey, blossoming joyfully, over the meadows, fast-rooted, give forth from their places. So all day long until the evening he drew in his breath. Then the noble gleam[2] sought its setting, dark grew the northern sky, dusk beneath the clouds, the world was veiled in mist, covered with gloom, night hastened on over the life of the land.[3] Then came the greatest of lights, holy from the heavens, clearly shining, bright over the houses. He, as he must, awaited, his end-day happy in courage, pierced with death-arrows. A ray of glory, noble around the noble one, shone

1 Lit., sank to the wall.
2 The sun.
3 Lit., the motion of the adornments of the land.

æþele ymb æþelne andlongne niht
scan scirwered, scadu sweþredon
tolysed under lyfte. Wæs se leohta glæm
ymb þæt halge hus heofonlic condel
from æfenglome oþþæt eastan cwom
ofer deop gelad dægredwoma
wedertacen wearm. Aras se wuldormago
eadig elnes gemyndig, spræc to his onbehtþegne
torht to his treowum gesiþe: "Tid is, þæt þu fere
and þa ærendu eal biþence
ofestum læde, swa ic þe ær bibead,
lac to leofre. Nu of lice is
goddreama georn gæst swiðe fus."
Ahof þa his honda husle gereorded
eaðmod þa æþelan gyfle, swylce he his eagan ontynde,
haige heafdes gimmas, biseah þa to heofona rice
glædmod to geofona leanum and þa his gæst onsende
weorcum wlitigne in wuldres dream.
(Ll. 1231–1278.)

with brightness the livelong night; the shadows lessened, faded in the sky. The shining gleam, the heavenly light, was around the holy house, from even-gloom until from the east came the rustle of dawn, the warm weather-sign, over the deep. That son of glory arose, happy, mindful of strength, the famous one spake to his servant, his faithful follower: "It is time that thou go and remember the errand; take with speed, as I bade thee before, the message to the dear one.[1] Now my soul from the body is hastening fast, yearning for the joy of God." Then he raised his hands, lowly minded, refreshed with the Housel,[2] the noble food, he opened also his eyes, holy gems of the head, looked then, glad-minded, to the realm of heaven, for the gift of grace, and then sent his soul, fair with good deeds, to the joy of glory.

[1] His sister, alluded to earlier in the poem.
[2] Eucharist.

CHRIST

The Sea of the World

Nu is þon gelicost, swa we on laguflode
ofer cald wæter ceolum liðan,
geond sidne sæ sundhengestum
flodwudu fergen : is þæt frecne stream,
yða ofermæta, þe we her on lacað
geond þas wacan woruld, windge holmas ;
ofer deop gelad wæs se drohtað strong,
ær þon we to londe geliden hæfdon
ofer hreone hrycg : þa us help bicwom,
þæt us to hælo hyþe gelædde
godes gæstsunu and us giefe sealde,
þæt we oncnawan magun ofer ceoles bord.
hwær we sælan sceolon sundhengestas,
ealde yðmearas ancrum fæste.
Utan us to þære hyðe hyht staþelian,
þa us gerymde rodera waldend
halge on heahþu, þa he heofonum astag.

(Ll. 851–867.)

THE SEA OF THE WORLD

Now is it likest as if, on the ocean flood, over the cold water, we sail with keels; through the wide sea, with ocean-steeds, we drive the flood-wood. That is a perilous stream of illimitable waves, windy waters, on which we are tossing here. Over the deep way the life was hard, ere we had sailed to land, over the rough billows. Then to us came help, God's Spirit-Son led us to the haven of salvation and gave us grace, that we may know, aboard the keel, where we must bind the ocean-steeds, the old wave-horses with anchors fast. Let us fix our hope upon that haven which the Ruler of the skies, holy in the height, opened out for us when he rose into the heavens.

A Hymn

Halig eart þu halig, heahengla brego,
soð sigores frea ! Simle þu bist halig,
dryhtna dryhten ! a þin dom wunað
eorðlic mid ældum in ælce tid
wide geweorþad : þu eart weoroda god !
forþon þu gefyldest foldan and rodoras,
wigendra hleo, wuldres þines,
helm alwihta ! Sie þe in heannessum
ece hælo and in eorþan lof
beorht mid beornum ! þu gebletsad leofa,
þe in dryhtnes noman dugeþum cwome
heanum to hroþre ! þe in heahþum sie
a butan ende ece herenis !

(Ll. 403–415.)

The Burning of the Earth at the Day of Judgment.

Grornað gesargad
eal middangeard on þa mæran tid.
Swa se gifra gæst grundas geondseceð,
hiþende leg heahgetimbro ;
fylleð on foldwong fyres egsan

A HYMN

Holy art thou, holy, Prince of Archangels, true King of Victory ! Always Thou art holy, O Lord of Lords ! Thy dominion ever dwelleth on earth amid men, in every time, honoured far and wide. Thou art God of Hosts ! therefore Thou hast filled the earth and the skies with thy glory, Shelter of warriors, Crown of all creatures ! To Thee in the highest be eternal salvation, and praise on the earth glorious amid men. Live, Thou Blessed One, who hast come unto men in the name of the Lord, for comfort to the downcast. To Thee be on high, ever without end, eternal praise.

THE BURNING OF THE EARTH

All earth mourneth, troubled, in that far-famed time. Then the greedy visitant shall search throughout the land, the ravaging flame shall fell to earth the high-timbered places, with the terror of fire, the widely famed blast, hot, fiercely greedy, shall bring

widmære blæst woruld mid ealle
hat heorogifre. Hreosað geneahhe
tobrocene burgweallas ; beorgas gemeltað
and heahcleofu, þa wið holme ær
fæste wið flodum foldan scehdun
stið and stæðfæst staþelas wið wæge,
wætre windendum. Þonne wihta gehwylce
deora and fugla deaðleg nimeð :
færeð æfter foldan fyrswearta leg.
weallende wiga, swa ær wæter fleowan,
flodas afysed. Þonne on fyrbaðe
swelað sæfiscas sundes getwæfde :
wægdeora gehwylc werig swelteð ;
byrneþ wæter swa weax. Þaer bið wundra ma
þonne hit ænig on mode mæge aþencan,
hu þæt gestun and se storm and seo stronge lyft
brecað brade gesceaft ! (Ll. 971–992.)

ELENE

The Battle Between Constantine and the Huns

Heht þa on uhtan mid ærdæge
wigend wreccan and wæpenþræce,
hebban heorucumbul and þæt halige treo

down the world with all. The city walls, shattered, shall everywhere fall, the mountains shall melt and the high cliffs, that erewhile had sundered earth from ocean, from against the flood, fixed and steadfast, a strong stay against the wave, the rolling water. Then the death flame shall take every creature, beasts and birds : the great flame marcheth through the world, a scourging warrior, where before was water flowing, the rushing floods, there in the fire-bath, the sea-fishes are burning, cut off from swimming ; all the wave-beasts, weary, shall die ; the water burneth like wax. Greater wonders shall be than mind can think, when the stun and the storm and the strong wind shall break the broad creation.

THE BATTLE

Then in the dawn, with the daybreak, he [1] bade wake the warriors and the strength of weapons, raise the war-standard and carry

[1] Constantine, who had had a cross made for an ensign.

him beforan ferian on feonda gemang,
beran beacen godes. Byman sungon
hlude for hergum : hrefn weorces gefeah,
urigfeðra earn sið beheold ;
wælhreowra wig ; wulf sang ahof,
holtes gehleða. Hildegesa stod :
þær wæs borda gebrec and beorna geþrec
heard handgeswing and herga gring,
syððan beo earhfære ærest metton.
On þæt fæge folc flana scuras,
garas ofer geolorand on gramra gemang
hetend heorugrimme, hildenædran
þurh fingra geweald forð onsendan.
Stopon stiðhidige, stundum wræcon,
bræcon bordhreðan, bil indufan,
þrungon þræchearde. Þa wæs þuf hafen,
segn for sweotum, sigeleoð galen :
gylden grima, garas lixtan
on herefelda ; hæðene grungon,
feollon friðelease ; flugon instæpes,
Huna leode, swa þæt halige treo
aræran heht Romwara cyning

before them the holy tree into the throng of foes, bear God's standard. The trumpets sang, loud before the armies : the raven rejoiced in the work, the dewy-feathered eagle beheld the war-path, the strife of the slaughter-fierce ; the wolf raised a song, the haunter of the wood. War-terror went forth : there was shattering of shields, and crowding of men, the hard hand-swing and the falling of hosts, when they first met the path of the arrows. Upon the fated folk, the throng of fierce foes, the deadly-grim enemy send forth, with strength of fingers, showers of darts; spears, over the yellow shield, adders of battle. The strong-hearted stepped forth, eagerly hastened, broke the shields, dug in the bill, the firm-in-war pressed on. Then was the standard raised, a sign before the troops, a lay of victory sung : the golden helmet, the spears shone on the battle-field ; the heathen sank, they fell bereaved of peace ; the nation of Huns fled at once, when the King of the Romans, the maker of

heaðofremmende. Wurdon heardingas
wide towrecene ! Sume wig fornam,
sume unsofte aldor generedon
on þam heresiðe, sume healfcwice
flugon on fæsten and feore burgon
æfter stanclifum, stede weardedon
ymb Danubie, sume drenc fornam
on lagostreame lifes æt ende,
Þa wæs modigra mægen on luste,
ehton elþeoda oð þæt æfen forð
fram dæges orde : daroðæsc flugon
hildenædran. Heap wæs gescyrded,
laðra lindwered : lythwon becwom
Huna herges ham eft þanon.
Þa wæs gesyne, þæt sige forgeaf
Constantino cyning ælmihtig
æt þam dægweorce, domweorðunga
rice under roderum þurh his rode treo. (Ll. 105–147.)

Cynewulf's Account of his Life

Þus ic frod and fus þurh þæt fæcne hus
wordcræft wæf and wundrum læs,

war, bade raise the holy Rood. The heroes were widely scattered : some war took off, some on the battle path hardly saved their life, some, half-alive, fled into fastness and sheltered them among the rocky cliffs, they haunted the region of the Danube; some drowning took away, in the stream, at the end of their life. Then was the troop of the mighty joyful, they followed the strangers from point of day forth until evening. The ashen darts flew, the adders of battle. The host was destroyed, the shield-armoured band of the foe : few of the force of the Huns came home again thence. Then was it clear the King Almighty had given victory to Constantine in that day's work, glorious honour, rule under the skies, through his Rood.

CYNEWULF'S ACCOUNT OF HIS LIFE

Thus old and ready for death, in this poor house I wove wordcraft

þragum þreodude and geþanc reododе
nihtes nearwe. Nysse ic gearwe
he ðære riht . . ., ær me rumran geþeaht
þurh þa mæran miht on modes þeaht
wisdom onwreah. Ic wæs weorcum fah,
synnum asæled, sorgum gewæled,
bitrum gebunden, bisgum beþrungen,
ær me lare onlag þurh leohtne had
gamelum to geoce, gife unscynde
mægencyning amæt and on gemynd begeat,
torht ontynde, tidum gerymde,
bancofan onband breostlocan onwand,
leoðucræft onleac, þæs ic lustum breac,
willum in worlde. Ic þæs wuldres treowes
oft næles æne hæfde ingemynd,
ær ic þæt wundor onwrigen hæfde
ymb þone beorhtan beam, swa ic on bocum fand
wyrda gangum, on gewritum cyðan
be þam sigebeacne. A wæs sæcc oð ðæt,
cnyssed cearwelmum, ᚻ drusende,
þeah he in medohealle maðmas þege,

and wondrously arranged it, pondered at times, and sifted thought narrowly at night. I knew not well concerning the truth . . . until wisdom unveiled, through glorious might, a wider knowledge to the thought of my mind. I was stained with ill doing, fettered with sins, afflicted with sorrows, bitterly bound, beset with cares, till for help to the aged, the mighty King granted me lore, through the bright cross,[1] bestowed a pure gift and flooded my mind with it, revealed to me beauty, at seasons enlarged me, unbound my body,[2] unloosened my breast,[3] unlocked my song-craft, which I joyfully used, with a will, in the world. Often, not once, I had had in my mind the Tree of glory, ere I had revealed that wonder about the bright Rood, as I found it in books in the order of things made known in writings about the Ensign of victory. Ever until then was strife within crushed ; with care-waves, the *Keen* (C) one failing, though

[1] Lit., through the bright form.
[2] Lit., bone-coffer. [3] Lit., breast-locker.

æplede gold. ᚩ gnornode,
ᚷ gefera nearusorge dreah,
enge rune, þær him ᚠ fore
milpæðas mæt, modig þrægde
wirum gewlenced. ᚹ is geswiðrad
gomen æfter gearum, geogoð is gecyrred
ald onmedla. ᚾ was geara
geogoðhadas glæm : nu synt geardagas
æfter fyrstmearce forð gewitene,
lifwynne geliden, swa ᚳ toglideð,
flodas gefysde. ᚱ æghwam lið
læne under lyfte ; landes frætwe
gewitaþ under wolcnum winde gelicost,
þonne he for hæleþum hlud astigeð,
wæðeð be wolcnum, wedende færeð
and eft semninga swige gewyrðeð
in nedcleofan nearwe geheaðrod
þream forþrycced. Swa þeos world eall gewiteð.
(Ll. 1236–1276.)

he still should receive gifts in the mead-hall, appled-gold.[1] He mourned the *evil* (Y) comrade of *Need* (N), he suffered affliction, a straitening secret. There, before him, the *Horse* (E) measured the mile-paths, proudly ran, bedecked with ornaments. Joy (W) is lessened, sportfulness, with years, youth has gone, the olden pride. Ours (U) was of yore the gleam of youth, now are the days of old passed forth, in the time appointed, life-joy hath sailed hence, as Water (L) glideth away, the hurrying flood under the sky ; Wealth (*F*) is fleeting, for the fair things of earth depart beneath the clouds most like to the wind, when before men it ariseth loud, hunteth amid the clouds, goeth raging, and straightway becometh silent again, is narrowly pressed, with force held down.

[1] Apples of gold, or apple-shaped gold.

ANDREAS [1]

The Voyage of St. Andrew

Gewat him þa on uhtan mid ærdæge
ofer sandhleoðu to sæs faruðe
þriste on geþance and his þegnas mid
gangan on greote; garseeg hlynede,
beoton brimstreamas: se beorn wæs on hyhte
syðþan he on waruðe widfæðme scip
modig gemette. Þa com morgen torht,
beacna beorhtost ofer breomo sneowan,
halig of heolstre heofoncandel blac
ofer lagoflodas. He þær lidweardas
þrymlice þry þegnas geseah
modiglice menn on merebate
sittan siðfrome, swylce hie ofer sæ comon;
þæt wæs drihten sylf, dugeða wealdend.
ece ælmihtig mid his englum twam.
Wæron hie on gescirplan scipferendum,
eorlas onlice ealiðendum,
þonne hie on flodes fæðm ofer feorne weg,
on cald wæter ceolum lacað.
Hie ða gegrette se ðe on greote stod,
fus on faroðe frægn, reordade:

THE VOYAGE

Then he went in the dawn at daybreak over the sandhills to the sea-shore, firm of purpose, and his thanes with him, going on the shingle. The ocean roared, the sea-streams were crashing, the hero was hopeful, courageous, when he found on the strand a wide-bosomed ship. Then came the shining morn, the brightest of beacons speeding over the waves, holy from its hiding-place. The heaven-candle shone over the water-floods. There he saw three thanes, glorious ship-masters; mighty men in the sea-boat sitting ready to go as if they had come over sea. That was the Lord himself, the Ruler of nobles, the Eternal Almighty with his two angels. In raiment they were as sea-farers, men like sailors, when they ply their keels on the bosom of the flood, over the far way, on the cold water. Then he who stood on the sand, ready on the shore, greeted them, asked and

[1] Cynewulf's authorship of this poem is doubtful.

"Hwanon comon ge ceolum liðan,
macræftige[1] menn, on mereþissan
ane ægflotan ? hwanon eagorstream
ofer yða gewealc eowic brohte ?"
Him ða andswarode ælmihti god,
swa þæt ne wiste se ðe þæs wordes bad,
hwæt se manna wæs meðelhegendra,
þe he þær on waroðe wiðþingode :
"We of Marmedonia mægðe syndon
feorran geferede ; us mid flode bær
on hranrade heahstefn naca,
snellic sæmearh snude bewunden,
oð þæt we þissa leoda land gesohton
wære bewrecene, swa us wind fordraf."
Him þa Andreas eaðmod oncwæð :
"Wolde ic þe biddan, þeh ic þe beaga lyt,
sincweorðunga syllan meahte,
þæt ðu us gebrohte brante ceole,
hea hornscipe ofer hwæles eðel
on þære mægðe ! bið ðe meorð wið god
þæt ðu us on lade liðe weorðe."

said : "Whence have ye come sailing your keels, ye men of sea craft,[1] lonely wave-floaters, in your ships ? Whence hath the ocean-stream brought you over the tossing of waves ?" Then Almighty God answered him, in such wise that he who awaited the word might not know what Man of men it was with whom he spake there on the shore. "We have come from afar, from the land of Marmedonia ; the high-stemmed ship, the swift sea-horse, clothed in speed, hath borne us on the whale-road, until we have come upon the land of this people, lashed by the sea, as the wind hath driven us." Then Andrew humbly answered him : "I would pray thee, though I should be able to give thee few rings, costly gifts, that thou wouldst bring us in thy steep keel, thy high-towered ship, over the whale's home into that country ; payment from God shall be thine if thou wilt be kind to us on the way." The Lord of Ethelings, the

[1] This word is uncertain ; it is taken to mean "expert in seamanship."

Eft him andswarode æðelinga helm
Of yðlide, engla scippend :
" Ne magon þær gewunian widferende
ne þær elþeodige eardes brucað,
ah in þære ceastre cwealm þrowiað
þa ðe feorran þyder feorh gelædaþ.
And þu wilnast nu ofer widne mere,
þæt ðu on þa fægðe þine feore spilde ? "
Him þa Andreas agef ondsware :
" Usic lust hweteð on þa leodmearce.
mycel modes hiht to þære mæran byrig,
þeoden leofesta, gif ðu us þine wilt
on merefaroðe miltse gecyðan."
Him ondswarode engla þeoden,
neregend fira of nacan stefne :
" We ðe estlice mid us willað
ferigan freolice ofer fisces bæð
efne to þam lande, þær þe lust myneð
to gesecanne, syððan ge eowre
gafulrædenne agifen habbað,
sceattas gescrifene, swa eow scipweardas,
aras ofer yðbord unnan willað."
Him þa ofstlice Andreas wið
wine þearfende wordum mælde :

creator of angels, answered him back from the wave-goer : "Travellers may not dwell there, nor may strangers have joy in the land, but they who from afar bring their life hither, suffer torment in that city ; and now thou dost wish to lose thy life in that hostile place over the wide sea ? " Then Andrew gave him answer : " Desire whetteth us to that country, a great hope of our mind, to the famous city, dearest Lord, if thou wilt show us favour on the sea-shore." The Prince of angels answered him, the Saviour of men, from the stem of the ship : " We will gladly take thee with us, freely, over the fishes' home, even to that land whither desire impelleth thee, after ye have given your payment, the money decreed, even as the ship-masters, the men over the wave-board will grant you." Then Andrew, needy man, quickly spake words to him : " I

"Næbbe ic fæted gold ne feohgestreon,
welan ne wiste ne wira gespann,
landes ne locenra beaga, þæt ic þe mæge lust ahwettan,
willan in worulde, swa ðu worde becwist."
Him þa beorna breogo, þær he on bolcan sæt,
ofer waroða geweorp wiðþingode:
"Hu gewearð þe þæs, wine leofosta,
ðæt ðu sæbeorgas secan woldes,
merestreama gemet, maðmum bedæled
ofer cald cleofu ceoles neosan?
nafast þe to frofre on faroðstræte
hlafes wiste ne hlutterne
drync to dugoðe? is se drohtað strang
þam þe lagolade lange cunnaþ."
Þa him Andreas ðurh ondsware
wis on gewitte wordhord onleac:
"Ne gedafenað þe, nu þe dryhten geaf
welan and wiste and woruldspede,
ðæt ðu ondsware mid oferhygdum
sece sarcwide. Selre bið æghwam
þæt he eaðmedum ellorfusne
oncnawe enðlice, swa þæt Crist bebead,

have no beaten gold, nor treasure, wealth nor abundance, nor buckles of wire, land nor clasping rings, that I may whet thy desire, thy will in the world, as thou sayest with thy word." Then the Prince of men spake to him, from where he stood on the gangway, over the rolling of the sea, "How doth it befall thee, dearest friend, that thou wouldest seek the sea-hills, the limit[1] of the sea-streams, over the cold cliffs devoid of treasure, wouldest look for a ship? Thou hast not for thy comfort on the water-way provision of bread nor clear drink for thy welfare? The way of life is hard for him who trieth the sea-road for long." Then Andrew, in answer, wise in wit, unlocked his word-hoard: "Now it becometh thee not, to whom the Lord hath given wealth and abundance and worldly good, that thou shouldest seek for an answer in contempt and reproach. Better is it for every one that he meet openly, with goodwill, the man setting out, even as Christ bade, the glorious Prince. We are his thanes.

[1] Lit., measurement.

þeoden þrymfæst. We his þegnas synd
gecoren to cempum : he is cyning on riht
wealdend and wyrhta wuldorþrymmes,
an ece god eallra gesceafta,
swa he calle befehð anes cræfte,
hefon and eorðan halgum mihtum
sigora selost. He ðæt sylfa cwæð
fæder folca gehwæs, and us feran het
geond ginne grund gasta streonan :
'Farað nu geond calle eorðan sceattas
emne swa wide swa wæter bebugeð
oððe stedewangas stræte gelicgaþ.
Bodiað æfter burgum beorhtne geleafan
ofer foldan fæðm. Ic eow freoðo healde.
Ne ðurfan ge on þa fore frætwe lædan,
gold ne seolfor : ic eow goda gehwæs
on eowerne agenne dom est ahwette.'
Nu ðu seolfa miht sið useme
gehyran hygeþancol : ic sceal hraðe cunnan,
hwæt ðu us to duguðum gedon wille."
Him þa ondswarode æce dryhten :
"Gif ge syndon þegnas þæs þe þrym ahof
ofer middangeard, swa ge me secgaþ,
and ge geheoldon, þæt eow se halga bead,

chosen for battle : he is King in right, wielder and maker, of glorious might, one Eternal God of all creatures, even as he embraceth all heaven and earth by his might alone, with holy powers, noblest of triumphs. He himself, the Father of every folk, said that, and bade us go over the wide deep to win souls. 'Go now over all the regions of earth, even as far as the water encloseth, or the plains lie on the way. Preach through the cities, over earth's bosom, the glorious faith. I will hold peace with you. Nor need ye on that journey take treasure, gold nor silver : I will provide for you the abundance of every good thing, at your own choice.' Now thou thyself wise, mayest serve our journey : I must know quickly what thou wilt do for help to us." Then the Eternal Lord answered him : "If ye are the thanes of him who hath raised his glory over earth, as ye say to me, and ye hold that the Holy One commanded

þonne ic eow mid gefean ferian wille
ofer brimstreamas, swa ge benan sint."
Þa in ceol stigon collenfyrhðe,
ellenrofe : æghwylcum wearð
on merefaroðe mod geblissod.
Þa ofer yða geswing Andreas ongann
mereliðendum miltsa biddan
wuldres aldor and þus wordum cwæð :
" Forgife þe dryhten domweorðunga,
willan in worulde and in wuldre blæd
meotud mancynnes, swa ðu me hafast
on þyssum siðfæte sybbe gecyðed."
Gesæt him þa se halga holmwearde neah,
æðele be æðelum : æfre ic ne hyrde
þon cymlicor ceol gehladenne
heahgestreonum. Hæleð in sæton,
þeodnas þrymfulle, þegnas wlitige.
Þa reordode rice þeoden,
ece ælmihtig heht his engel gan
mærne magnþegn, and mete syllan,
frefran feasceaftne ofer flodes wylm
þæt hie þe eað mihton ofer yða geþring
drohtaþ adreogan. Þa gedrefed wearð

you, then with joy I will take you over the sea-streams as ye entreat." Then the brave-souled, the courageous one, stepped into the ship, the mind of all on the sea-shore rejoiced. Then Andrew began, over the swaying of the waves, to beg the Lord of Glory for favour for the sailors, and thus said in words : " The Lord, the Maker of mankind, grant thee great honour, thy will in the world, and increase of glory, because thou hast shown friendship to me on this journey."

Then the saint sat himself near the Sea-warder, noble by the noble ; never have I heard of a comelier keel laden with high treasures. The men sat within it, glorious princes, brave thanes. Then spake the great Prince, Eternal Almighty, bade his angel, his glorious servant, go and give meat, comfort the poor men on the billows of the flood, so that they might more easily endure

onhrered hwælmere : hornfisc plegode,
glad geond garsecg and se græga mæw
wælgifre wand : wedercandel swearc,
windas weoxon, wægas grundon
streamas styredon, strengas gurron,
wædo gewætte, wæteregesa stod
þreata þryðum : þegnas wurdon
acolmode ; ænig ne wende
þæt he lifgende land begete,
þara þe mid Andreas on eagorstream
ceol gesohte : næs him cuð þa gyt,
hwa þam sæflotan sund wisode.

(Ll. 235–380.)

THE DREAM OF THE ROOD

8th century ?

Hwæt ! ic swefna cyst secgan wylle,
hwæt me gemætte to midre nihte,
syðþan reordberend reste wunedon.
Þuhte me þæt ic gesawe syllicre treow
on lyft lædan leohte bewunden,

their condition. Then was the whale-mere disturbed, aroused : the horn-fish sported, glided through the ocean, and the grey mew, slaughter-greedy, wheeled around : the storm-candle darkened, the winds waxed, the waves ground each other, the streams upstirred, the ropes creaked, wet with the water ; water-terror went forth with the might of troops : the thanes were fearful in mind, not one weened of all those who had sought the ship with Andrew on the ocean-stream that living he should reach the land. It was not yet known to them Who was guiding the swimming of the sea-floater.

THE DREAM OF THE ROOD

Lo ! I will tell the choicest of dreams ; what I dreamed in the middle of night, when men [1] abode in rest. It seemed to me that I saw a wondrous Tree moving aloft, bewound with light, brightest

[1] Lit., speech-bearers.

beama beorhtost : eall þæt beacen wæs
begoten mid golde ; gimmas stodon,
feowere æt foldan sceatum, swylce þær fife wæron
uppe on þam saxlegespanne. Beheoldon þær engel dryhtnes
ealle
fægere þurh forðgesceaft : ne wæs ðær huru fracodes gealga,
ac hine þær beheoldon halige gastas,
men ofer moldan and eall þeos mære gesceaft.
Syllic wæs se sigebeam and ic synnum fah,
forwunded mid wommum. Geseah ic wuldres treow
wædum geweorðode wynnum scinan,
gegyred mid golde, gimmas hæfdon
bewrigene weorðlice wealdes treow :
hwæðre ic þurh þæt gold ongytan meahte
earmra ærgewin, þæt hit ærest ongan
swætan on þa swiðran healfe, Eall ic wæs mid sorgum
gedrefed.
Forht ic wæs for þære fægran gesyhðe ; geseah ic þæt fuse
beacen
wendan wædum and bleom : hwilum hit wæs mid wætan
bestemed
beswyled mid swates gange, hwilum mid since gegyrwed.
Hwæðre ic þær licgende lange hwile

of beams : all that Beacon was covered with gold ; four gems stood at the ends of the cross,[1] there were also five up above on the shoulder-span. All the angels of the Lord beheld it, fair throughout the future ; that was not, indeed, the gallows of a criminal, but holy spirits there beheld it, men upon earth, and all this great creation. Wondrous was the Tree of victory, and I, stained with sins, sore wounded with evil, I saw the Tree of glory, clothed with fair adornments, shining gloriously, begirded with gold ; gems had covered beautifully the tree of the wood ; yet through the gold I could perceive the old agony of the sorrowful, that it first began to sweat (blood) on the right hand. I was all troubled with care. Fearful was I for the fair sight ; I saw the quick Beacon change in trappings and hue : sometimes it was bedewed with moisture, soiled with running of blood, sometimes adorned with treasure. Nevertheless,

[1] Lit., at the surface of earth.

beheold hreowcearig hælendes treow,
oð þæt ic gehyrde, þæt hit hleoðrode;
ongan þa word sprecan wudu selesta:
"Þæt wæs geara iu (ic þæt gyta geman),
þæt ic wæs aheawen holtes on ende, [feondas,
astyred of stefne minum. Genaman me þær strange
geworhton him þær to wæfersyne, heton me heora wergas hebban; [asetton,
bæron me ðær beornas on eaxlum, oð ðæt hie me on beorg
gefæstnodon me þær feondas genoge. Geseah ic þa frean mancynnes
efstan elne mycle þæt he me wolde on gestigan.
Þær ic þa ne dorste ofer dryhtnes word
bugan oðþe berstan, þa ic bifian geseah
eorðan sceatas: ealle ic mihte
feondas gefyllan, hwæðre ic fæste stod.
Ongyrede hine þa geong hæleð (þæt wæs God Ælmihtig)
strang and stiðmod; gestah he on gealgan heanne
modig on manigra gesyhðe, þa he wolde mancyn lysan.
Bifode ic, þa me se beorn ymbclypte ne dorste ic hwæðre bugan to eorðan,
feallan to foldan sceatum: ac ic sceolde fæste standan."
(Ll. 1–38.)

lying there, for a long while, I beheld, sorrowful, the Saviour's tree, until I heard that it uttered a sound. The noblest of trees began to speak these words: "It was in years of old (I remember it yet) that I was hewn down on the edge of a wood, removed from my stump. Strong foes there took me, made me a spectacle for them there, bade me uplift their felons; there men bore me on their shoulders, until they set me up on a hill. There many foes made me fast. Then I saw the Lord of mankind draw near with great courage that he might ascend me. There I durst not then, against the Lord's word, bow or break, when I saw the ends of the earth trembling. I might have felled all foes, yet I stood fast.

"Then the young hero begirt himself (that was God Almighty) strong and stern-minded; he ascended the high gallows, brave in the sight of many, when he would set mankind free. I quivered when the hero clasped me; yet I durst not bend to the ground, fall to earth's surface, but I had to stand fast."

THE PHŒNIX 8th Century.

The Sinless Land

Hæbbe ic gefrugnen, þætte is feor heonan
eastdælum on æþelast londa
firum gefræge. Nis se foldan sceat
ofer middangeard mongum gefere
folcagendra, ac he afyrred is
þurh meotudes meaht manfremmendum
Wlitig is se wong eall wynnum geblissad
mid þam fægrestum foldan stencum ;
ænlic is þæt iglond, æþele se wyrhta,
modig meahtum spedig, se þa moldan gesette.
Þær bið oft open eadgum togeanes
onhlide ı hleoþra wyn, heofonrices duru.
þæt is wynsum wong, wealdas grene.
rume under roderum. Ne mæg þær ren ne snaw,
ne forstes fnæst ne fyres blæst,
ne hægles hryre ne hrimes dryre,
ne sunnan hætu ne sincaldu,
ne wearm weder ne winterscur
wihte gewyrdan, ac se wong seomað
eadig ond onsund : is þæt æþele lond
blostmum geblowen. Beorgas þær ne muntas

THE SINLESS LAND

I have heard tell that far hence in Eastern parts is the noblest of lands known to men. That region of earth is not open to many travellers of the world, but is far removed from evildoers by the might of the Lord. Lovely is the place, blissful with joys amid the fairest odours of the earth. Peerless is the island, noble the Maker, mighty and abounding in power, who founded the land. Oft is open there in sight of the blessed, the rapture of song, the doors of heaven unclosed. That is a winsome place, green wolds, wide-spreading under heaven. Nor there may rain nor snow, nor breath of frost, nor blast of fire, nor downfall of hail, nor falling of rime, nor heat of the sun, nor unceasing cold, nor warm weather, nor winter shower, injure anyone, but the place abideth happy and healthful. The noble land is blowing with blossoms. Steep hills nor mountains

steape ne stondað ; ne stanclifu
heah hlifiað, swa her mid us,
ne dene ne dalu ne dunscrafu,
hlæwas ne hlincas, ne þær hleonað oo
unsmeþes wiht : ac se æþela feld
wridað under wolcnum wynnum geblowen.
(Ll. 1—27.)

* * * * *

Nis þær on þam londe laðgeniðla,
ne wop ne wracu, weatacen nan,
yldu ne yrmðu ne se enga deað,
ne lifes lyre ne laþes cyme,
ne synn ne sacu, ne sarwracu,
ne wædle gewin ne welan onsyn,
ne sorg ne slæp ne swar leger,
ne wintergeweorp ne wedra gebregd.
hreoh under heofonum, ne se hearda forst
caldum cylegicelum cnyseð ænigne.
þær ne hægl ne hrim hreosað to foldan
ne windig wolcen, ne þær wæter fealleþ
lyfte gebysgad : ac þær lagustreamas

stand not there : nor stony cliffs tower up high, as here with us ; nor dales nor dells nor hill-gorges, nor mounds nor high banks, nor dwelleth there anything unsmooth ; but the noble plain thriveth beneath the clouds, blooming with delights.

* * * * *

Nor is there in that land hostile enmity, nor weeping nor vengeance, no sign of woe, old age nor misery, nor straitening death, nor the loss of life, nor the coming of evil, nor sin, nor strife, nor sore exile, nor the struggle of poverty, nor the want of weal, nor care, nor sleep, nor pressure of sickness, nor piercings of winter,[1] nor tossing of tempests, fierce under heaven, nor doth the sharp frost with cold icicles bear hard upon any one. Neither hail nor frost, there, descend on the earth, nor windy cloud, nor falleth there water driven by the wind ; but

[1] Lit., "Winter-cast," i.e. snowstorms (?).

wundrum wrætlice wyllan onspringað,
fægrum flodwylmum foldan leccaþ,
wæter wynsumu of þæs wuda midle.

(Ll. 50–65.)

THE GIFTS OF MEN

A 10th Century (?) version of an early poem.

Ne bið ænig þæs earfoðsælig
Mon on moldan ne þæs medspedig
lytelhydig ne þæs læthydig
þæt hine se argifa ealles biscyrge
modes cræfta oþþe mægendæda,
wis on gewitte oþþe on wordcwidum,
þy læs he ormod sy ealra þinga,
þara þe he geworhte in woruldlife,
geofona gehwylcre : næfre god demeð
þæt ænig eft þæs earm geweorðe.

(Ll. 8–17.)

* * * * *

Nis nu ofer eorþan ænig monna
mode þæs cræftig ne þæs mægeneacen
þæt hi æfre anum ealle weorþen
gegearwade, þy læs him gilp sceððe

there the streams, wondrous strange, from the midst of the wood spring up in wells, with fair bubblings, winsome waters moistening the earth.

THE GIFTS OF MEN

There is not any man on earth so unhappy nor so meanly gifted, so poor of mind nor so slow of mind, that the Giver of Grace would wholly deprive him of powers of soul or of strong deeds, to be withered in wit or in word-speech, lest he be disheartened with all things which he hath wrought in world-life, with every gift. God never decreeth that any one should become, then, so miserable. . . . (*Then follows a list of the endowments of men*).

* * * * *

There is not now any man upon earth so skilful of mind, nor so gifted with might, that ever heal one were endowed with all powers, lest arrogance should harm him, or his pride should arise for that

oþþe fore þære mærþe mod astige,
gif he hafaþ ana ofer calle men
wlite and wisdom and weorca blæd :
ac he missenlice monna cynne
gielpes styreð and his giefe bryttað
sumum on cystum, sumum on cræftum,
sumum on wlite, sumum on wige,
sumum he syleð monna milde heortan
þeawfæstne geþoht sum biþ þeodne hold
Swa weorðlice wide tosaweð
dryhten his duguðe. (Ll. 97–111.)

THE MENOLOGIUM

10th Century ?

The Month of May

. . . In burh raþe
smicere on gearwum . . .
wudum and wyrtum cymeð wlitig scriðan
þrymlice on tun, þearfe bringeð
Maius micle geond menigeo gehwær.
. . . yldum bringð
sigelbeorhte dagas sumor to tune,
wearme gewyderu : þænne wangas hraðe
. blostmum blowað, swylce blis astihð

fame, if he alone hath beauty and wisdom, and the glory of deeds above all men ; but He diversely governeth the pride of mankind, and diversely dealeth out His gifts ; to one virtues, to another powers of mind, to one beauty, to another war, to another man giveth He a kind heart, a gentle mind. One is true to his Lord. So the Lord excellently scattereth his gifts.

THE MONTH OF MAY

Forthwith into the city, lovely in adornments, in woods and in herbs, May cometh gliding, beauteous, gloriously to town, bringeth good abundantly among the people everywhere . . . bringeth to men sunbright days and summer to town, warm weather. Then the fields quickly bloom with blossoms, ariseth also, over the

geond middangeard manigra hada
cwicera cynna, cyninge lof secgað
mænifealdlice.

(Ll. 75–94.)

THE MONTH OF JUNE.

. . . In þam gim astihð
on heofenas up hyhst on geare
tungla torhtast and of tille agrynt
to sete sigeð. Wyle syššan leng
grund behealdan and gangan lator
ofer foldan wang fægerust leohta
woruldgesceafta.

(Ll. 109–115.)

THE BATTLE OF BRUNANBURH

A.D. 937

Her Æþelstan cing, eorla drihten,
beorna beaggifa and his broþor eac,
Eadmund æþeling ealdorlangne tir
geslogan æt sake sweorda ecggum
embe Brunnanburh; bordweall clufan
heowan heaðolinda hamora lafum

earth, the rapture of many kindreds of living things, there they give manifold praise to the King.

THE MONTH OF JUNE

In that month the gem ariseth highest in the year up into the heavens, brightest of stars, and from its place descendeth, sinketh to its seat. Afterwards it will longer remain with the world and go later over the fields of earth, fairest of lights, and of all earthly creatures.

THE BATTLE OF BRUNANBURH

In this year King Æthelstan, lord of earls and ring-giver of men, together with his brother Edmund the Ætheling, won life-long fame with the edge of the sword in the strife near Brunanburh. They, the offspring of Edward, cleft the shield-wall, hewed the warlinden

eaforan Eadweardes ; swa him geæþele wæs
fram cneomagum, þæt hie æt campe oft
wið laðra gehwane land ealgodan,
hord and hamas. Hettend crungon
Scotta leode and scipflotan
fæge feollan : feld dennade
secga swate, siþþan sunne upp
on morgentid, mære tungol,
glad ofer grundas godes candel beorht,
eces drihtnes, oþ þæt seo æþele gesceaft
sah to setle. Þær læg secg manig
garum forgrunden, guman norðerne,
ofer scyld sceoten swylce Scyttisc eac
werig wigges sæd. Westsexe forð
andlangne dæg eoredcystum
on last legdon laðum þeodum,
heowan hereflyman hindan þearle
mecum mylenscearpum. Myrce ne wyrndon
heardes handplegan hæleþa nanum
þara ðe mid Anlafe ofer eargebland
on lides bosme land gesohtan
fæge to gefeohte. Fife lagon
on ðæm campstede ciningas geonge,

with the leavings-of-hammers (swords). From their forefathers it was born in them to guard their land, their hearths and homes against every foe. The enemy failed, the Scottish folk and the sailors fell doomed. The field was sodden with the sweat of men when the sun rose up in the morning tide and glided over the earth, that far-famed star, bright candle of God the eternal Lord, till the noble creature sank to its seat. There lay many a man pierced with spears, many a Northman shot over the shield ; also the Scotsman, weary, sated with war. Through the long day, with well-tried warriors, the West Saxons pressed forward on the track of the hateful folk ; they hewed direfully at the flank of the flyers with their mill-sharpened swords. The Mercians withheld not their hard handplay from any man of those who with Anlaf in the ship's bosom over the ocean had sought the land, doomed to fight. Five

sweordum aswefede swilce seofone eac
eorlas Anlafes, unrim herges,
flotan and Scotta. Þaer geflymed wearð
Norðmanna brego, nede gebæded
to lides stefne lytle weorode;
cread cnear on flot, cing ut gewat,
on fealone flod feorh generede.

(Ll. 1–36.)

THE BATTLE OF MALDON

A.D. 993.

"gehyre þu, sælida, hwæt þis folc segeð:
hi willað eow to gafole garas syllan,
ættrynne ord and ealde swurd,
þa heregeatu, þe eow æt hilde ne deah.
Brimmanna boda, abeod eft ongean,
sege þinum leodum miccle laþre spell,
þæt her stynt unforcuð eorl mid his werode,
þe wile gealgean eþel þysne,
Æþelredes eard, ealdres mines,

young kings lay dead there on the field of war, put to sleep with the sword. There were also seven of the earls of Anlaf. Innumerable was the army of sailors and Scotsmen. There the prince of the Northmen was forced to flight, driven of need hence to the stern of the ship, and with him a little band. They thrust the craft on the water, the king went forth on the fallow flood to save his life.

THE BATTLE OF MALDON

The Danes, having sent to Byrhtnoth the Alderman, an insolent demand for money to buy them off from attacking the land, the messenger receives the following reply from him :—

"Hear thou, O sea-farer, what this people say!
Spears for their tribute will they give to you,
The dart, tipped with venom, and the ancient sword of war.
Naught shall *that* battle-gear bring to you in warfare.
Herald of the Seamen, answer back again,
Tell to thy people tidings far more fearful,
That here an earl of honour standeth with his host,
Who resolveth to defend this fatherland of ours,
Kinsfolk and country, the realm of Æthelred—

folc and foldan : feallen sceolon
hæþene æt hilde. To heanlic me þinceð
þæt ge mid urum sceattum to scype gangon
unbefohtene, nu ge þus feor hider
on wine eard in becomon.
Ne sceole ge ðwa softe sinc gegangan :
us sceal ord and ecg ær geseman,
grim guðplega, ær we gofol syllon."

(Ll. 45-61.)

. . . þa wæs fohte neh,
tir æt getohte ; wæs seo tid cumen,
þæt þær fæge men feallen sceoldon
þæt wearð hream ahafen, hremmas wundon,
earn æses georn : wæs on eorþan cyrm.
Hi leton þa of folman feolhearde speru,
gegrundene garas fleogan.
bogan wæron bysige, bord ord onfeng :
biter wæs se beaduræs, beornas feollon

Whom I own as lord. Low shall now the heathen
Sink to earth in warfare ! Too shameful, meseemeth,
That ye with our money should march away to sea
All unfought by us, now ye thus far hither,
Right to our own land, here within are come.
Nor shall ye all so easily treasure gather in :
Spear-point and sword-edge shall bring us first together,
Grim shall be the game of war, ere we give you tribute."

(*The battle begins.*)

. . . Then the fight was near,
Glory of the battle, and now the time was come
That the fated men should fall.
Then a cry was raised, round the ravens flew,
And the eagle, carrion-greedy ; a cry was on the earth,
They let fly, from their fingers, the file-sharpened javelin,
The spears well ground.
Busy were the bows, the shield-board caught the spear-point :
Bitter was the battle-rush, the heroes were falling,

on gehwæðere hand, hyssas lagon.

(Ll. 103–112.)

* * * * *

ne mihte þa on fotum leng fæste gestandan,
he to heofenum wlat, . . .
" Geþance þe, ðeoda waldend,
ealra þæra wynna, þe ic on worulde gebad.
Nu ic ah, milde metod, mæste þearfe,
þæt þu minum gaste godes geunne,
þæt min sawul to þe siðian mote,
on þin geweald, þeoden engla,
mid friþe ferian : ic eom frymdi to þe,
þæt hi helsceaðan hynan ne moton."
Þa hine heowon hæðene scealcas
and begen þa beornas, þe him big stodon

(Ll. 171–182.)

* * * * *

Wiga wintrum geong, wordum mælde,
Ælfwine þa cwæð, he in ellen spræc.
" Gemunaþ þa mæla, þe we oft æt meodo spræcon,

The youths were lying dead, on this hand and on that.
(*Then Byrhtnoth the leader falls*)
Then firm on his feet no longer could he stand,
He looked up to heaven . . .
" To thee I offer thanks, O Ruler of the peoples,
For all of the delightfulness I have found in the world.
Now, O mild Creator, utmost need have I
Grace upon my spirit that thou wouldst give me here,
So my soul in safety may soar away to Thee,
Into Thine own keeping, O Thou Prince of Angels,
Passing hence in peacefulness. Now I pray of Thee
That the harming fiends of hell may not hurt my soul."

* * * * *

(*After the death of Byrhtnoth, the warriors encourage each other :*)
A warrior in winters young, in words made speech.
Then said Ælfwine, he in boldness spake :
" Remember now the words which at the mead we often spake,

þonne we on bence beot ahofon
hæleð on healle ymbe heard gewinn.
Nu mæg cunnian hwa cene sy."

(Ll. 210–215.)

* * * * *

Leofsunu gemælde and his linde ahof,
bord to gebeorge, he þam beorne oncwæð :
" Ic þæt gehate, þæt ic heonon nelle,
fleon fotes trym, ac wille furðor gan,
wrecan on gewinne minne winedrihten.
Ne þurfon me embe Sturmere stedefæste hælæð
wordum ætwitan, nu min wine gecranc,
þæt ic hlafordleas ham siðie,
wende fram wige : ac me sceal wæpen niman,
ord and iren."

(Ll. 244—253.)

Byrhtwold maþelode, bord hafenode :
Se wæs eald geneat : æsc acwehte,
he ful baldlice beornas lærde :

When we on the bench, our boasting uplifted,
Heroes in the hall, about the warfare hard,
Now it may be found who valiant will be."

* * * * *

Leofsunu spake, and his linden-wood uplifted,
His shield for a shelter, he answered then the hero :
" Here I vow indeed that hence I never will
Flee a foot's length, but will forward go,
Avenging in the battle my beloved lord.
Neither round the Stourmere need the steadfast heroes
Flout me in their words, now my friend has fallen,
That I from here lordless, homeward return,
Wending from the war : but me shall weapon slay,
Spear and iron sword" . . . (*Then the battle goes on until the little band of English becomes less and less*).
Byrhtwold made speech, raising up his shield,
That was an old comrade ; he shook his ashen spear.
He, full boldly, urged on the heroes :

"Hige sceal þe heardra, heorte þe cenre,
mod sceal þe mare, þe ure mægen [1] lytlað.
Her lið ure ealdor eall forheawen,
god on greote, a mæg gnornian
se ðe nu fram þis wigplegan wendan þenceð,
Ic eom frod feores: fram ic ne wille,
ac ic me be healfe minum hlaforde,
be swa leofan men licgan þence." (Ll. 309–319.)

THE RHYMING POEM

10th Century ?

Me lifes onlah, se þis leoht onwrah
And þæt torhte getah tillice onwrah.
Glæd wæs ic gliwum, glenged niwum
blissa bleoum, blostma hiwum.

* * * * *

þa wæs wæstmum aweaht woruld onspreht
under roderum areaht, radmægne oferþeaht.

* * * * *

searo hwit solaþ, sumur hat colað,
foldwela fealleð, feondsciþe wealleð,
eorðmægen ealdaþ, ellen cealdað. (Ll. 1, 9, 67, etc.)

"The mind must be the firmer, the heart be the keener,
The mood must be the braver as our force lesseneth.
Here our lord lieth, all to pieces hewn,
Goodly on the ground; ever may he mourn
Whoso now from this war-playing turneth away,
I am old in years: hence I never will,
But I, here, by the side of my well-beloved lord,
By so dear a man, mean in death to lie."

THE RHYMING POEM

He gave me life who this light unveiled, and the bright world nobly revealed. Glad was I with glee, newly adorned, with tints of joy, with hues of the blossom, . . . Then was the world awakened to growth, enlivened, outspread beneath the heavens, covered with life-power . . . The white array soileth, summer heat cooleth, world-weal falleth, enmity seetheth, earth-might ageth, courage groweth cold.

[1] Lit., main, might.

King Ælfred

A.D. 849-901.

OLD ENGLISH VERSION OF GREGORY'S PASTORAL CARE

Part of Alfred's Preface

Þæt me com suiðe oft on gemynd, hwelce wiotan gio wæron geond Angelkynn, ægðer ge godcundra hada ge woruld-cundra; ond hu gesæliglica tida þa wæron geond Angelcynn; ond hu þa kyningas þe ðone anwald hæfdon ðæs folces Gode ond his ærendwrecum hirsumedon; ond hu hi ægðer ge hiora sibbe ge hiora sido ge hiora anwald innanbordes gehioldon, ond eac ut hiora oeðel rymdon; ond hu him ða speow ægðer ge mid wige ge mid wisdome; ond eac ða godcundan hadas hu georne hie wæron ægðer ge ymb lare ge ymb leornunga, ond ymb ealle þa ðeowutdomas þe hie Gode don sceoldon; ond hu mon utanbordes wisdom ond lare hider on lond sohte, ond hu we hi nu sceoldon ute begietan gif we hie habban sceoldon. Swa clæne hio wæs oðfeallenu on Angelkynne ðætte swiðe feawe wæron behionan Humbre þe hiora ðenunga cuðan understandan on Englisc, oðde

PART OF ALFRED'S PREFACE

It came very often to my mind what wise men of yore there were over England, both of the religious and secular orders, and what happy times there were over England; and how the kings who had rule obeyed God and his ministers, and how they kept their peace, their virtue and their order at home, and enlarged their possessions abroad; and how it sped well with them both in war and in wisdom; and also how eager were the religious orders both about learning and about teaching, and all the services they had to render to God; and how men from abroad sought wisdom and teaching hither in our land, and how we now must get them from abroad if we are to have them. So clean was it fallen away in England that very few there were on this side of the Humber who could understand their service-books in English, or even translate a letter from Latin

furðum an ærendgewrit of Lædene on Englisc areccan ; ond ic wene ðætte nauht monige begiondan Humbre næren. Swa feawe hiora wæron ðætte ic furðum anne anlepne ne mæg geðencean besuðan Temese ða ða ic to rice feng. Gode ælmihtegum sie ðonc ðætte we nu ænigne on stal habbað lareowa.

* * * * *

Þa ic ða gemunde hu sio lar Lædengeðiodes ær ðissum afeallen wæs giond Angelcynn, ond ðeah monige cuðon Englisc gewrit arædan, ða ongan ic ongemang oðrum mislicum ond manigfealdum bisgum ðisses kynerices ða boc wendan on Englisc ðe is genemned on Læden Pastoralis, ond on Englisc Hierdeboc, hwilum word be worde, hwilum ondgit of andgite, swæ swæ ic hie geliornode æt Plegmunde minum ærcebiscepe ond æt Assere minum biscepe ond æt Grimbolde minum mæsseprioste and æt Johanne minum mæsseprioste. Siððan ic hie þa geliornod hæfde, swæ swæ ic hie forstod, ond swæ ic hie andgitfullicost areccean mihte, ic hie on Englisc awende ; ond to ælcum biscepstole on minum rice wille ane onsenden.

into English ; and I ween that there were not many beyond the Humber. So few there were that I cannot even think of a single one south of the Thames when I came to the throne. Thanks be to God Almighty that we now have any supply of teachers.

* * * * *

When I then remembered how the knowledge of the Latin tongue had fallen away throughout England, and yet many could read English writing, then I began amidst other diverse and manifold cares of this kingdom to turn into English the book which is called in Latin *Pastoralis*, and in English *Shepherd-book*, sometimes word for word, sometimes meaning for meaning, even as I had learned it from Plegmund my archbishop and from Asser my bishop, and from Grimbold my mass-priest and from John my mass-priest. After I had learned it, then so far as I understood it, and so far as I could most clearly interpret it, I turned it into English. And to each bishop's seat in my kingdom I will send one.

DIFFERENT MEN MUST BE TAUGHT IN DIFFERENT WAYS

Ne gedafenað hit no ðæt we ealle menn on ane wisan læren, forðam hie ne sint ealle anes modes ond anra ðeawa. Forðæm oft sio ilce lar ðe oðrum hielpeð hio dereð ðæm oðrum; swæ swæ manegra cynna wyrta ond grasu bioð gerad, sumu neat batigað fore, sumu cwelað; swæ swæ mid liðre wistlunga mon hors gestilleð, swæ eac mid ðære ilcan wisthunga mon mæg hund astyrian;

Swæ bioð eac monige læcedomas þe sume adle gelytligeað, ond sume gestrongiað; swæ eac hlaf þe strongra monna mægen gemiclað, he gelytlað cilda. For ðære ungelicnesse ðara hieremonna sculon bion ungelic ða word ðæs lareowes, ðæt he hiene selfne geðeode to eallum his hieremonnum, to æghwelcum be his andefene, ond ðeah hwæðre swæ swiðe swæ he of ðære æwe ond of ðære ryhtan lare ne cirre. Hwæt cweðe we ðonne hwelce sien þa ingeðoncas monna buton suelce sumere hearpan strengas aðenede, þa se hearpere suiðe ungelice tihð and styreð, ond mid ðy gedeð ðæt hie nawuht ungeliceðæm sone ne singað þe he wilnað?

DIFFERENT MEN MUST BE TAUGHT IN DIFFERENT WAYS

It is not fitting that we should teach all men in one way, because they are not all of one mind and of one behaviour. For often the same teaching which helpeth one hurteth another, even of such sort are herbs and grass of many kinds, on some beasts fatten, on some they die. Even as with soft whistling one quieteth a horse, so also with the same whistling one may rouse a hound.

There are also many leechdoms which lessen some diseases and strengthen others; bread, also, which increaseth the might of strong men lesseneth that of children. Because of the difference of the hearers must the words of the teacher be different, so that he may fit himself to all his hearers, to each after his own measure, and yet not so as to swerve at all from the law and from right doctrine.

What may we say, then, are the inmost thoughts of men but as it were the strings of a harp tightly stretched, which the harper very diversely striketh and moveth, and thereby causeth that they make no sound different from that which he desireth? He toucheth all

Ealle he gret mid anre honda, ðy þe he wile ðæt hie anne song singen, ðeah he hie ungelice styrige. Swa sceal æghwelc lareow to anre lufan and to anum geleafan mid anre lare and mid mislicum manungum his hieremonna mod styrigean.

(*Chap. xxiii.*)

OLD ENGLISH VERSION OF THE HISTORY OF THE WORLD BY OROSIUS

Ohthere's First Voyage

Ohthere sæde his hlaforde, Ælfrede cyninge, þæt he ealra Norðmonna norþmest bude. He cwæð þæt he bude on þæm lande norþweardum wiþ þa Westsæ. He sæde þeah þæt þæt land sie swiþe lang norþ þonan ; ac hit is eal weste, buton on feawum stowum styccemælum wiciað Finnas, on huntoðe on wintra ond on sumera on fiscaþe be þære sæ. He sæde þæt he æt sumum cirre wolde fandian hu longe þæt land norþryhte læge, oþþe hwæðer ænig mon be norðan þæm westenne bude. Þa for he norþryhte be þæm lande : let him ealne weg þæt weste land on ðæt steorbord, ond þa widsæ on ðæt bæcbord þrie dagas. Þa wæs he swa feor norþ swa þa hwælhuntan firrest faraþ. Þa for he þagiet norþryhte swa feor swa he meahte on þæm oþrum þrim

with one hand because he willeth that they should make one tone, though he may move them diversely. So must every teacher with one teaching, but with varied counsels, stir up the mind of his hearers to one love and one belief.

OHTHERE'S FIRST VOYAGE

Ohthere told his lord, King Alfred, that he of all men dwelt northmost. He said that he dwelt in the northward land by the West Sea. Furthermore he said that that land is very long thence northwards but it is all waste except here and there in a few places the Fins dwell, hunting in winter and fishing in summer by the sea. He said that he at one time would try how far that land lay to the due north, or whether any man dwelt to the north of the waste. Then he sailed due north along by the land: all the way he had the waste land on the starboard and the open sea on the larboard for three days. Then was he as far north as the whale-hunter goeth at the farthest. Then he still went due north as far as he would sail in

dagum gesiglan. Þa beag þæt land þær eastryhte, oþþe seo sæ in on ðæt lond, he nysse hwæðer, buton he wisse ðæt he ðær bad westanwindes ond hwon norþan, ond siglde ða east be lande swa swa he meahte on feower dagum gesiglan. Þa sceolde he þær bidan ryhtnorþanwindes, for þæm þæt land beag þær suþryhte, oþþe seo sæ in on ðæt land, he nysse hwæþer. Þa siglde he þonan suðryhte be lande swa swa he mehte on fif dagum gesiglan. Þa læg þær an micel ea up in on þæt lond. Þa cirdon hie up in on þa ea, for ðæm hie ne dorston forþ bi þære ea siglan for unfriþe; for þæm ðæt lond wæs eall gebun on oþre healfe þære eas.

Ne mette he ær nan gebun land, siþþan he from his agnum ham for. Ac him wæs ealne weg weste land on þæt steorbord, butan fiscerum ond fugelerum, ond huntum, ond þæt wæron eall Finnas; ond him wæs a widsæ on ðæt bæcbord. Þa Beormas hæfdon swiþe wel gebud hira land; ac hie ne dorston þær on cuman. Ac þara Terfinna land wæs eal weste buton ðær hunton gewicodon, oþþe fisceras, oþþe fugeleras.

(*Bk. i. Chap. i.*)

other three days. Then bent the land there to the east, or the sea in on the land, he knew not which, but he knew that he there awaited a west wind, and somewhat of the north, and sailed then east along by the land even as he could sail in four days. Then had he to await there a wind right from the north, for the land bent there due south, or the sea in on the land, he knew not which. Then sailed he thence due south along by the land even as he could sail in five days. Then there flowed a great river up into the land. Then they turned up into the river, they dare not sail forth past the river because of hostility, for the land was all inhabited on the other side of the river.

He had not before come upon any inhabited land since he had gone out from his own home. But there had been waste land all the way on the starboard, except fishers and fowlers and hunters, and those were all Fins; and there had been always the open sea on the larboard. The Permians had very well cultivated their land, but the land of the Terfins was all waste except where hunters dwelt, or fishers or fowlers.

THE OLD ENGLISH VERSION OF BEDE'S ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH PEOPLE

How Cædmon became a Poet

In ðeosse abbudissan mynstre wæs sum broðor syndriglice mid godcundre gife gemæred ond geweorðad. Forþon he gewunade gerisenlice leoð wyrcan, þa þe to æfestnisse ond to arfæstnisse belumpen, swa ðætte, swa hwæt swa he of godcundum stafum þurh boceras geleornode, þæt he æfter medmiclum fæce in scopgereorde mid þa mæstan swetnisse ond inbryrdnisse geglængde ond in Englisc-gereorde wel geworht forþbrohte. Ond for his leoþsongum monigra monna mod oft to worulde forhogdnisse ond to geþeodnisse þæs heofonlican lifes onbærnde wæron. Ond eac swelce monige oðre æfter him in Ongelþeode ongunnon æfeste leoð wyrcan : ac nænig hwæðre him þæt gelice don meahte. Forþon he nales from monnum ne þurh mon gelæred wæs, þæt he þone leoðcræft leornade, ac he wæs godcundlice gefultumed ond þurh Godes gife þone songcræft onfeng. Ond he forðon næfre noht leasunge, ne idles leoþes wyrcan meahte, ac efne þa an þa ðe to æfestnesse belumpon, ond his þa æfestan tungan gedeofanade singan.

HOW CÆDMON BECAME A POET

In the monastery of this Abbess there was a certain brother especially famous and marked out by a divine gift, for he was wont to make seemly songs concerning faith and goodness, so that whatsoever he learned from scholars of the divine writings, that, after a little while, he brought forth well-wrought in verse, with the greatest sweetness and liveliness, in the English tongue. And by his songs the minds of many men were often fired to disdain of the world, and to fellowship with the heavenly life. And so also many others after him, among the English people, made devout songs, but yet none could do that like unto him. For he was not taught by men or through a man to know the craft of verse, but he was divinely helped, and through the grace of God, received song-craft. And he therefore could never make any light or idle song, but even that only which had to do with goodness, and which it was seemly for his devout tongue to sing.

Wæs he se mon in weoruldhade geseted oð þa tide þe he wæs gelyfdre ylde, ond næfre nænig leoð geleornade. Ond he forþon oft in gebeorscipe, þonne þær wæs blisse intinga gedemed, þæt heo ealle scalde þurh endebyrdnesse be hearpan singan, þonne he geseah þa hearpan him nealecan, þonne aras he for forscome from þæm symble ond ham eode to his huse. Þa he þæt þa sumre tide dyde, þæt he forlet þæt hus þæs gebeorscipes, ond ut wæs gongende to neata scipene, þara heord him wæs þære nealite beboden. Þa he ða þær in gelimplice tide his leomu on reste gesette ond onslepte, þa stod him sum mon æt þurh swefn ond hine halette ond grette ond hine be his noman nemnde: "Cedmon, sing me hwæthwugu." Þa ondswarede he ond cwæð: "Ne con ic noht singan; ond ic forþon of þeossum gebeorscipe uteode, ond hider gewat, forþon ic naht singan ne cuðe." Eft he cwæð se ðe wið hine sprecende wæs: "Hwæðre þu meaht singan." Þa cwæð he: "Hwæt sceal ic singan?" Cwæð he: "Sing me frumsceaft." Þa he ða þas andsware onfeng, þa ongon he sona singan in herenesse Godes Scyppendes þa fers ond þa word þe he næfre gehyrde, þære endebyrdnesse þis is:

He had lived in the secular order until the time when he was grown in years and had never learned any song. And therefore at the merry-making, where for sake of mirth it was ordered that they all in turn should sing to the harp, when he saw the harp coming near him he arose for shame from the table and went home to his house. When at one time he had done this, he left the house of good-fellowship, and went out to the cattle-shed, of which the care had been given him that night. When he then at due time had there thrown himself upon the bed and slept, there stood by him a certain man in a dream, and hailed him, and greeted him, and called him by his name: "Cædmon, sing me something." Then answered he, and said, "I cannot sing, and for that I went out from this merry-making, and came hither, because I could not sing." Again he who was speaking with him said, "Yet thou couldst sing." Then said he, "What must I sing?" He said, "Sing me the beginning of all things." When he then had received this answer he began at once to sing in praise of God the Maker, verses and words which he had never heard, of which the manner is this:—

Nu sculon herigean heofonrices weard,
meotodes meahte ond his modgeþanc.
weorc wuldorfæder, swa he wundra gehwæs,
ece Drihten, or onstealde,
he ærest sccop eorðan bearnum
heofon to hrofe halig scyppend;
þa middangeard moncynnes weard,
ece Drihten, æfter teode
firum foldan, frea ælmihtig.

Þa aras he from þæm slæpe, ond eal, þa þe he slæpende song, fæste in gemynde hæfde. Ond þæm wordum sona monig word in þæt ilce gemet Gode wyrðes songes togeþeodde. Þa com he on morgenne to þæm tungerefan, þe his ealdormon wæs: sægde him hwylce gife he onfeng; ond he hine sona to þære abbudissan gelædde ond hire þa cyðde ond sægde. Þa heht heo gesomnian ealle þa gelæredestan men ond þa leorneras: ond him ondweardum het secgan þæt swefn, ond þæt leoð singan þæt ealra heora dome gecoren wære, hwæt oððe hwonon þæt cumen

Now we ought to praise the Guardian of the heaven-realm,
The might of the Maker, and the thought of His mind,
The Glory-Father's work, how He every wonder,
The everlasting Lord, set in its beginning.
He shaped, first of all, for the sons of earth,
Heaven as a roof; holy was the Shaper;
Then the middle-earth, the Guardian of Mankind,
The everlasting Lord, afterwards created
As a floor for men, the Master Almighty.

Then he arose from that sleep, and all that he had sung in sleep he had fast in mind, and to those words straightway added many words of noble song to God in the same measure. Then came he in the morning to the town-reeve, who was his ealdorman, telling him what gift he had received; and he forthwith led him to the Abbess and spake and made it known to her. Then she bade assemble all the most learned men, and the scholars, and had him tell of the dream in their presence and sing the song, so that by the judgment of them all it should be decided how or whence it had come.

wære. Þa wæs him eallum gesegen, swa swa hit wæs, þæt him wære from Drihtne selfum heofonlic gifu forgifen. Þa rehton heo him ond sægdon sum halig spell ond godcundre lare word: bebudon him þa, gif he mealite, þæt he in swinsunge leoþsonges þæt gehwyrfde. Þa he ða hæfde þa wisan onfongne þa eode he ham to his huse; ond cwom eft on morgenne, ond þy betstan leoðe geglenged him asong ond ageaf, þæt him beboden wæs. Þa ongan seo abbudisse clyppan ond hufigean þa Godes gife in þæm men; ond heo hine þa monade ond lærde þæt he woruldhed anforlete ond munuchhad onfenge: ond he þæt wel þafode. Ond heo hine in þæt mynster onfeng mid his godum, ond hine geþeodde to gesomnunge þara Godes þeowa; ond heht hine læran þæt getæl þæs halgan stæres ond spelles. Ond he eal, þa he in gehyrnesse geleornian mealite, mid hine gemyndgade; ond swa swa clæne neten eodorcende in þæt sweteste leoð gehwerfde. Ond his song ond his leoð wæron swa wynsumu to gehyranne, þætte seolfan þa his lareowas æt his muðe wreoton ond leornodon.

(*Bk. v. Chap. xxiv.*)

Then was it seen by them all, even as it was, that a heavenly gift had been given to him by the Lord himself. Then they set forth and told him a certain holy story and words of divine lore, and bade him then, if he could, turn it into the sweet sound of verse. When he had then received the matter he went home to his house; and he came again in the morning and sang, and returned to them, wrought in the best of verse, what had been given over to him.

Then the Abbess honoured and loved the gift of God in the man, and she advised and charged him to leave the secular order and take on monkhood, and he fully agreed. And she received him into the monastery with his goods and united him to the congregation of the servants of God; and bade him be taught the whole course of holy history and narrative. And he kept in his memory all that he could learn by listening, and even as a clean beast chewing the cud, he turned it all into the sweetest verse. And his song and his verse were so winsome to hear that his teachers themselves wrote them down from his mouth and learned them.

OLD ENGLISH VERSION OF THE CONSOLATION OF PHILOSOPHY BY BOETHIUS (WITH ADDITIONS BY KING ALFRED THE TRANSLATOR)

The First Age of this World

(*Cp. Chaucer's translation of Boethius, p.* 226.)

Eala, hu gesælig seo forme eld was þises midangeardes, ða ælcum men þuhte genog on þære eorþan wæstmum. Næron þa welige hamas, ne mistlice swotmettas, ne drincas, ne dior wyrðra hrægla hi ne girndan, forþam hi þa git næran, ne hio nanwuht ne gesawon, ne ne geherdon. Ne gemdon hie nanes fyrenlustes, buton swiðe gemetlice þa gecynd beeodan; ealne weg hi æton æne on dæg, and þæt was to æfennes. Treowa wæstmas hi æton and wyrta, nalles scir win hi ne druncan, ne nanne wætan hi ne cuþon wið hunige mengan; ne seolocenra hrægla mid mistlicum bleowum hi ne gimdon. Ealne weg hi slepon ute on triowa sceadum; hluterra wella wæter hi druncon. Ne geseah nan cepa ealand ne weroð, ne geherde non mon þa get nanne sciphere, ne furþon ymbe nan gefeoht sprecan Ne seo eorðe þa get besmiten mid ofslægenes monnes blode, ne mon furðum gewundod; ne monn ne geseah þa git yfelwillende men

THE FIRST AGE

Eala! how blessed was the first age of this world when there seemed enough to every man in the fruits of the earth! There were not then wealthy dwellings, nor many dainty meats nor drinks, nor did they care for costly raiment, because these were not yet; nor in any wise had they seen or heard of them. They cared not for any lustfulness, but most meetly followed nature; they always ate once in the day, and that was at evening. Fruits of the trees they ate, and roots, they drank not any bright wine; nor knew they how to mingle water with honey, nor did they care for silken garments of many colours. They always slept out under the shadow of the trees; and they drank clear water of the wells. Nor had any trader seen island or shore, nor had any man then yet heard of a ship-army, nor, indeed, heard speak of a fight. Nor then was the earth as yet stained with blood of the slain, nor furthermore had any man been wounded; no one had yet seen evil-minded men; and none such

nænne weorðscipe næfdon, ne hi non mon ne lufude. Eala þæt ure tida nu ne mihton weorþan swilce. Ac nu manna gitsung is swa byrnende swa þæt fyr on þære helle, seo is on þa munte þe Ætne hatte, on þam ieglande þe Sicilia hatte; se munt bið simle swefle birnende, and eallu þa nealhstowa þærymbutan forbærnð, Æala, hwæt se forma gitsere wære, þe ærest þa eorþan ongan delfan æfter golde, and æfter gimmum, and þa freonan deorwyrðnesse funde þe ær behyd wæs and behelod mid ðære eorþan?

(From *Chapter xv.*)

True Friends

Þa getriewan friend þonne ic secgge sie ðæt deorwyrðeste ðing ealra þissa weoruldgesælða; þa ne sint furðum to woruldgodum to tellanne, ac to godcundum; forþa seo lease wyrd hi na forð ne bringð, ac se God þe hi gecyndelice gesceop to gemagum. Forþamðe ælces oðres þinges on þisse worulde mon wilnað, oððe forþaþe he mæg þurh þæt to anwealde cuman, oððe to sumum woroldluste, butan þæs getreowan freondes; þone mon lufað hwilum for lufum ond for triowum þeah he him nanra oðerra læna ne wene.

had honour, nor did any one think well of them. Eala! that our times now might be such. But now the greed of men is as burning as that fire in the hell which is in the mountain called Etna in the island of Sicily. That mountain is always burning with brimstone, and it burneth up all the places round about. Eala! who was the first greedy one who earliest began to dig the earth after gold, and after gems, and found the perilous treasure which before was hidden and covered with the earth?

TRUE FRIENDS

Now, I say, that true friends are the most precious things of all this worldly happiness; they are not, indeed, to be counted as worldly goods, but as divine. For deceitful Fortune bringeth them not forth, but the God who made them by nature to be our kinsmen. For every other thing in this world a man wanteth either because he can come to power thereby, or to some worldly pleasure,—except a true friend; him a man loveth sometimes for love and for faith-

Þæt gecynd gefægð ond gelimð þa friend togadre mid swiðe untodeledlicre lufe. Ac mid þissum woruldgesælðum ond mid þis andweardan welan mon wyrcð oftor fiond ðonne freond.

(*Chapter xxiv.*)

True High Birth is in the Mind

Hwi ofermodige ge þon ofer oðre men for eowrum gebyrdum buton anweorce, nu ge nanne ne magon metan unæþelne? ac ealle sint emnæþele, gif ge willað þone fruman sceaft geþencan, ond þone scippend ond siððan eoweres ælces acennednesse. Ac þa ryhtæþelo bið on þa mode, næs on þam flæsce, swa swa we ær sædon. Ac ælc mon þe allunga underþeoded bið unþeawum forlæt his sceppend ond his fruman sceaft ond his æðelo, ond þonan wyrð anæþelad oð ðæt he wyrð unæþele. (*Chapter xxx.*)

The True Blessedness

Þa se Wisdom þa ðis spell asæd hæfde, þa ongan he eft singan ond þus cwæð: "Wella, men, wel; ælc þara ðe freo sie fundige to þa goode ond to þa gesælðum ond se ðe nu gehæft sie mid þære unnyttan lufe þisses middaneardes sece him freodom hu he mæge

fulness, though he expect no other gift from him. So Nature joineth and glueth friends together with most undividable love. But by these worldly things, and by this present weal, one maketh oftener foes than friends.

HIGH BIRTH

Why vaunt ye over other men for your birth, without ground, now that ye can find no man not high-born? For all are of like birth if ye will remember the first creation, and the Creator, and, since that, the begetting of each of you. But true high-birth is in the mind, it was never in the flesh, even as we have said before. But every man who is altogether enslaved by his evil ways forsaketh his Creator and his first origin and his high birth, and from thence shall be lowered in degree until he shall become as one low-born.

TRUE BLESSEDNESS

Then said Wisdom, "Well, O men, well! Let every one who is free strive towards goodness and blessedness; and whoso now is bound by the vain love of this earth let him seek freedom that he may

becuman to þa gesælðum, forþam þæt is sio an ræst eallra urra geswinca ; sio na hyð bið simle smyltu æfter eallum þa ystum ond þa yðum urra geswinca. Þæt is seo an friðstow ond sio an frofer erminga æfter þa ermðum ðisses andweardan lifes. Ac þa gyldenan stanas, ond þa seolfrenan ond ælces cynnes gimmes, ond eall þes andwearda wela, ne onlihtað hi nauht þæs modes eagan ne heora scearpnesse nauht gebetað to þære sceawunga þære soðan gesælðe ; ac get swiðor hi ablendað þæs modes eagan þon hi hi ascirpan. Forþam ealle þa ðing þe her liciað on þisum andweardum life sint eorðlice, forþy hi sint fleonde. Ac sio wundorlice beorhtnes þe ealle ðing gebirht ond eallum welt, nyle þæt ða sawla forweorðan, ac wile hi onlihtan.

"Gif þon hwelc mon mæge gesion þa birhtu þæs heofonlican leohtes midhluttrum eagum his modes, þon wile he cweðan þæt sio beorhtnes þære sunnan sciman sie þesternes to metanne wið ða ecan birhtu Godes.

(*Chapter xxxiv.*)

come to blessedness. For that is the one resting place of all our toil, that is the one haven always calm after all the tempests and the surgings of our toiling. That is the one place of peace and the one comfort of the miserable after all the miseries of this present life. But gold and silver stones, and every kind of gem, and all this present weal, enlighten not at all the eyes of the mind, nor at all whet their sharpness for beholding true happiness ; but they rather blind the eyes of the mind than sharpen them. For all the things which please us here in this present life are earthly and are therefore fleeting. But the wonderful Brightness which enlighteneth all things, and ruleth all things, willeth not that souls should perish, but willeth to enlighten them.

"If then any man can see the brightness of the heavenly light with the clear eyes of his mind, then will he say that the brightness of the shining of the sun is darkness beside the eternal brightness of God."

ALFRED'S WARS WITH THE DANES

(From the *Old English Chronicle.*) 897.

Þa þæs on sumera on ðysum gere to for se here, sum on East Engle, sum on Norðhymbre, ond þa þe feoh lease wæron him þaer scipu begeton, ond suð ofer sæ foron to Sigene.

Næfde se here, Godes þonces, Angelcyn ealles forswiðe gebrocod; Ac hie wæron micle swiþor gebrocede on þæm þrim gearum mid ceapes cwilde ond monna, ealles swiþost mid þæm þæt manige þara selestena cynges þena þe þaer on londe wæron forðferdon on þæm þrim gearum. . . .

Þy ilcan geare drehton þa hergas on East Englum ond on Norðhymbrum West Seaxna lond swiðe be þæm suð stæðe mid stæl hergum, ealra swiþust mid þæm æscum þe hie fela geara ær timbredon. Þa het Ælfred cyng timbran lang scipu ongen ða æscas; þa wæron fulneah tu swa lang swa þa oðru; sume hæfdon lx. ara sume ma. Þa wæron ægðer ge swiftran ge unwealtran, ge eac hieran þonne þa oðru. Næron nawðer ne on Frescisc gescæpene ne on Denisc buton swa him selfum ðuhte þæt hie nytwyrðoste beon meahten.

Þa æt sumum cirre þæs ilcan geares comon þær sex scipu to

ALFRED'S WARS WITH THE DANES

Then afterwards in this year, in the summer, the Danish army broke up, some went into East Anglia, and some to Northumbria, and those who were moneyless got ships and went south over sea to the Seine. The Danish army had not, by the grace of God, utterly broken the Angle race, but they were much more broken in those three years by the deaths of cattle and men, most of all because many of the best of the King's thegns died in those three years. . . .

In that same year the Danish forces in East Anglia and in Northumbria greatly harassed the West Saxon land on the south coast with their preying bands, most of all with the "æscs" (ships) which they had built many years before. Then King Alfred bade long ships be built against the "æscs"; those were very nearly twice as long as the others. Some had sixty oars, some more; they were both swifter and steadier and also higher than the others. They were not made in the Frisian nor in the Danish fashion, but as it seemed to him that they might be most useful.

Then at a certain season in the same year there came six ships to

Wiht, and þær mycel yfel gedydon, ægðer ge on Defenum ge wel hwær be ðæm sæ riman. Þa het se cyng faran mid nigonum to þare niwena scipa, and forforon him þone muðan foran on uter mere; þa foron hie mid þrim scipum ut ongen hie, and þreo stodon æt ufeweardum þæm muðan on drygum, wæron þa men uppe on londe of agane, þa gefengon hie þara þreora scipa tu æt ðæm muðan uteweardum, and þa men ofslogon, and þæt an oðwand; on ðæm wæron eac þa men ofslægene buton fifum. Þa comon forþy on weg ðe ðara oþerra scipu asæton. Þa wurdon eac swiðe uneðelice aseton; þreo asæton on ða healfe þæs deopesðe ða Deniscan scipu aseten wæron, and þa oðru eall on oþre healfe, þæt hira ne mehte nan to oðrum. Ac ða þæt wæter wæs ahebbad fela furlanga from þæm scipum, þa eodan ða Deniscan from þæm þrim scipum to þæm oðrum þrim þe on hira healfe beebbade wæron, and hie þa þær gefuhton. Þær wearð ofslægen Lucumon cynges gerefa, and Wulfheard Friesa, and Æbbe Friesa, and Æðelhere Friesa, and Æðelferð cynges geneat, and ealra monna Fresiscra and Engliscra lxii and þara Deniscena cxx. Þa com þæm Deniscum scipum þeh ær flod to, ær þa Cristnan mehten

Wight, and these did much evil both in Devonshire and everywhere along the sea-coast. Then the King bade go to them with nine of the new ships, and get in front of them in the open sea before the mouth. Then came they (*the Danes*) with three ships out against them, and three stood above the mouth on the dry, the men were gone from them up into the land. Then they (*the English*) took two of the ships at the outer mouth and slew the men, and the one (*ship*) escaped. In that also were all the men slain but five. Those got away because the ships of the others (*the English*) were aground. They also were very awkwardly stranded; three were aground on the side of the water where the Danish ships were stranded, and the others all on the other side, so that one could not come to the other. And when the water had ebbed many furlongs from the ships then went the Danes from those three ships to the other three which were be-ebbed on their side, and they fought them there. There was slain Lucumon, the King's reeve, and Wulfheard the Frisian, and Æbbe the Frisian, and Æthelhere the Frisian, and Æthelferth the King's companion, and of all men, Frisian and English, sixty-two, and of the Danes, one hundred and twenty. But the flood-tide came first to the Danish ships, before the Christians could shove theirs out, and

hira utascufan, and hie forðy ut oðreowon ; þa wæron hie to þæm gesargode, þæt hie ne mehton Suð Seaxna lond utan berowan, ac hira þær tu sæ on lond wearp, and þa men mon lædde to Winteceastre to þæm cynge, and he hie ðær ahon het and þa men comon on East Engle þe on þæm anum scipe wæron, swiðe forwundode. Þy ilcan sumera forwearð nolæs þonne xx scipa mid monnum mid ealle be þam suð riman.

Bishop Waerferth of Worcester

9th century.

OLD ENGLISH VERSION OF THE DIALOGUES OF GREGORY THE GREAT

The Story of Florentius and the Bear

In ða ylcan tid eardodon II weras on ðam dælum Nursige þære mægðe in life and in hade haliges drohtoðes, þara wæs oþer gehaten Euticius, oþer wæs genemned Florentius. Ac se ylca Euticius aweox and gestrangode in gastlicum elne and in þam wylme godcundra mægna, and ageornde þæt he manigra manna sawla þurh þa trymnesse godcundre lare gelædde to drihtne. Soðlice Florentius he heold þæt lif in bilwitnesse and in halgum

they therefore rowed away out. Then were they so disabled that they could not row along by the land of the South Saxons, but the sea washed two of them to land, and they took the men to the King at Winchester, and he bade hang them there. And the men who were in the one ship came into East Anglia sorely wounded.

That same summer, no less than twenty ships, with men and all, were lost on the south coast.

THE STORY OF FLORENTIUS

At the same time there dwelt two men in those parts of the province of Nursia, in life and in order of holy estate, of which the one was called Euticius, the other named Florentius. And that same Euticius increased and grew strong in ghostly valour and in the fervour of godly might, and he longed that through the power of the divine teaching he might bring the souls of many men to the Lord. In sooth Florentius also fulfilled his life in innocence and with holy

gebedum. Witodlice þær wæs mynster unfeorr fram heora huse, þæt wæs forlæten and hyrdeleas for heora hlaforde deaðe and for fore of þam mynstre, þa woldon þa munecas habban heom to hlaforde þone ylcan Euticium. He wæs sona geþafiende heora bene and hi underfeng and manega gær heold þæt mynster and wel beeode and geteah þara muneca mod in þa geornesse haliges lifes and drohtoðes and let wunian þone arwyrðan wer Florentium in þam gebedhuse þe he ær in eardode, þy læs hit æmtig stode. In þam þa Florentius ana eardode, sume dæge he astrehte hine sylfne in gebed and bæd fram þam ælmihtigan drihtne, þæt he wære gemedemod him forgyfan and sellan hwylcehugu frofre þær to eardianne. And sona swa he þæt gebed gefylde, he eode ut of þam gebedhuse and gemette ænne beran standan beforan þam durum. He ofdune onhylde his heafod to þære eorðan and nawiht eowode his reðnesse on his gebærum, þæt hit openlice wæs ongyten, þæt he þyder com to þegnunge þæs Godes weres. Þæt þa se drihtnes wer sona oncneow, forþon þær to lafe wunedon feower scep oððe V æt his cytan, and þa nyste hi, hwa hi heolde. He þa bebead þam

prayers. And there was a monastery not far from their house which was uncared for and without a shepherd because of the death and the passing of their lord from the monastery. Then the monks wished to have for their lord that same Euticius. He forthwith assented to their prayer and took charge of them, and many years and well looked after the monastery, and drew the mind of the monks into zeal for holy life and conduct, and left the good man Florentius in the house of prayer in which he had dwelt before, lest it should stand idle. While Florentius was dwelling there alone, on a certain day he bowed himself in prayer and besought the Almighty Lord that He would vouchsafe to allow and grant him something comforting to dwell there.

And as soon as he had finished the prayer, he went out from the house and found a bear standing before the door. He bowed down his head to the earth and showed nothing of his fierceness in his behaviour, so that it was openly seen that he had come thither for the service of the good man. The man of God straightway perceived that, for there had been left to dwell by his hut four or five sheep, and he knew not who should keep them. He then commanded that

ylcan beran and cwæð : " Gang and drif þa sceap in heora læse and cum eft to middes dæges ham." Þa witodlice ongan þis un ablinnendlice beon gedon, þæt is þonne seo heordelice gyming, seo ðe to þam beran wæs geþungen. And hyt þa þæt wilde deor swa fæstende fedde and heold þa sceap, þe hit ær gewunode etan. And þonne se drihtnes wer to nones wolde fæstan, þonne bebead he þam beran, þæt he ham hwurfe mid þam sceapum to þære nontide, and þonne he fæstan nolde, þæt he þonne come to middes dæges. And swa ða in eallum þam wisum se bere hyrde þam bebode þæs Godes weres, þæt he no to middes dæges ham com, þonne him wæs beboden, þæt he to nones sceolde, ne he hit no ne ylde æt non, þonne he to middes dæges sceolde ham cuman. And þa þa þis wæs lange swa gedon, þa ongan in þære ylcan stowe se hlisa swa myccles mægenes feor and wide beon gemærsad. Ac forþon þe se ealda feond þonne getihð to wite and to yfle þa forhwyrfdan mæn þurh andan and æfæste, þonne þe he sceawaþ þa godan fremian and weaxan to Godes wuldre, þa ongunnon feower of þam þegnum þæs arwyrðan Euticius swiðlice æfæstigan,

same bear and said, " Go and drive the sheep into their pasture, and come home again at midday." And then this began to be done continuously, that is this care of the flock which had sprung up in the bear. And the wild beast, even though fasting, fed and kept the sheep which before it had been wont to eat. And when the man of God would fast until the ninth hour,[1] then he bade the bear come home with the sheep at that time, and when he wished not to fast to come at midday. And so in all these ways the bear followed the bidding of the man of God, so that he came not home at midday when it was bidden him come at the ninth hour, nor did he tarry till the ninth hour when he had to come home at midday. And when this had been done for a long time, then in that same region the fame of so great a miracle began to be spread far and wide. But because the old enemy therewith draweth on perverted men to misery and evil through envy and malice, when he seeth the good working and growing to the glory of God, then began four of the servants of the good Euticius to be greatly envious because their lord wrought no miracle, and this man who was left alone was far-famed for such a great miracle. And then, lying in wait, they slew that same bear. And when he came not home at the time which was bidden to him Florentius the

[1] 2.30 o'clock.

þæt heora hlaford nænig wunder ne worhte, and þes, se þe ana wæs forlæten, fore swa myccelum wundre wearð widmære. And þa sætiende hi oflogon þone ylcan beran. And þa þa he ham ne com in ða tid, þa him beboden wæs, se Godes wer Florentius þa wende his hamcymes and his abad oþ æfentid, and þa ongan he beon sarig, forþon þe se bera ham ne com, þone he gewunode for bilwitnesse broðor cigan. He þa sona oðre dæge ferde ut geond þæt land samod secende þone beran and þa sceap, and þa funde he þone beran ofslægene and geornlice ongan acsian and eac hraðe geacsode, fram hwan he ofslagen wæs, and sealde hine sylfne in wop and in cwiðnesse and ma weop þara broðra nið, þonne þæs beran deað. Þone þa se arwyrða wer Euticius to him gelaðode and hine ongan frefrian ; ac se ylca drihtnes wer Florentius beforan þam oþrum mid þære uneþnysse swa myccles sares onæled biddende cwæð : " ic gehyhte on þone ælmihtigan God, þæt hi in þysum life beforan eallra manna eagum heora niðes sume wrace onfon, forþon, þe hy minne beran ofslogon unscyldigne, se þe heom nane dere ne dyde." And sona seo godcunde wracu wæs fylgende his muðes stefne. Witodlice þa IIII munecas, þe þone ylcan beran ofslogon sona wurdon þurhslægene mid þære adle þæs mycclan lices, swa þæt afuliendum lichaman

man of God looked for his coming and awaited him until eventide, and then he began to be sorrowful because the bear came not home, whom he was wont in simplicity to call his brother. Forthwith he went out over the land seeking together the bear and the sheep. And then he found the bear slain and mournfully began to enquire, and moreover quickly learned, by whom he had been slain.

And he gave himself to weeping and lamentation, and wept more for the spitefulness of the brothers than for the death of the bear. Then the good man Euticius sent for him, and began to comfort him ; but the same man of God Florentius, burning with the grief of so great a sorrow said before him, praying, " I trust in the Almighty God that in this life, before the eyes of all men, they shall receive some vengeance for their sin because they have slain my innocent bear who had done them no hurt." And straightway the divine vengeance followed on the voice from his mouth. Verily the four monks who had slain the bear were forthwith stricken with the disease of leprosy, so that they utterly perished through their corrupting

hi mid ealle forwurdon. Þa dæde se Godes wer Florentius swyðlice forhtode and him ondred, forþon þe he þa broðra swa swiðe wyrgde and þa forþon weop þa hwile þe he lifde, forþon þe he swa hraþe gehyred wæs in ðære bene, and sæde, þæt he heora deaðes myrðra wære. We gelyfað, þæt se ælmihtiga God þæt forþon dyde, þylæs se halga wer swa wundorlicre bilwitnesse geþristlæhte ofer þæt ænigne man wyrgan, þeh þe he mid hwylcum sare gegremed and abolgen wære.

Petrus cwæð: "Cwyst þu la, gelyfað we gewislice þæt beon hefige synne and myccle, gif we hwylcum men wyrgað mid yrre onstyrede?" Gregorius cwæð: "To hwan acsast þu me be þyssere synne, hwæðer heo hefige sy? Gemyne hwæt sanctus Paulus cwæð: 'wyrigcwidole men ne magon hi sittan on Godes rice.' Gehyge nu, hu mycel seo syn sy, seo þone man asyndrað fram Godes rice." Petrus cwæð: "ac hu byð þæt gif hit gelimpeþ, þæt se man þæt wyrignesse word ne gecwið to his þam nehstan for hete and niþe, ac hit sceoteð forð þurh his tungan gymeleasnesse?" Gregorius him andswarode: "Gehyr þis, Petrus: nu mid þam þearlwisan deman þæt unnytte word byð getæled, þeah þe hit butan niðe gecweden sy, and swa myccle ma

bodies. Florentius the man of God was much afraid, and was in dread at that deed because he had so greatly cursed those brethren, and he wept for it as long as he lived because he was so quickly heard in that prayer; and he said that he was their murderer. We believe that the Almighty God did that lest the holy man thus in great simplicity should venture again to curse any man, even though he should be vexed and angered by whatever affliction.

Peter said: "Lo! Sayest thou we surely believe it to be a heavy and great sin if, stirred with anger, we curse any man?" Gregory said: "Why askest thou me concerning this sin whether it be heavy? Remember what St. Paul said: 'Cursers may not sit down in the kingdom of God.' Consider now how great is that sin which shall sunder the man from the kingdom of God." Peter said: "But how shall it be if it happeneth that the man speaketh not the word of cursing to his neighbour for hate and malice, but shooteth it forth through his tongue for heedlessness?" Gregory answered him: "Hear this, Peter: Now with the strict judge the idle word is blamed though it be spoken without malice, and so much the more

þæt scyldige word byð gewitnod, gif hit mid feondscipe byð gesprecen ? ac geþenc forþon : nu þæt word byð wites wyrðe, þe butan niðe byð, hu swiþe fordemedlic þæt byþ, þe ne byð butan hete anð niðe gesprecen." Petrus cwæð : " ic hit geþence and wel gelyfe." (From *Bk. iii. Chap. xv.*)

A BLICKLING HOMILY

A.D. 971.

The Vanity of Riches

Men þa leofostan, geþenceaþ þæt ge gelomlice winnað, and a embe þæt sorgiað þæt we ure lichoman gefyllan and gefrætwiað ; þonne gelimþeð þæt eft æfter feawum dagum oþþe feawum gearum, þæt ðe ilca lichoma byð on byrgenne from wyrmum freten and forglendre l. Forþon us is myccle mare nedþearf þæt we winnon ymbe ure saule þearfe, seo biþ ge ondweard on heofnum beforan Gode and his englum

" Ic eow halsige," cwæð Augustinus, " þæt ge gongan to byrgenne weligra manna þonne magon ge geseon sweotole bysene." Hie wæron welige on þyssum middangearde, and heora wlenc wæron swiþe monigfealde on landum and on wingeardum, ana heora hordernu wæron mid monigfealdum wlencum gefyldd and heora bliss and heora plegan wæron swiþe genihtsum.

the guilty word shall be punished if it be spoken with enmity. And think therefore : inasmuch as the word which is without malice is worthy of punishment, how greatly damnable that shall be which is not spoken without hatred and malice." Peter said : " I think it and verily believe it."

THE VANITY OF RICHES

Dearly beloved, bethink you that ye are continually toiling and always taking care about that wherewith we fill and bedeck our body. Yet it shall happen that again after a few days or a few years the same body shall be eaten and devoured by worms in the grave. Therefore there is much greater necessity for us to labour about the need of our soul, which shall be present in heaven before God and his angels.

" I implore you," said Augustine, " that ye go to the grave of wealthy men, then may ye see a clear example." They were wealthy on this earth, and their riches were manifold in lands and

Behealdaþ nu georne eall þæt is from heora eagum gewiten. Hie hæfdon manige glengas deorwyrþra hrægla. Eac swylce hie hæfdon wif and cyfesa, and heora fyrenlustas, and wiste and plegan, and oforgedrync, and dyslice and unrædlice halsunga and mislice blissa hie hæfdon on hiora gedrynce; and heora underngereordu and æfengereordu hie mengdon togædere. Ac hwyder gewiton þa welan, and þa glengas, and þa idlan blissa? Oþþe hwyder gewiton þa mycclan weorod þe him ymb ferdon and stodan? And hwær syndon þa þe hie heredan, and him olyhtword sprecan? and hwær com seo frætwodnes heora husa and seo gesomnung þara deorwyrþra gimma, oþþe þæt unmæte gestreon goldes and seolfres oþþe eal se wela þe him dæghwamlice, gesamnodan ma and ma, and nystan ne ne gemdon hwonne hie þæt eall anforlætan sceoldan? Oþþe hwær com heora snyttro and seo orþonce glaunes, and se þe þa gebregdnan domas demde? and seo wlitignes heora ræsta and setla, oþþe seo manigfealde licetung heora freonda, and seo myccle menigo heora þeowa, and seo scylfring heora leohtfata þe him beforan

in vineyards, and their storehouses were filled with manifold riches, and their bliss and their pleasures were exceeding abundant. Behold now, carefully, all that is gone from their eyes. They had many adornments of costly raiment. They had also wives and concubines, and their wanton joys, and feasting and sport, and drinking beyond measure and foolish and thoughtless divinations[1]; and diverse delights they had in their drinkings, and their morning and their evening feasts they mingled together. But whither are gone the wealth and the adornments, or the idle delights? Or whither are gone the great multitude which came and stood about them? And where are those who praised them, and spake to them flattering words? And where have gone the adornment of their houses, and the heap[2] of costly gems, or the countless treasure of gold and silver or all the wealth which daily they collected more and more, and knew not nor heeded the time when they should leave it all? Or where have gone their wisdom and the skilful cleverness, and he who gave false judgments? And the splendour of their beds and their couches, or the manifold feigning of their friends, and the great multitude of their servants, and the swinging of their lamps

[1] Or, perhaps "greetings" or "embracings." [2] Lit., collection.

burnon, and ealle þa mycclan þreatas þe him mid ferdon and embþrungon? Ealle þa syndon nu from heora eagum. And ofor þæt næfre efngemyndige hider eft ne cumaþ.

(From *Homily viii: On the Soul's Need.*)

Ælfric

Fl. 1006.

THE QUALITIES OF THE DOVE AND OF FIRE

On twam hiwum wæs se Halge Gast æteowed, on culfran and on fyres, for þam getacnungum ðe ælc cristen man habban sceal, þæt is, þæt he hæbbe bilewitnysse þære culfran and hæbbe soðe sibbe to cristenum mannum, and heo butan biternysse, swa swa seo culfre is buton geallan, and ne begange nan reaflac, ne nanes mannes ne ehte, ðe ma þe seo culfre deð. Beo he eac onbryrd and byrnende on Godes lufe swa swa fyr, þæt he ælc yfel on him sylfum adwæsce, and eac on oðrum, þær ðær he mæg; and gemetegie þæt fyr ða bilewitnysse, þæt heo to sleac ne sy; and eft getemprie seo bilewitnys þæt fyr, þæt hit to reðe ne sy.

which have burned before them, and all the great crowds which went with them and thronged about them? All those are now away from their eyes. And beyond that, be mindful, as well, that they never again shall come hither.

THE QUALITIES OF THE DOVE AND OF FIRE

In two forms did the Holy Ghost appear, in that of a dove and of fire, for the marks that every Christian man ought to have; that is, that he have the innocence of the dove, and have true kinship towards Christian men, and be without bitterness even as the dove is without gall, and do no robbery, nor persecute any man, any more than the dove doth. Let him be also ardent and burning in God's love even as fire, so that he may quench evil in himself, and also in others where he may; and let the fire temper the meekness, that it be not too slack; and again the meekness the fire that it be not too fierce.

Sume men sind geðulite bilewite, ac hi sind sleac; hi sind gesewene mid liðnysse, ac heora liðnys is soðlice asolcennys and nytennys; ac se man ðe næfð Godes gast on him, he nis na Godes. Se ðe facn lufað, and smeað hu he mage him sylfum gestrynan and na Gode, næfð he na culfran ðeawas, ac hæfð þæs blacan hremmes.

Se ðe reaflac lufað, he bið glida, and na culfre. Oðre lytle fugelas sind læssan þone heo sy, and hwæðere hi ofsleað sum ðing, huru ðas fleogan; ne deð seo culfre na swa, ne leofað heo he nanum deaðe. Mare we mihton sprecan be ðære culfran gecynde, gif hit to langsum nære. Uton habban ægðer ge ðære culfran unscæððignysse and ðæs fyres bryne, þæt we beon æfre scinende on bilewitnysse, and weallende on Godes lare.

(From a *Sermon on the Epiphany*.)

ST. CUTHBERT AND THE RAVENS

CUTHBERTUS se halga siððan gefremode mihtiglice wundra on ðam mystre wunigende. Begann ða on mode micclum smeagan hu he ðæs folces lof forfleon mihte, þylæs ðe he wurde to hlisful

Some men are thought meek, but they are slack; they seem to have mildness, but their mildness is truly sluggishness and ignorance; but the man who hath not God's Spirit in him, he is not God's. He who loveth guile and pondereth how he may get for himself and not for God, hath not the habits of the dove, but of the black raven.

He who loveth robbery, he is a kite and not a dove. Other little birds are less than she is, and yet they kill something, at least the flies; the dove doth not so, she liveth not by any death. More we could say about the nature of the dove if it were not too longsome. Let us have both the innocence of the dove and the burning of fire, that we may be ever shining in meekness and burning with the love of God.

ST. CUTHBERT AND THE RAVENS

The holy Cuthbert afterwards did mighty wonders while dwelling in the minster. He then began to ponder much in his mind how he might flee from the praise of the people, lest he should become

on worulde, and þæs heofenlican lofes fremde wære. Wolde ða anstandende ancer-lif adreogan, and on digelnysse eallunge drohtnian. Ferde ða to Farne, on flowendre yðe. Þæt igland is eal beworpen mid sealtum brymme, on sæ middan. . . . Se halga þa het him bringan sæd; wolde on ðam westene wæstmes tilian, gif hit swa geuðe se Ælmihtiga God, þæt he mid his foton hine fedan moste. He seow ða hwæte on beswuncenum lande, ac hit to wæstme aspringan ne moste, ne furðon mid gærse growende næs. Þa het he him bringan bere to sæde, and ofer ælcne timan ða eorðan aseow. Hit weox ða mid wynne and wel geripode. Þa woldon hremmas hine bereafian æt his gedeorfum, gif hi dorston. Þa cwæð se halga to ðam heard-nebbum, "Gif se Ælmihtiga eow ðises geuðe, brucað þæra wæstma, and me ne biddað. Gif he ðonne eow ðises ne getiðode, gewitað aweg, wælhreowe fugelas, to eowrum eðele, of ðisum iglande." Hwæt ða hremmas ða ricene flugon, ealle tosomne, ofer ðone sealtan brym, and se halga ða his geswinces breac.

Eft ða siððan oðre twegen swearte hremmas siðlice comon, and his hus tæron mid heardum bile, and to neste bæron, heora

too famous in the world, and should be a stranger to the heavenly praise. He would therefore live alone an anchorite life, and dwell entirely in solitude. So he went to Farne in the flowing wave. That island is all encircled with the salt ocean in the middle of the sea. . . . The holy one then bade bring him seed; he would toil for the earth's fruit, if Almighty God should so grant it that he with his feet might feed himself. He then sowed wheat on the land he had worked, but it could not spring up to fruit, nor even was it growing with grass. Then he bade bring him barley for seed, and in each season then sowed the earth. Then it grew excellently and ripened well. Then would the ravens rob him of his labour, if they durst. Then said the holy one to the hard-nibbed fowl: "If the Almighty have granted you this, enjoy the fruits, and ask not me. If he, however, hath not allowed it you, go away, cruel birds, to your home from this island." Lo! then, the ravens flew off at once, altogether, over the salt sea, and the holy one then enjoyed his labour. Again, then, afterwards other two black ravens came journeying, and tore his thatch with their hard bills.

briddum to hleowðe, þas eac se eadiga mid ealle afligde of ðam eðele mid anum worde: ac an ðæra fugela eft fleogende com ymbe ðry dagas þearle dreorig, fleah to his foton, swiðe biddende þæt he on þam lande lybban moste, symle unscæððig, and his gefera samod. Hwæt ða se halga him þæs geuðe, and hi lustbære þæt land gesohton, and brohton on ðam lareowe lac to medes, swines rysl his scon to gedreoge; and hi ðær siððan unscæððige wunedon.

(From a *Homily on the Deposition of St. Cuthbert.*)

Wulfstan

(Archbishop of York from 1002 to 1023.

ENGLAND AND THE DANES

FUL earhlice laga and scandlice nydgyld þurh Godes yrre us syn gemæne, understande, se ðe cunne, and fela ungelimpa gelimþð þysse þeode oft and gelome. Ne dohte hit nu lange inne ne ute, ac wæs here and hete on gewelhwilcum ende oft and gelome, and Engle nu lange eal sigelease and to swyðe geyrgde þurh Godes yrre, and flotmenn swa strange þurh Godes geþafunge, þæt oft on gefeohte an feseð tyne and hwilum

and bore it to the nest for the shelter of their birds. These, also, the blessed one put to flight entirely from the land with a word. But one of the birds came flying back after three days, very sad; he flew to his feet, praying earnestly that he might live in the land, always harmless, and his mate with him. So, then, the holy one granted him that, and they sought the land gladly, and brought a gift in return to the teacher, swine's fat for rubbing his shoes and after that they dwelt there harmlessly.

ENGLAND AND THE DANES

Very bad laws and shameful exactions, through God's ire, are common amongst us; let him who can understand it, and many misfortunes happen to this people often and often. Nor has there been now any goodness, for a long time, at home or abroad, but there have been harrying and hatred on every side, exceeding often, and the English have been for long all unvictorious, and too greatly disheartened, through God's ire; and the seamen (Danes) so strong, by God's permission, that often in fighting one putteth ten to flight

læs, hwilum ma, eal for urum synnum . . . and oft þræl þæne þegen þe ær wæs his hlaford cnyt swyðe fæste, and wyrcð him to þræle þurh Godes yrre. Wala ðære yrmðe and wala þære woruldscame ðe nu habbað Engle eal þurh Godes yrre! Oft twegen sæmen oððe þry hwilum drifað þa drafe cristenra manna fram sæ to sæ ut ðurh þas þeode gewylede togædere us eallum to woruldscame, gyf we on eornost ænige cuðan, oððon we woldan ariht understandan. Ac ealne þæne bysmor þe we oft þoliað we gyldað mid weorðscype þam þe us scendað: we him gyldað singallice, and hy us hynað dæghwamlice. Hy hergiað and heawað, bændað and bismriað, ryþað and reafiað, and to scipe lædað; and la, hwæt is ænig oðer on eallum þam gelimpum butan godes yrre ofer þas þeode swytol and gesyne?

(From *An Address to the English.*

APOLLONIUS OF TYRE

11th Century?

Apollonius and the King's Daughter

Þa færinga þar eode in ðæs cyninges iunge dohtor, and cyste hyre fæder and ða ymbsittendan. Þa heo becom to Apollonio, þa gewænde heo ongean to hire fæder and cwæð, "Þu goda

and sometimes less, sometimes more, all for our sins . . . And often a thrall bindeth fast the thane who was his lord, and maketh him a thrall, through God's ire. Wala! for the misery, and Wala! for the world-shame which now the English have, all through God's ire! Again, two seamen or three sometimes drive the band of Christian men from sea to sea out through this people, huddled together to the world-shame of us all, if we in earnest could know any shame, or if we would ever understand aright! But all the shamefulness which we are ever suffering we pay for with honour to those who shame us; we pay them continually and they humiliate us daily. They harry and hew down, bind and put to shame, plunder and rob, and carry off to ship, and lo! what is there else in all these fortunes but the ire of God, clear and plain, upon this people?

APOLLONIUS AND THE KING'S DAUGHTER

Then suddenly there came in the King's young daughter and kissed her father and those sitting round. When she came to Apollonius then she turned towards her father and said: "O thou

cyningc and min se leofosta fæder, hwæt is þes iunga man þe ongean de on swa wurðlicum setle sit mid sarlicum andwlitan, nat ic hwæt he besorgað." Þa cwæð se cyningc, "Leofe dohtor þes iunga man is forliden, and he gecwemde me manna betst on ðam plegan, forðam ic hine gelaðode to ðysum urum gebeor scipe. Nat ic hwæt he is ne hwanon he is, ac gif ðu wille witan hwæt he sy, axsa hine, fordðam þe gedafenað þæt þu wite. Þa eode þæt mæden to Apollonio, and mid forwandigendre spræce cwæð: "Þeah ðu stilli sy and unrot, þeah ic þine æðelborennesse on ðe geseo, nu þonne gif ðe to hefig ne þince, sege me þinne naman and þin gelymp arece me." Þa cwæð Apollonius: "Gif ðu for neode axast æfter minum naman, ic secge þe ic hine forleas on sæ; gif ðu wilt mine æðelborennesse witan, wite ðu þæt ic hig forlet on Tharsum." Þæt mæden cwæð: "Sege me gewislicor þæt ic hit mæge understandan." Apollonio þa soðlice hyre arehte ealle his gelymp and æt þare spræcan ende him feollon tearas of ðam eagum. . . . Mid þy þe se cyngc þæt geseah, he bewænde hine ða to þare dohtor and cwæð . . . "Leofe dohtor, het feccan þine hearpan and gecig ðe to þinum frynd, and afirsa fram þam iungan his sarnesse."

good king and my dearest father, who is this young man who sitteth over against thee on so honourable a seat with sorrowful countenance? I know not wherefore he sorroweth." Then said the King, "Dear daughter, this young man is shipwrecked and he has pleased me best of men in the games, therefore I have invited him to this our banquet. I know not who he is, nor whence he is, but if thou wilt know who he is, ask him, for it is fitting that thou know." Then went the maiden to Apollonius, and with hesitating words, said: "Though thou be silent and sad, yet I may see in thee thy nobility, so now if it seem not too heavy to thee tell me thy name and recount to me thy misfortune." Then said Apollonius: "If thou needs must ask after my name, I say to thee that I lost it in the sea; if thou wilt know my nobility, know thou that it is left in Tarsus." The maiden said: "Tell me more exactly so that I may understand it." Apollonius then truly related to her all his misfortune, and at the end of his speaking tears fell from his eyes. . . . When the king saw that he turned to his daughter and said . . . "Dear daughter, bid fetch thy harp and thy friends, and put far from the youth his sorrow." Then she went out and bade fetch her

Þa eode heo ut and het feccan hire hearpan, and sona swa heo hearpian ongan heo mid winsumum sange gemægnde þare hearpan sweg. Þa ongunnon ealle þa men hi herian on hyre sweg cræft and Apollonius ana swigode. Þa cwæð se cyninge, "Apolloni, nu ðu dest yfele, forþam þe ealle men heriað mine dohtor on hyre sweg-cræfte and þu ana hi swigende tælst." Apollonius cwæð, "Eala ðu goda cynge, gif ðu me gelifst ic secge þæt ic ongite þæt soðlice þin dohtor gefeol on sweg-cræft ac heo næfð hine na wel geleornod ac hat me nu sillan þa hearpan. Þonne wast þu nu þæt þu git nast." Arcestrates se cyning cwæð, "Apolloni, ic oncnawe soðlice þæt þu eart on eallum þingum wel gelæred." Þa het se cyng sillan Apollonige þa hearpan. Apollonius þa ut eode and hine scridde and sette ænne cyne-helm uppon his heafod and nam þa hearpan on his hand and in eode and swa stod þæt se cyngc and ealle þa ymbsittendan wendon þæt he nære Apollonius ac þæt he wære Apollines ðara hæðenra god. Þa wear stilnes and swige geworden innon ðare healle and Apollonius his hearpenægl genam and he þa hearpestrengas mid cræfte astirian ongan and þare hearpan sweg mid winsumum sange

harp, and as soon as she began to harp she mingled winsome song with the sound of the harp. Then began all the men to praise her in her music, and Apollonius alone was silent. Then said the king: "Apollonius, now thou dost ill, because all men praise my daughter in her music and thou alone being silent blamest her." Apollonius said, "Behold, O thou good king! If thou wilt permit me I will say what I perceive, that truly thy daughter hath failed in music because she hath not well learned it; but bid them now give me the harp, then shalt thou know what now thou as yet knowest not." Arcestrates the king said: "Apollonius, I observe that thou art in all things well taught." Then the king bade give Apollonius the harp. Apollonius then went out and arrayed himself and set a kingly crown upon his head, and took the harp in his hand, and went in, and so stood that the king and all those sitting round thought that he was not Apollonius but that he was Apollo, God of the heathen. Then was there stillness and silence within the hall, and Apollonius took the harp-nail and began to touch the harp-strings with skill, and mingled the sound of the harp with winsome song, and the

gemægnde and se cyngc silf and ealle þe þar andwearde wæron micelre stæfne cliopodon and hine heredon.

OLD ENGLISH CHRONICLE

The Fight Between Cynewulf and Cyneheard A.D. 755

Ond þa geascode he þone cyning lytle werode on wifcyþþe on Merantune, ond hine þær berad, ond þone bur utan beeode ær hine þa men onfunden þe mid þam kyninge wærun.

Ond þa ongeat se cyning þæt, ond he on þa duru eode, ond þa unheanlice hine werede, oþ he on þone æþeling locude, ond þa ut ræsde on hine, ond hine miclum gewundode ; ond hie ealle on þone cyning wærun feohtende, oþ þæt hie hine ofslægenne hæfdon. Ond þa on þæs wifes gebærum onfundon þæs cyninges þegnas þa unstilnesse, ond þa þider urnon swa hwelc swa þonne gearo wearþ ond radost. Ond hiere se æþeling gehwelcum feoh ond feorh gebead, ond hiera nænig hit geþicgean, nolde ; ac hie simle feohtende wæran, oþ hie alle lægon butan anum Bryttiscum gisle, ond se swiþe gewundad wæs.

Þa on morgenne gehierdun þæt þæs cyninges þegnas, þe him

king himself and all those who were present called out with a loud voice and praised him.

FIGHT BETWEEN CYNEWULF AND CYNEHEARD A.D. 755

And then Cyneheard heard that the king (Cynewulf) was with a little band in the company of a woman at Merton ; and he beset him there, and surrounded the dwelling from without, before the men who were with the king found him out.

And when the king knew that he went to the door and defended himself manfully, until he saw the Ætheling (Cyneheard) and then rushed out on him and wounded him sorely ; and they were all fighting against the king until they had slain him. And then the king's thanes, by the cries of the woman, became aware of the tumult, and whosoever was ready and most speedy ran thither. And the Ætheling offered to each of them money and life, and none of them would take it ; but they went on fighting without ceasing until they all lay dead except one British hostage, and he was greatly wounded.

And in the morning the thanes of the king who had been behind

beæftan wærun, þæt se cyning ofslægen wæs. Þa ridon hie þider, ond his aldormann Osric, ond Wiferð his þegn, ond þa menn þe he beæftan him læfde ær, ond þone æþeling on þære byrig metton, þær se cyning ofslægen læg, ond þa gatu him to belocen hæfdon, ond þa þærto eodon. Ond þa gebead he him hiera agenne dom feos ond londes, gif hie him þæs rices uþon; ond him cyþdon þæt hiera mægas him mid wæron, þa þe him from noldon. Ond þa cuædon hie þæt him nænig mæg leofra nære þonne hiera hlaford, ond hie næfre his banan folgian noldon. Ond þa budon hie hiera mægum þæt hie gesunde from eodon; ond hie cuædon þæt tæt ilce hiera geferum geboden wære þe ær mid þam cyninge wærun. Þa cuædon hie þæt hie hie þæs ne onmunden "þon ma þe eowre geferan þe mid þam cyninge ofslægene wærun." Ond hie þa ymb þa gatu feohtende wæron oþ þæt hie þærinne fulgon, ond þone æðling ofslogon, ond þa menu þe him mid wærun, alle butan anum, se wæs þæs aldormonnes godsunu; ond he his feorh generede, ond þeah he was oft gewundad.

him heard that the king was slain. Then they rode thither, and Osric, his alderman, and Wiferth, his thane, and the men which he had before left behind him, and they came npon the Ætheling in the town where the king lay slain and they (*the Ætheling's men*) had locked the gates against them, and they went up thereto. Then he (*the Ætheling*) offered them (*the king's thanes*) money and land on their own conditions, if they would grant him the kingdom; and he told them (*the king's men*) that their kinsmen were with him, and would not leave him. And then they (*the king's men*) said that no kinsmen could be dearer to them than their lord, and they never would follow his slayer. And then they (*the king's men*) offered their kinsmen that they should go forth sound from there; and they (*the Ætheling's men*) said that the same offer had been made to their comrades (*the king's men*) who before had been with the king. Then said they (*the Ætheling's men*) that they minded it (*the offer*) "no more than your comrades who were slain with the king." And they (*the king's men*) were fighting about the gates until they got through, and slew the Ætheling, and the men who were with him, all except one, who was the alderman's godson; and he saved his life, and yet he was often wounded.

Verses on the Accession of King Eadgar

A.D. 958.

On his dagum hit godode georne,
And God him geuðe, þæt he wunode on sibbe,
Þa huile þe he leofode.
And he dyde, swa him þearf wes, earnode þes georne
He arerde Godes lof wide.
And Godes lage lufode and folces frið bette
Swiðost þara cyninga, þe ær him gewurde,
be manna gemynde
And Goð him eac fylste, þæt cyningas and eorlas
Georne hin to bugon. . . .
Ane misdæda he dyde þeah to swiðe,
Þæt he ælþeodige unsida lufode
And hæðene þeawes, innan þysan lande
gebrohte to fæste.
And utlændisce hider in tihte
And deoriende leoda bespeon to þysan earde.
Ac God him geunne þæt his gode dæda
Swyðran wearðan, þonne misdæda,
his sawle to gescyldnesse on langsuman syðe.

VERSES ON THE ACCESSION OF KING EADGAR

In his days it went well, and God granted him that he dwelt in peace while he lived. And he did as it behoved him, he laboured well for this. He uplifted God's praise far and wide, and God's law he loved and the folk's peace he bettered most of all the kings which had been before him in the memory of men. And God helped him also, so that kings and earls bowed gladly before him. . . .

One misdeed he did, nevertheless ; he loved ill-ways of other lands, and heathen manners unto this land he brought too fast. And outlandish men he enticed hither, and harmful people he allured to this realm. But God grant him that his good deeds be of more avail than his misdeeds to shield his soul on the (last) long journey.

THE MAKING OF DOMESDAY BOOK 1085.

ÆFTER þisum hæfde se cyng mycel geþeaht ond swiðe deope spæce wið his witan ymbe þis land hu hit wære gesett, oððe mid hwylcon mannon. Sende þa ofer eall Englaland in to ælcere scire his men, ond lett agan ut hu fela hundred hyda wæron innon þære scire, oððe hwet se cyng him sylf hæfde landes ond orfes innan þam lande. Oððe hwilce geribtæ he ahte to habbanne to xii monþum of ðære scire. Eac he lett gewritan hu mycel landes his arcebisceopas hæfdon ond his leodbisceopas, and his abbo las, ond his eorlas; ond þeah ic hit lengre telle hwæt oððe hu mycel ælc mann hæfde þe land sittende wæs innan Englalande on lande oððe on orfe, ond hu mycel feos hit wære wurð. Swa swyðe nearwelice he hit lett utaspyrian, þæt næs an ælþig hide ne an gyrde landes ne furðon, hit is sceame to tellanne, ac hit ne þuhte him nan sceame to donne, an oxe ne an cu ne an swin næs belyfon, þæt næs gesæt on his gewrite, ond ealle þa gewrita wæron gebroht to him syððan.

THE MAKING OF DOMESDAY BOOK

After this the king had a great council and very deep discussion with his Witan about this land, how it was occupied or with what men. Then he sent his men over all England into each shire, and bade them find out how many hundred hides were in the shire, or what the king himself had of land and cattle in the land, or what dues he ought to have, for twelve months, from the shire. Also he bade write down how much land his archbishop had and his suffragan-bishops and his abbots and his earls ; and, though I tell it lengthily, what or how much of land or cattle each man had who was a land holder in England, and how much money it was worth. So very narrowly he bade spy it out that there was not one single hide nor one rood of land nor, in sooth,—it is shame to tell, but it seemed to him no shame to do—was there one ox nor one cow, nor one swine left, that was not set down on the writ ; and all the writings were brought to him afterwards.

THE CHARACTER OF WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR A.D. 1086

GIF hwa gewilnigeð to gewitane hu gedon mann he wæs, oððe hwilcne wurðsciþe he hæfde, oððe hu fela lande he wære hlaford. Þonne wille we be him awritan swa swa we hine ageaton ðe him onlocodan, ond oðre hwile on his hirede wunedon. Se cyng Willelm þe we embe specað wæs swiðe wis man ond swiðe rice ond wurðfulre and strengere þonne ænig his foregenga wære. He wæs milde þam godum mannum þe God lufedon ond ofer eall gemett stearc þam mannum þe wiðcwædon his willan.

* * * * *

Swilce he wæs eac swyðe stearc man and ræðe swa þæt man ne dorste nan þing ongean his willan don. He hæfde eorlas on his bendum þe dydan ongean his willan. Biscopas he sætte of heora biscoprice ond abbodas of heora abbod rice ond þægnas on cweartern.

* * * * *

Betwyx oðrum þingum nis na to forgytane þæt Gode frið þe he macode on þisan lande swa þæt an man þe him sylf aht wære mihte faran ofer his rice mid his bosum full goldes ungederad ond nan man ne dorste slean oðerne man næfde he næfre swa mycel yfel gedon wið þone oðerne.

THE CHARACTER OF WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR

If any one wisheth to know what manner of man he was in his deeds, or what honour he had, or of how much land he was lord, then will we write down concerning him even as we found him who have looked upon him, and, at another time, have dwelt in his household. The King William whom we speak about, was a very wise man and very powerful, and more worshipful and stronger than any of his forerunners were. He was mild to the good men who loved God, and above all measure stern with the men who gainsaid his will. . . .

Likewise he was a very stern man and cruel, so that one durst do nothing against his will. He had earls in his bondage who had withstood his will. Bishops he sent forth from their bishoprics and abbats from the abbacies, and thanes into prison. . . .

Amongst other things it is not to be forgotten that good peace which he made in this land, so that a man of wealth might go over his realm with his bosom full of gold, unharmed. Nor durst any man slay another, had he never so much evil done against the other.

BOOK II

FROM THE TWELFTH CENTURY TO THE MIDDLE OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY

A MORAL ODE

Before 1200.

THE AUTHOR'S LAMENT FOR HIS WASTED LIFE

Ich am eldre þan ich wes a winter and ek on lore.
Ich welde more þan ich dude my wyt auhte beo more.
Wel longe ich habbe child ibeo a werke and eke on dede.
þah ich beo of wynter old to yong ich am on rede.
Unned lif ich habbe ilad and yet me þinkþ ich lede.
Hwenne ich me biþenche, ful sore ich me adrede.
Mest al þat ich habbe idon is idelnesse and chilce.
Wel late ich habbe me biþouht bute god do me mylce.
Veole idel word ich habbe ispeke seoþþe ich speke cuþe.
And feole yonge deden ido þat me ofþincheþ nuþe.
Al to lome ich habbe agult on werke and on worde.
Al to muchel ich habbe ispend to lutel ileyd an horde,
Best al þat me likede er nu hit me myslykeþ.
Þe muchel folewеþ his wil him seolue he bi-swikeþ.
Mon let þi fol lust ouergo and eft hit þe likeþ.
Ich myhte habbe bet ido heuede ich eny selhþe.

THE AUTHOR'S LAMENT

I am older than I was, in winters and also in lore. I own more than I did, my wit ought to be more. Full long I have been a child in work and also in deed; though I am old in winters, too young I am in wisdom. A useless life I have led, and yet methinketh I lead. When I bethink me, full sore I am adread; most all that I have done is vanity and childishness; full late I have bethought me, unless God do me mercy. Many idle words have I spoken since I knew how to speak, and done many childish deeds, so that now it repenteth me. All too often I have sinned in work and in word; all too much I have spent, too little laid up in hoard. All that of yore best pleased me, now it displeaseth me. He who much followeth his will, himself he deceiveth. Man, let thy foul desire go, and yet again it shall please thee. I might have done better had I had

Nu ich wolde and i ne may, for elde ne for unhelþþe.
Elde is me bistolen on er þan ich hit wiste.
Ne may ich biseo me bifore for smoke ne for myste.
Erewe we beoþ to donne god vuel al to þriste.

THE SAYINGS OF ALFRED

1246-1250

ALURED he wes in englene lond
and king wel swiþe strong
He was king and he wes clerek
wel he luvede godes werk
He wes wis on his word
And war on his werke
he wes þe wysuste mon
þat wes engle lond on.

. . . . .

Þus queþ Alured
englene urouer
Ne may non rightwis king
under criste seolven.
Bute if he beo
in boke ilered
And he his wyttes
swiþe welkunne
And he cunne lettres
lokie him seolf one
hw he schule his lond
laweliche holde.

any good fortune. Now I would and I cannot, for age nor infirmity. Old age has stolen upon me ere I knew it. Nor can I see before me for smoke nor mist. Cowardly we are to do good, for evil all too bold.

THE SAYINGS OF ALFRED

Swiþe] much, greatly. Luvede] loved. War] wary, skilful. Queþ] quoth. Urouer] comfort. Rightwis] righteous. Seoluen] self. Bute] except. Ilered] learned. Kunne] know. Lokie] look after. One] only. Hw] how. Schule] ought to, shall. Laweliche] according to law.

Þus queþ Alured
If þu havest seorewe
Ne seye þu hit nouht þan arewe
Seye hit þine sadelbowe
And ryd þe singinde forþ
þenne wile wene
þet þine wise ne con
þat þe þine wise wel lyke
serewe if þu havest.
And þe erewe hit wot
byfore he þe meneþ
byhynde he þe teleþ
þu hit myht segge swylic mon
þat þe ful wel on.
Wyþ-ute echere ore
he on þe muchele more
Byhud hit on hire heorte
þat þe eft ne smeorte
Ne let þu hyne wite
al þat þin heorte by-wite.

LAYAMON'S BRUT

About 1250.

King Lear and his Three Daughters

Sixti winter hefde Leir
þis lond al to welden
þe king hefde þreo dohtren

Seorewe] sorrow. Seye] tell. Arewe] enemy, evil person. Sadebowe] saddle bow. Þenne . . . lyke] Then he who knows not thy condition will think that thy life pleases thee. Wot] knows. Byfore . . . more] Before (thy face) he pities thee, behind (thy back) he blames thee; Thou mayest tell it to such a man as full well grants it thee; without any mercy, he grants thee much more. Byhud] Hide. Eft] again. Hyne] him. Wite] know. Bywite] keeps.

KING LEAR

Sixty winters had Leir wholly governed this land. The king had three daughters by his noble queen. He had no son to uphold

bi his drihliche quen
nefde he nenne sune,
þer fore he warð sari,
his manscipe to halden,
buten þa þreo dohtren.
þa ældeste dohter haihte Gornoille
þa oðer Ragau
þa þridde Cordoille.
Heo wes þa yungeste suster
a wliten alre vairest
heo wes hire fader al sua leof
swa his agene lif.
Þa ældede þe King
and wakede an aðelan
and he hine biþohte
wet he don mahte
of his kineriche
æfter his deie
He seide to hisuluen
þat þæt vuel wes.
Ich wlle mine riche to don:
and alle minen dohtren
and geuen hem mine kine-þeode
and twemen mine bearnen.
Ac ærst ic wille fondien
whulchere beo mi beste freond
and heo scal habbe þat beste del

his dignity, (thereof he was sorry,) but only his three daughters. The eldest daughter was called Gornoille, the second Regau, the third Cordoille. She was the youngest sister, in face fairest of all. She was as dear to her father as his own life. Then the king grew old, and weak in dignity of manhood, and he bethought him what he might do with his kingdom after his day. He said to himself what was evil: "I will break up my realm and give my daughters my kingdom and share it among my children. But first I will prove which of them is my best friend, and she shall have the best part of

of mine drihlichen lon.
þus þe King þohte :
and þer æfter he worhte.
He clepede Gornoille :
hes guðfulle dohter
vt of hire bure
to hire fader deore.
and þeus spac þe alde King
þer he on æðelen seat.
Sei me Gornoille
soðere worden.
swiðe dure þeo eart me
hu leof æm ich þe
hu mochel worȝ leste þu me
to walde kineriche.
Gornoille was swiðe wær
swa beoð wifmen wel ihwær
and seide ane lesinge
heore fædere þon King.
Leofe fæder dure
swa bide ich godes are
sua helpe me Apollin
for min ilæfe is al on him
þæt leuere þeo ært me æne
þane þis world al clane
and ȝet ic þe wlle speken wit
þeon ært leouere þene mi lif

my lordly land." Thus the king thought and thereafter he wrought. He called Gornoille his goodly daughter out of her bower, to her father dear ; and thus spake the old king where he sat among his nobles. "Say to me, Gornoille, true words ; very dear thou art to me, how dear am I to thee ? How much worth holdest thou me for wielding royal sway ?" Gornoille was very wary, as women are nearly everywhere, and said a leasing to her father the king. "Beloved father dear, as I look for God's mercy, so help me Apollin, for my faith is all in him, dearer art thou alone to me than all this whole world. And yet I will speak with thee, thou

and þis ich sucge þe to seoðe
þu mith me wel ileue.
Leir þe King
ilefde his dohter læisinge
and þas ænsware gef.
þæt wæs þe olde King.
Ich þe Gornoille seuge
leoue dohter dure
god scal beo þi meda
for þira gretinge
Ic eam for mire ældde
swþe vnbalded
and þon me leuoste swþe
mar þan is on liue
Ich wille mi dirhliche lod
a þroe al todalen
þin is þæt beste deal
þu ært mi dohter deore
and scalt habben to lauerd
min alre beste þei.
þeo ich mai u'nden
in mine kinne londe.
Æfter spac þe olde Kinge
wit his dohter
"Leoue dohter Regau
wæt seist tu me to ræide

art dearer to me than my life, and this I say to thee for sooth, thou mayest well believe me." Leir, the king, believed his daughter's leasing, and thus the old king gave answer. "I say to thee, Gornoille, beloved daughter dear, good shall be thy meed for thy greeting. I am greatly enfeebled by my old age, and thou lovest me much more than is in life. I will divide my lordly land entirely in three; thine shall be the best share. Thou art my daughter dear, and shalt have for lord my best thane of all that I can find in my kingdom." Afterwards spake the old king with his (second) daughter. "Beloved daughter Regau, what sayest thou to me for counsel?

Scie þu bifore mire duȝden
heo dure ich am þe an herten."
þa answærde mid rætfulle worden
Al þat is on liue
nis nig swa dure.
swa me is þi an lime
forðe min ahȝene lif.
Ah heo ne seide naþing seð
no more þenne hiire suster
alle hire lesinge
hire uader ilefede.
Þa answarede þe King
hiis dogter him icwede
þea þridde del of mine londe
ich bitake þe an honde
þu scalt nime louerd
þer þe is alre leowost.
Þa yet nolde þe leod-King
his sothscipe bi-læuen.
He hehte cumen him biforen
his dohter Gordoille
Heo was alre yungest
of soðe ȝær witelest
and þe King heo louede more
þanne ba tueie þe oðre.
Cordoille iherde þa lasinge

Say thou before my people how dear I am to thee in heart." Then answered she with prudent words : 'All that is in life is not so dear to me as thy limbs alone, before my own life." But she said nothing true, no more than her sister ; all her leasing her father believed. Then answered the king (his daughter pleased him), " The third part of my land I give to thee in hand ; thou shalt take a lord where is most pleasing to thee." Then still the king would not leave his folly. He bade come before him his daughter Cordoille. She was the youngest of all, heedful of truth and most prudent, and the king loved her more than both the other two. Cordoille heard

þe hire sustren seiden þon Kinge
nom hire leaf-fulne hiue
þat heo liȝen n̊olden
hire fader heo wolde suge seoð
were him lef were him lað
þeo queð þe alde King
vnrað him fulede.
Ihere ic wlle
of þe Cordoille
sua þe helpe Appolin
hu deore þe beo lif min.
ða answarede Cordoille
lude and no wiht stille
mid gomene and mid lehtre
to hire fader leue
þeo art me leof al so mi fæder
and ich þe also þi dohter.
Ich habbe to þe sohfaste loue
for we buoð swiðe isibbe
and sua ich ibide are
ich wille þe suge mare
al swa muchel þu bist woruh.
swa þu velden ært.
and al swa muchel swa þu hauest
men þe wllet luuien

the leasings which her sisters said to the king; she took to her a faithful mind, so that she would not lie; she would say truth to her father, were it lief to him or were it loath to him. Then said the old king (ill counsel followed him), "Hear I will of thee, Cordoille, so help thee Apollin, how dear unto thee is my life." Then answered Cordoille, loud and no whit still, with game and with laughter to her father beloved: "Thou art dear to me as my father and I to thee as thy daughter. I have to thee soothfast love, for we are very near in kinship, and as I look for mercy I will say to thee more: As much thou art worth as thou dost wield, and as much as thou

for sone heo bið ilazeð
þe mon þe lutel ah.
Þus seide þe mæiden Cordoille
and seoððen set swþe stille
þa iwarðe þe King wærð
for he nes þeo noht iquemed
and wende on is þonke
þaht hit weren for vnðeawe.
þæt he hire weore swa unwourð
þat heo hine nolde iwurði
swa hire twa sustren
þe ba somed læsinge speken
Þe King Leir iwerðe swa blac
swlch hit a blac cloð weoren.
iwaerð his hude and his heowe
for he was suþe ihærmed
mid þære wræððe he wes isweued
þat he feol iswowen.
Late þeo he up fusde
þæt mæiden wes afeared
þa hit alles up brac
hit wes vuel þat he spac.
Hærne Cordoille
ich þe telle wlle mine wille.
Of mine dohtren þu were me durest

hast men will love thee, for soon he is loathed who possesseth little." Thus said the maiden Cordoille, and afterwards sat very still. Then was the king wroth for he was not at all pleased and weened in his mind that it might be through ill-manners that he were so unhonoured by her, so that she would not honour him as her two sisters who both together spake leasings. Then King Leir turned as black as if it were a black cloth, his skin and his hue turned, for he was greatly hurt ; with wrath he was dazed so that he fell in a swoon. Then he slowly recovered. The maiden was afraid when his wrath all broke out ; it was evil that he spake. " Hearken, Cordoille, I will tell thee my will. Of my daughters thou wert dearest to me,

nu þu eært me arle læðes
Ne scalt ðu næuer halden
dale of mine lande
ah mine dohtren
ich wlle delen mine riche
and þu scalt worðen warchen
and wonun in wansiðe.
For nauer ich ne wende
þæt þu me woldes þus scanden.
þar fore þu scalt beon dæd ich wene
flig ut of min eæh-sene
þine sustren sculen habben mi kinelond
ond þis me is iqueme.
Þe duc of Cornwaile
scal habbe Gornoille
ond þe Scottene King
Regau þæt scone.
ond ic hem ȝeue al þa winne
þe ich æm waldinge ouer
and al þe alde King dude
swa he hafuede idemed.
Of wes þen mæidene wa
and næure wors þenne þa
þa hire wes on mode
for hire fader waerþe.
Heo uede into hire boure

now thou art to me the most hateful of all ; shalt thou never hold a portion of my land, but with my daughters I will share my kingdom, and thou shalt be troubled and dwell in misery. For never weened I that thou wouldst thus shame me ; therefore thou shalt be as dead I ween. Flee out of my eyesight. Thy sisters shall have my kingdom, and this is pleasing to me. The Duke of Cornwall shall have Gornoille, and the Scottish King Regau the fair, and I give them all the possessions that I am ruling over." And all the old king did as he had said. Oft was the maiden woeful, and never worse in mind than then was she for her father's wrath. She went into her bower, and there she oft sat sorry, because she would

þar heo ofte sætte sare
for heo nolde liȝen
hire fadder leoue.
Þat maide wes swðen swomefest
for hire fader heo scunede
and dude þene beste red
in hire bure heo abed.
and þolede þene mod-kare
and mornede swþe.

THE ORMULUM[1]

About 1215.

From the Dedication

Nu broþerr Walterr, broþerr min
  Affterr þe flæshess kinde
And broþerr min i Crisstenndom
  Þurrh fulluht and þurrh trowwþe;
And broþerr min i Godess hus,
  ȝet o þe þride wise,
þurrh þatt witt hafenn takenn ba
  An reghellboc to follghenn.
Unnderr Kanunnkess had and lif,
  Swa summ Saunt Awwstin sette;
Icc hafe don swa summ þu badd,
  And forþedd te þin wille,
Icc hafe wennd inntill Ennglissh
  Goddspelless hallȝe lare
Affterr þatt little witt þatt me

not lie to her father beloved. The maid was put greatly to shame because she had shunned her father, and had followed then best counsel, and she abode in her bower, and suffered trouble of mind, and mourned greatly.

THE ORMULUM

Fulluht] baptism. Trowwþe] faith. O] in. Þride] third. Witt] we two. Ba] both. Reghellboc] Rule-book. Follghenn] follow. Kanunnkess had] Order of a Canon. Forþedd] performed. Wennd] turned.

[1] Ormin has a special system of spelling, the commonest mark of which is the doubling of consonants after short vowels.

Min Drihhtin hafeþþ lenedd.

. . . . .

And tærfore hafe icc turrnedd itt
  Inntill Englisshe sþæche,
Forr þatt I wollde bliþelig
  þatt all Ennglisshe lede
Wiþþ ære shollde lisstenn itt,
  Wiþþ herrte shollde itt trowwenn
Wiþþ tunge shollde spellenn itt
  Wiþþ dede shollde itt follghenn.

. . . . .

Icc þatt tiss Ennglissh hafe sett
  Ennglisshe menn to lare,
Icc wass þær þær I crisstnedd wass
  Orrmin bi name nemmnedd.
And icc Orrmin full innwarrdlig
  Wiþþ muþ and ec wiþþ herrte
Her bidde þa Crisstene menn,
  þatt herenn oþerr redenn
þiss boc, hemm bidde icc her þatt tegg
  Forr me þiss bede biddenn :—
þatt broþerr þatt tiss Ennglissh writt
  Allræresst wrat and wrohhte,
þatt broþerr forr hiss swinnc to læn
  Soþ blisse mote findenn.

———

Drihhtin] Lord. Lenedd] lent. Bliþelig] gladly. Lede] people. Ære] ear. Trowwenne] believe. Spellenn] speak. Lare] teach. Ec] eke, also. Bidde] pray. Herenn oþerr redenn] Hear or read. Hemm] them. Tegg] they. Bede] prayer. Biddenn] pray. Writt] writing; book. Allræresst wrat and wrohhte] First of all wrote and made. Forr hiss swinnc to læn] As reward for his labour. Soþ] true.

ANCREN RIWLE

About 1210.

(Rule for Anchoresses.)

The Salve for Envy

Ondes salve, ich seide, þet was feolaulich luve, and god vnnunge: and god wil, þer ase mihte of dede wonteð. So muchel strencðe haveð luve and god wil þet hit makeð oðres god ure god, ase wel ase his þet hit wurcheð. Sulement luve his god: beo wel ipaied and gled þerof, and so þu turnest hit to þe, and makest hit þin owen. Seint Gregorie hit witneð: "Aliena bona si diligis tua facis." Gif þu havest onde of orðres god, þu attrest þe mid helewi, and wundest þe mid salve. Þi salve, hit is, gif þu hit luvest, agean soule hurtes: and þi strencðe agean þe veond is al þet god þet oðre doð, gif þu hit wel unnest. Sikerliche ich ileve þet ne schal flesches fondunge, nan more þen gostlich, ameistre þe never gif þu est swete iheorted, and edmod, and milde and luvest so inwardliche alle men and wummen and nomeliche ancren, þine leove sustren, þet tu ert sori of hore uvel and glad of hore god ase of þin owune: unnen þet alle þet luuieð þe

THE SALVE FOR ENVY

The salve of envy, I said, is love to one's fellows, and doing them good; and good-will where the power to do is wanting. So great strength hath love and good-will that it maketh the good of another (to become) our good as well as his to whom it is done. Only love his good: be well pleased and glad thereof, so thou shalt turn it to thyself and make it thine own. St. Gregory sheweth this: "If thou lovest the good of another, thou makest it thine own." If thou hast envy of another's good, thou poisonest thyself with balsam and woundest thyself with salve. Thy salve it is, if thou lovest it, against hurts of thy soul; and thy strength against the Devil is all the good that others do, if thou takest it well. Surely I believe that no temptation of the flesh any more than of the spirit shall ever master thee if thou rest sweet-hearted, and lowly and mild, and lovest thus in thine heart all men and women, and especially anchoresses, thy dear sisters, so that thou art sorry for their evil, and glad of their good as of thine own; so

luveden ham ase þe, and dude ham vroure ase þe. Gif þu hauest knif oðer cloð, mete oðer drunch, scrowe oðer quaer, holi manne vroure, oðer eni oðer þing þet ham wolde vreomian, unnen þet tu hevedest wonte þerof wið þen þet heo hit heveden. And gif eni is þet naveð nouht þe heorte þus afeited, mid seoruhfule sikes, boðe bi deie and ec bi nihte, grede on ure Louerd, and never grið ne give him er he, þuruh his grace, habbe hire swuch aturned and imaked.

SAWLES WARDE

About 1240.

(*Fear having visited the house of a man's soul and described hell to its inhabitants, they are in misery, but Love of Life, God's messenger, comes to reassure them.*)

Umben ane stunde spekeð eft warschiþe, and seið, ich iseo a sonde cumen swide gledd icheret, feier and freolich ant leofliche aturnet. Let him in, seið wit, ef godd wule he bringeð us gleade tidinges, ant þat us were muche neod, for fearlac, deaðes sonde haveð wið his offearet us swiðe mid alle. Warschiþe let him in, ant ha gret wit þen lauerd ant al þat hird seoðen, wið

as to desire that all that love thee should love them even as thee, and should comfort them even as thee; and if thou hast knife or raiment, meat or drink, scroll or quire, holy man's comfort, or any other thing that would comfort them, so to desire that thou haddest the want thereof, provided that they had it. And if there is any that hath not the heart thus inclined, let her, with sorrowful sighs, both by day and eke by night, cry on our Lord and never give Him peace until through His grace He have so turned and fashioned her.

SAWLES WARDE

After a while Prudence again speaketh, and saith, "I see a messenger coming, very glad of cheer, fair and free, and bravely attired." "Let him in," saith Wit, "if God will he bringeth us glad tidings, and that were much need to us, for Fear, Death's messenger, hath with his afeared us much withal." Prudence let him in, and he greeted Wit, the lord, and all the household

lahhinde chere, ant he ȝeldeð him his gretunge, ant beoð alle ilihtet ant igleadet ham þuncheð of his onsihðe, for al þat hus schineð and schimmeð of his leome. He caskeð ham ȝef ham biluiueð to heren him ane hwile. "Ȝe," quoð ha rihtwisnesse "wel us bluueð hit ant wel is riht þat we þe liðeliche lustnin." "Here nið nu þenne, he seið, ant geornliche understondeð. Ich am murðes sonde ant munegunge of eche life ant lives luve i haten ant cume riht from heouene þat ich habbe isehen nu ant ofte ear þe blisse þat na monnes tunge ne mei of tellen. Þe iblescede god iseh ow offruhte ant sumdel drupnin of þat fearlac talde of deað ant of helle ant sende me to gleadien ow, nawt for þi þat hit ne beo al soð þat he seide ant þat schulen alle uuele fondin ant ifinden. Ah ȝe, wið þe fulst of godd ne þurue na þing dreden for he sit on heh þat is ow on helpe ant is al wealdent þat haveð ow to witene. A, seið Warschiþe, welcume lives luue.

afterwards, with laughing cheer, and they return him his greeting and are all lightened and gladdened, it seemeth to them, by the sight of him, for all the house shineth and shimmereth with his brightness. He asketh them if it pleaseth them to hear him awhile. "Yea," quoth Righteousness, "it pleaseth us well, and it is well right that we listen to thee readily." "Hearken, now then," he saith, "and heedfully understand. I am Mirth's messenger and the Remembrancer of eternal life, and the Love of Life I am called; and I come right from Heaven where I have seen now, and oft before, the bliss that no man's tongue may tell of. The blessed God saw you affrighted and somewhat drooping for what Fear told you of death and of hell, and sent me to gladden you. Not that it be not all true that he said, and that shall all the evil prove and find; but ye, with the help of God, need not dread anything, for He sits on high that is your help, and He is all-ruling who hath you in keeping." "Ah," saith Prudence, "welcome, Love of Life."

GENESIS AND EXODUS

About 1250.

(*From the Introduction.*)

Ut of latin ðis song is dragen
on engleis speche, on soðe sagen;
Cristene men ogen ben so fagen
so fueles arn quan he it sen dagen,
ðan men hem telled soðe tale
wid londes speche and wordes smale,
Of blisses dune, of sorwes dale.

Esau Sells his Birthright

Wexen boðen Isaac sunes
and ðhogen, and adden sundri wunes;
Esau wilde man huntere,
and Jacob tame man tiliere
ðe fader luvede Esau wel,
for firme birðe and swete mel;
ðe moder, Jacob for tamehed,
and for ðe ali gastes red.
Jacob an time him seð a mete
ðat man callen lentil gete
and Esau fro felde cam,
sag ðis pulment, hunger him nam
"Broðer Jacob," quat Esau,
"Of ðis warme mete ðu gif me nu,

Dragen] drawn. On soðe sagen] in true story. Ogen] ought. fagen] fain, glad. So . . . dagen] As birds are when they see it dawn. Þan] when. hem telled] tell them. Wid londes speche] In the land's speech. Of . . . dale] Of the heights of bliss and the vale of sorrow. Wexen] grow. Boðen] both. ðhogen] thrived. Adden . . . wunes] Had different ways. Firme . . . mel] For first birth and dainty food. Tamehed] docility. Ali gastes red] Holy Ghost's counsel. Seð] sod. Sag . . . nam] Saw this pottage hunger seized him. ic . . . weri] I am faint and

for ic ham mattilike weri."
Jacob wurð war he was gredi;
"broðer," quad he, "sel me ðo wunes,
ðe queðen ben ðe firme sunes,
ðat ic ðin firme birðehe gete
if ic ðe fille wið ðis mete."
Quad Esau, "ful bliðelike,"
And gafe it him wel sikerlike.

Robert Mannyng of Brunne

Fl. 1288–1388.

Envy, a Sin Natural to Englishmen.[1]

Syn þys wurlde fryst began,
Envye haþ be ever yn man,
. . . . .
So that envye haþ reynede ay
Yn alle mankynde unto þys day;
And Englys men namely
Are þurghe kynde of herte hy.
. . . . .
For y se noun yn hys lyve
Þat of envye kan hym shryve
Þogh every day a man hyt haunte
ȝyt wyl no man be hyt agraunte.
Telle to any þat he haþ envye,
He seyþ aȝen "hyt ys a lye."

weary. Wurð war] was aware. Gredi] hungry. Wunes] customs, rights. queðen] promised. gete] may get. Bliðelike] gladly. Sikerlike] securely.

Syn] since. be] been. namely] especially. þurghe] through. Kynde] nature. Nonn] none. haunte] use. Be hyt agraunte] allow it. Seyþ agen] answers.

[1] The two selections here given are Mannyng's own work, inserted into his translation from the French.

How mow þay þan shryve þat synne
Þat seyn þey have no gylt þerynne ?
We Englys men þeron shulde þynke,
Þat envye us nat blynk

(From *Handlyng Synne.*)

How Bishop Grostest of Lincoln Loved Music

Y shall ȝow telle as y have herd
Of þe bysshope Seynt Roberd,
Hys toname ys "Grostest
Of Lynkolne," so seyþ þe gest.
He loved moche to here þe harp ;
For mannys wyt hyt makyþ sharpe ;
Next hys chaumbre, besyde hys stody
Hys harpers chaumbre was fast þerby.
Many tymes be nyȝtys and dayys,
He had solace of notes and layys.
One askyd hym onys, resun why
He hadde delyte yn mynstralsy
He answerede hym on þys manere
Why he helde þe harper so dere.
"Þe vertu of þe harpe, þurghe skylle and ryȝt
Wyl destroye þe fendes myȝt,
And to þe croys by gode skylle
Ys þe harpe lykenide weyle.
Anoþer poynt cumforteþ me,
Þat God haþ sent unto a tre
So moche joye to here wyþ eere,
Moche þan more joye ys þere
Wyþ God hymselfe þere he wonys ;
Þe harpe þerof me ofte mones,
Of þe joye and of þe blys

Seyn] say. Blynk] deceive.

Gest] story. Stody] study. Onys] once. Fendes] fiend's (Satan's). Weyle] well. Wonys] dwells. Mones] reminds.

Where Gode hym self wonys and ys
Þare-for gode men ȝe shul lere,
Whan ȝe any glemen here,
To wurschep Gode at youre powere,
As Davyd seyþ yn þe sautere,
" Yn harpe, yn thabour and symphan gle
Wurschepe God, yn troumpes, and sautre,
Yn cordys, an organes, and bellys ryngyng,
Yn al þese, wurschepe ȝe hevene Kyng."
ȝyf ye do þus, y sey hardly,
ȝe mow here ȝoure mynstralsy.

(From *The Same.*)

CURSOR MUNDI

About 1320.

Description of Paradise

Telle me man þat art of lare
quat lande ys þaradis and quare;
syn þou askis me so snelle
bleþly sir I wille þe telle
Paradys ys a prevey stede,
þer mony mirþes ar and mede
þe lovelist place of al landes
in erþ tawart þe est hit standes
land of life of roo of rest
With joy and blis and mirþis best
þer ever ys day and never niȝt
And ever umlaide with leme and liȝt
Of selynes ys hit wele sene
þe gresse ys ever ilike grene

Lere] learn. Glemen] gleemen, minstrels. Symphan gle] symphonic glee (music). Cordys] strings. Hardly] boldly.

Lare] lore, knowledge. Quat] what. Quare] where. Syn] since. Snelle] quickly. Prevey stede] secret place. Bleþly] blithely, gladly. Þer] where. Mirþes ar and mede] joys are and reward. Erþ taward þe est] earth toward the East. Roo] peace. Umlaide with leme and light] surrounded with gleam and light. Selynes] happiness, wonder.

wiþ oðer blisse þat þer was elles
wiþ mony floures of squete smellis
trees of frute als ys þare sette
þat diverse vertue has atte ete,
þat if man ete in time of an
hungre sulde he never have nane.
And if he ete of anoþer tree
Sulde he neyver þristy be
qua so ete of þe þrid þar ys
sulde he never have werines.
Of þe firð qua ete at þe laste
he sulde in elde ay be stedefaste
sekenes sulde he never drey
ne never mare his body dey.
Hit ys a ȝarde of delices
wiþ al maner of squete spices
qua lenges þer him noȝte lange
into erþ.

Richard Rolle of Hampole

D. 1349.

A Lament for His Times

Gret outrage we se
In pompe and pride and vanité,
In selcouthe maners and sere degyse
Þat now es used of many wyse,
In worldis havyng and beryng,
In vayn apparail and in weryng

Squete] sweet. Atte ete] in the eating. An, nane] one, none. Sulde] should. Quaso] whoso. Elde] age. Drey] endure. Garde] garth, garden. Lenges] abides. Lange] longs for. Erþ] earth.

Selcouthe] wonderful. Sere degyse] various fashions. Havyng] behaviour.

Þas tas over mykel vayn costage,
And tornes al until outrage.
For suilk degises and suilk maners
Als yhong men now hauntes and lers
And ilk day es comonly sen,
Byfor þis tyme ne has noght ben ;
For þat somtyme men held velany
Now yhung men haldes curtasy ;
And þat some tym was curtasy cald,
Now wille yhong men velany hald.
Now many men se ofte chaungyng
Of sere maners of gys of clething ;
For now wers men short and now side,
Now uses men narow and now wyde ;
Som has þair clethyng hyngand als stoles,
Som gas tatird als tatird foles ;
Some gase wrynchand to and fra,
And som gas hypand als a ka ;
Þus uses yhong men all new gett,
And þe world þai all awkeward sett,
Thurgh swylk uncomly pomp and pryde,
Þat þai schew wheþer þai gang or ryde ;
Swa mykell pryde, als now es, I wene,
Was never bifore þis tyme sene.

—(From the *Prick of Conscience.*)

Tas] takes. Costage] cost. Until] into. Swilk] such. Yhong] young. Lers] learn. Haldes] hold (as). Gys] fashion. Wers] wear. Side] wide. Uses]use. Hyngand als stoles] hanging like stoles. Som . . . foles] some go shaggy like shaggy foals. Wrynchand] wriggling. Hypand als a ka] hopping as a crow. Gett] custom, fashion.

THE ROMANCE OF SIR ORFEO

14th Century.

Dame Heurodis having been spirited away by the Fairies, her husband, Sir Orfeo, leaves his kingdom and goes disguised as a minstrel to seek her. He sees her hunting with the Fairies, but cannot speak to her.

Al his kingdom he forsoke,
Bot a sclavin on him he toke,
He ne hadde kirtel no hode,
Schert non oþer gode.
Bot his harp he tok algate
And dede him barfot out atte ȝate,
No man most wiþ him go.
Oway, what þer was wepe and wo,
When he, þat hadde ben king wiþ crown,
Went so poverlich out of toun.
Þurch wode and over heþ
Into þe wildernes he geþ.
Noþing he fint þat him is ays,
Bot ever he liveþ in gret malais.
He þat hadde ywed þe fowe and griis
And on bed þe purper-biis,
Now on hard heþe he liþ,
Wiþ leves and gresse he him wriþ.
He, þat hadde had castels and tours,
River, forest, friþ wiþ flours,
Now þei it comenci to snewe and frese,
Þis king mote make his bed in mese.
He, þet had yhad knitȝes of priis
Bifor him kneland and levedis,
Now seþ he noþing þat him likeþ,

Sclavin] pilgrim's cloak. Fint] find. ays] ease. Malais] discomfort. Ywed] Worn. Fowe and griis] speckled and grey (costly furs). Biis] dark grey or blue. Wriþ] covers. Frið] wood, grove. Mese] moss. Priis] dignity. Kneland] kneeling. Levedis] ladies.

Bot wilde wormes bi him strikeþ.
He, þat had yhad plente
Of mete and drink of ich deynte,
Now may he al day digge and wrote,
Er he finde his fille of rote.

. . . .

His harp whereon was al his gle,
He hidde in an holwe tre;
And when þe weder was clere and briȝt
He toke his harp to him wel riȝt
And harped at his owhen wille;
Into alle þe wode þe soun gan schille,
Þat alle þe wilde bestes, þat þer beþ,
For joie abouten him þai teþ.
And alle þe foules þat þer were
Come and sete on ich a brere,
To here his harping afine,
So miche melody was þerin,
And when he is harping lete wold,
No best bi him abide nold.
He miȝt se him bisides
Oft in hot undertides
Þe king o Fairi wiþ his rout
Com to hunt him al about
Wiþ dun cri and bloweing
And houndes also wiþ him berking.
Ac no best þai no nome,
No never he nist whider þai bicome.

. . . . .

And oþer while he seiȝe oþer þing:
Kniȝtes and levedis com daunceing,
In queynt atire gisely,
Queynt pas and softly,

Wrote] root up. Rote] roots. Teþ] draw near. Ich a brere] every briar. Lete wold] would stop. Nold] would not. Undertides] morning times. Nome] took. Gisely] fitly dressed.

Tabours and trimpes ȝede hem bi
And al maner menstraci.
And on a day he seiȝe him biside
Sexti levedis on hors ride,
Gentil and jolif as brid on ris;
Nouȝt o man amonges hem þer nis.
And ich a faucoun on hond bere
And riden on haukin bi o rivere;
Of game þai founde wel gode haunt:
Maulardes, hayroun and cormeraunt.
Þe foules of þe water ariseþ,
Þe faucouns hem wele deviseþ,
Ich faucoun his pray slouȝ.
Þat seiȝe Orfeo and louȝ.
"Parfay," quaþ he, "þer is fair game
Þider ichil bi godes name,
Ich was ywon swiche werk to se."
He aros and þider gan te.
To a levedi he was ycome,
Biheld and haþ wele undernome
And seþ bi al þing, þat it is
His owhen quen dam Heurodis.
ȝern he biheld hir, and sche him eke,
Ac noiþer to oþer a word no speke.
For messais, þat sche on him seiȝe,
Þat had ben so riche and so heiȝe,
Þe teres fel out of her eiȝe.
Þe oþer levedis þis yseiȝe
And maked hir oway to ride;
Sche most wiþ him no lenger abide,
"Allas," quaþ he, "now me is wo!"

Zede] went. Brid on ris] bird on twig. Maulardes] Mallards. Hayroun] Heron. Louȝ] laughed. Te] draw near. ȝern] earnestly, eagerly. Undernome] scanned. Messais] poverty.

THE ROMANCE OF SIR TRISTREM

Late 13th Century

Tristrem and Ysonde Drink the Love-Potion

Tristrem swore þat þing ;
Þai seyd it schuld stand
Þat he schuld Ysonde bring
—Þai token it under hand—
To Mark, þe riche king,
O live ȝif þai him fand
And make hir wiþ his ring
Quen of Ingeland.

. . . . .

He busked him al so swiþe.
Boþe squier and kniȝt.
Her moder about was bliþe
And tok a drink of miȝt
Þat love wald kiþe,
And tok it Brengwain þe briȝt
To þink :
"At er spouseing a niȝt
Gif Mark and hir to drink."
Ysonde briȝt of hewe
Is fer out in þe se.
A winde oȝain hem blewe
Þat sail no miȝt þer be.
So rewe þe kniȝtes trewe,
Tristrem, so rewe he,
Ever as þai com newe—
He on oȝain hem þre—
Gret swink.
Swete Ysonde þe fre

O live] alive. Tok] took. Kiþe] make known. Rewe] rowed. Newe] afresh (to the oar). On oȝain hem þre] one against the three (he rowed always without a rest). Swink] labour.

Asked Bringwain adrink
Þe coupe was richeli wrouȝt,
Of gold it was, þe pin ;
In al þe warld nas nouȝt
Swiche drink as þer was in.
Brengwain was wrong bi þouȝt,
To þat drink sche gan win
And swete Ysonde it bi tauȝt ;
Sche bad Tristrem bigin,
To say.
Her love miȝt no man tvin
Til her endingday.
An hounde þer was biside,
Þat wes y cleþed Hodain ;
Þe coupe he licked þat tide
Þo down it sett Bringwain ;
Þai loved al in lide
And þer of were þai fain ;
Togider þai gun abide
In joie and ek in pain
For þouȝt :
In ivel time, to sain,
Þe drink was ywrouȝt.

FLORIZ AND BLANCHEFLUR

Late 13th Century.

(Blancheflur has been carried off from Spain and sold to an "Admiral" of Babylon. Floriz, her lover, and son of the King of Spain, searches for her. He finds her at last, to the great

Pin] pin (inserted to regulate the draught of each person). win] go. Bitauȝt] gave to. Tuin] separate. In lide] among the people (an expletive).

anger of the "Admiral," who orders them both to be put to death, but at last relents.)

Nu þes childre forþ me bringeþ
To here dom al wepinge,
Ac þer nas non so sturne mon
Þat hem lokede upon
Þat nolde þo suþe sage
Þat jugement were wiþ-drage :
For Floriz was so fair ȝongling
And Blauncheflur so suete þing
Of men and wimmen þat buþ nuþe
Þat goþ and seoþ and spekeþ wiþ muþe
Ne buþ so faire in here gladnesse
So hi were in here sorinesse.
Ac þe Admiral was so wroþ and wod.
He quakede for grame þer he stod,
And het hem binde wel faste
And into þe fire caste.

. . . . .

"Sire," quaþ Floriz, "forsoþ ihc telle
Þu noȝtest noȝt þat maide quelle,
Of al þis gilt ihc am to wite,
Ihc oȝte deie and he go quite."
Quaþ Blauncheflur, "aquel þu me,
And let Floriz alive be,
ȝef hit nere for mi luve,
He nere noȝt fram his londe icome."
Quaþ þe Admiral, "so ihc mote go
ȝe schulle deie togadere bo.

Me] one, they. Nas] was not. Hem] them. Nolde] would not. soþe sage] say truly. Were wiþdrage] should be withdrawn. Of men . . . sorinesse] Of men and women who live now, who walk, and see, and speak, none are so fair in their gladness as these were in their sorrow. Wod] mad. Grame] rage. Þer] where. Het] bade. Ihc] I. Noȝhtest noȝt] oughtest not. Quelle] kill. Wite] blame. Ihc . . . quite] I ought to die and she go free. Aquel] kill. ȝef] if. Nere] were not. Nere noȝt. . . icome] had not come. So ihc mote go] As I walk ! Togadere bo] both together.

Miself ihc wulle me awreke
Ne schulle ȝe neure go ne speke."
Floriz forþ his nekke bed
And Blauncheflur wiþ-draȝe him ȝet.
Blauncheflur bid forþ hire suere
And Floriz aȝen hire gan tire.
Neiþer ne miȝte þere þole
þat oþer deide bifore.
þo þe Admiral, þeȝ he wroþ were,
þer he chaungede his chere,
For he seȝ þat eyþer wolde for oþer [deie,]
And for he seȝ mani wepinde eie,
And for he luvede so muche þat mai
Al wepinge he turnde away.
His swerd fel of his hond to grunde
Ne michte he hit holde þulke stunde.

. . . . .

Þe Admiral þo, wel him bitide,
Þat Child he sette bi his side
And haþ forgive his wrappe bo
Floriz and Blauncheflur also,
And sede wiþ him hi scholde be
þe beste of al his maine.
And Floriz he makeþ stonde upriht
And þer he dubbede him to kniht.
Nu boþe togadere þes childre for blisse
Falleþ to his fet hem to kisse.
He let hem to one Chirche bringe
And spusen hem wiþ one gold ringe.

Awreke] avenge. Bed] offered. Wiþdraȝe him yet] withdrew him. Suere] neck. Aȝen gan tire] drew back. Þole] suffer, allow. Deide] should die. Þo] when. Þeh] though. Chere] countenance. Seȝ] saw. Mai] maiden, Þulke stunde] that same time. Þo] then. Maine] household. He . . . ringe] He had them taken to a church and married with a gold ring.

HAVELOK THE DANE

Late 13th Century.

(*Havelok, the young Prince of Denmark, has been handed over to Grim, a fisherman, by the wicked Godard, the child's guardian, in order that he may be drowned. He is saved, however, as these lines tell.*)

HWAN Grim him havede faste bounden,
And siþen in an eld cloth wounden
A kevel of clutes, ful unwraste,
þat he (ne) mouthe speke, ne fnaste,
Hwere he wolde him bere or lede,
Hwan he havede don þat dede.
Hwan þe swike him havede hethede
þat he shulde him forth (lede)
And him drenchen in þe se ;
þat forwarde makeden he.
In a poke, ful and blac,
Sone he caste him on his bac,
And bar him hom to hise cleve
And bi-taucte him dame Leve,
And seyde, " wite þou þis knave,
Also thou with mi lif have ;
I shal dreinchen him in þe se,
For him shole we ben maked fre.
Gold haven ynou, and oþer fe ;
þat haveth mi louerd bihoten me.
Hwan dame (Leve) herde þat,
Vp she stirte ; and nouth ne sat,
And caste þe knave adoun so harde,

Hwan] when. Havede] had. Siþen] since. Kevel] gag. Clutes] clouts, rags. Ful] foul. Unwraste] rotten. Fnaste] breathe. Swike] traitor. Hethede] commanded. Forwarde] agreement. Cleve] dwelling. Bitaucte] gave in charge to. Wite] look after. Also] as. Shole ben] shall be. ynou] enough. Fe] Treasure, reward. Haveth bihoten] hath promised. Louerd] lord. Nouth] not, not at all.

þat hise croune he þer crakede.
Ageyn a great stone, þer it lay ;
þo Havelok micte sei, " weilawei !
ðat evere was i kinges bern ! "
Þat him ne havede grip or ern,
Leoun or wlf, wluine or bere,
Or oþer best, þat wolde him dere.
So lay þat child to middel nicth,
Þat Grim bad Leve bringen lict,
For to don on (him) his cloþes :
" Ne thinkeste nowt of mine oþes
Þat ich have mi louerd sworen ?
Ne wile i nouth be forloren.
I shal beren him to þe se,
Þon wost þat (bi) hoves me ;
And i shal drenchen him þerinne ;
Ris up swiþe, an go þu binne,
And blou þe fir, and lith a kandel : "
Also she shulde hire cloþes handel
On forto don, and blawe þe fir,
She saw þerinne a lith ful shir
Also brith so it were day,
Aboute þe knave þer he lay.
Of hise mouth it stod a stem,
Als it were a sunnebem ;
Also lith was it þir inne,
So þer brenden cerges inne :
" Ihesu crist ! " wat dame Leve,
" Hwat is þat lith in vre cleve !
Ris up Grim, and loke wat it menes,
Hwat is þe lith as þou wenes ? "

Þer] there, where. Micte sei] might say. Bern] bairn, child. Grip] Griffin. Ern] eagle. Wluine] shewolf. Best] beast. Dere] injure. Nicth] night. Lict] light. Forloren] lost, undone. Wost] knowest. Swiþe] quickly. Binne] within. Lith] light. Shir] clear. Also] as Brith] bright. Stod a stem] went a ray of light. So . . . inne] As if there burned tapers therein. Wat] quoth. Sir] stir (?) Wenes] thinkest.

He stirten bope up to the knave,
For man shal god wille have,
Vnkeveleden him, and swipe unbounden,
And sone anon (upon) him funden,
Als he tirveden of his serk,
On his rith shuldre, a kyne merk ;
A swipe brith, a swipe fair :
" Goddot ! " quath Grim, " þis (is) ure eir
ðat shal (ben) louerd of Denemark.
He shal ben king strong and stark ;
He shal haven in his hand
All Denemark and Engeland ;
He shal do Godard ful wo,
He shal him hangen, or quik flo ;
Or he shal him al quic grave,
Of him shal he no merci have."
Þus seide Grim, and sore gret,
And sone fel him to þe fet,
And seide, " Louerd, have merci
Of me, and Leve, that is me bi !
Louerd, we aren bope þine,
Þine cherles, þine hine."

. . . . .

Þo was Haveloc a blipe knave,
He sat him up, and cravede bred,
And seide, " ich am (wel) ney ded,
Hwat for hunger, wat for bondes.
Þat þu leidest on min hondes ;
And for (þe) kevel at þe laste,
Þat in mi mouth was þrist faste.
Y was þerwith so harde prangled

He stirten] They start. Swipe] very completely. Unkeveleden] ungagged. Serk] shirt. Goddot] God wot. eir] heir. Quik flo] Flay alive. Quic grave] bury alive. Gret] wept. Hine] hinds, servants. Cravede bred] craved bread. Hwat, wat] What. Leidest] didst lay. Þrist] thrust. Prangled] pressed, compressed.

Þat i was þe(r)with ney strangled."
" Well is me þat þu mayth hete :
Goddoth ! " quath Leve, " y shal þe fete
Bred an chese, butere and milk,
Pastees and flaunes, al with suilk
Shole we sone þe wel fede,
Louerd, in þis mikel nede,
Soth it is, þat men seyt and suereth :
Þer god wile helpen, nouth no dereth !"

THE ROMANCE OF ALEXANDER

Late 13th Century.

Some Adventures of King Alexander and his Host

Mery time it is in May,
The foules syngeth her lay ;
The knightes loveth the tornay ;
Maydens so dauncen and thay play.
The Kyng forth rideth his journay
Now hereth gest of grete noblay !
Al day he rideth to mydouer-non ;
Water mighth he fynde now ;
Bot a fyssher in the cee
He bad hym, þar charyte,
Ho shulde hem teche to sum ryvere
And he shulde have gode here ;
And he hem taughtte, over a wode,
To fynden watres swithe gode.
Al that day and al that nighth,
Hy riden south-est righth.
Bores, beres, and lyouns,

Mayth hete] art able to eat. Fete] fetch. Flaunes] Custards or pancakes. Suilk] such. Seyt and suereth] say and swear. Nouth no dereth] Nothing at all may injure.

Gest] story. Noblay] excellence. Taughtte] led. Here] hire. Swithe] very.

Olyfaunz, tygres, and dragouns,
Vnces grete, and leopardes,
Yoven hem many assaut hardes,
And slowghen many bolde and wighthes
Of Kyng Alisaunder knighttes.
Ac so by comen over that wode,
And founded watres swithe gode,
There was talt many pavyloun
Of riche sendel and siclatoun ;
Many banere and banerett
Was on pavyloun y-sett.
The Kynges ost lasted aboute
Two and twenty milen withouten doute.
The King dude onon afelle
Many thousande okes, ich telle ;
Beches, birches of the fairest,
And hete sette on fire on hast.
Hy maden fyres vertuous
Fyve hundreth, vche gret als an hous :
For the Kynge wolde have suiche lighth,
He nere bitrayed vpon that nighth.
To mete was greithed beef and motoun,
Bredes, briddes, and venysoun.
The Kyng of sent erles and barouns,
For to sopere it was seysouns.
Tofore the Kyng honge a charbokel ston,
And two thousand laumpes of gold and on,
That casten also mychel lighth,
As by day the sonne brighth.
The glewmen useden her tunge ;
The wode aqueightte so hy sunge.

Olyfaunz] elephants. Teche] lead. Yoven] gave. Slowghen] slew. Wighthes] strong. Talt] pitched. Sendel] sandal wood. Seysouns] time. Siclatoun] rich stuff. Hete] bade. So, also] as. Nere] would not be. Vertuous] good. Greithed] prepared. Of sent] sent for. Aqueightte] quaked, trembled.

To a twenty milen aboute
Of barouns and knighttes lasted the route.
Also the Kyng, and his meigné,
Gladdest weren and aveysé,
Grete addren comen flynge,
And scorpion with vile whistlynge ;
Tygres, olyfaunz, and beres
Comen flynge with grete heres,
And assaileth, with cry and boost,
Al Alisaundres oost.
In this tyme, noughth fer thenne,
Woned a Kyng of selkouth menne :
Hy ben ycleped Albanyen.

. . . . .

The Kyng dude by his mennes rede,
And to have Alisaunder frendrede,
Of golde he sent hym a coroune,
And a swithe fair faukoune,
Tweye bugle hornes, and a bowe also,
And fyve arewen ek therto ;
In a cheyne of golde tweie grifhoundes ;
Ne have ich none suich y-founde.
Hy weren mychel als lyouns ;
Of mete neren hy none glotouns.
Thoo that broughtten this present,
With faire giftse ayeine were went.
Now ariseth cry and boost,
Among Alisaunders oost,
Of scorpiouns and addres, with her speres,
Of tigres, olifauntz, lyouns, and beres,
That mychel of Alisaunder folk to-tereth ;
And with brondes and swerdes hy hem wereth ;

Fer] far. Woned] dwelt. Selkouth] foreign. By . . . rede] according to the advice of his men. To tereth] teareth to pieces. Wereth] defend. Frendrede] friendship. Grifhoundes] greyhounds. Neren] were not. Ayeine] again.

And of the addres and scorpiouns
Hy slowen a gret fuysouns.
Ac the houndes of whiche we spaak
Her cheyne bituene hem hy braak ;
That on lep on a lyoun
And to ground hym threw adoun,
And hym astrangled meigntenaunt.
The other lep on an olyfaunt,
And threw hym also to grounde,
And strangled hym in litel stounde ;
And with how, and with cry,
The other duden away fleighe.
The Kyng, and ek his meignè,
Thereof hadden grete glee.
The smale addren of whiche we spaake
Weren bileved att a lake,
And dronke and wesshe hem saunz faile ;
The Kynge thereof had mervaile.

RICHARD CŒR DE LION

The Preface to the Romance of Cœr de Lion

14th Century.

Lord Jesus Kyng of glorye
Such grace and vyctorye
Thou sente to Kyng Rychard,
That never was found coward.
It is ful god to here in jeste
Off his prowesse and hys conqueste.
Fele romanses men make newe,
Of good knyghtes, strong and trewe,

Fuysouns] plenty. Meigntenaunt] forthwith. Stounde] time. [Bileved] left, given up.

Fele] many.

Off hey dedys men rede romance,
Bothe in Engeland and in France ;
Off Rowelond, and of Olyver,
And of every doseper ;
Of Alisander, and Charlemain,
Off Kyng Arthor, and off Gawayn,
How they wer knyghtes good and curteys ;
Off Turpyn, and of Ocier Daneys ;
Off Troye men rede in ryme,
What werre ther was in olde tyme ;
Off Ector, and of Achylles,
What folk they slone in that pres.
In Frensshe bookys this rym is wrought,
Lewede menne knowe it nought ;
Lewede menne cunne French non ;
Among an hondryd unnethis on ;
And nevertheles, with glad chere,
Fele off hem that wolde here,
Noble justis, I undyrstond,
Of doughty knyghtes off Yngelonde.
Par foie, now I well you rede,
Off a kyng, doughty in dede ;
Kyng Rychard, the werryour best,
That men fynde in ony jeste.

Hey] high deeds. Doseper] Peer; lit., one of the Twelve Peers of France Werre] war. Slowe] slew. Pres] fight. Lewede] unlearned. Cunne] know. Unnethis on] scarcely one. Rede] tell. Werryour] warrior. Jeste] story.

ARTHOUR AND MERLIN

Late 13th Century.

(*King Arthur having vanquished the enemies of King Leodigran, is entertained at a feast where Guinevere, the King's daughter, waits on him.*)

King Arthour sat, withouten fable,
Midelest at the heighe table,
King Ban at his right half sat
Ac the other half King Bohort at ;
Afterward her compeinie
Was yfet thritti and neie,
And next hem withouten fable,
Sat the knightes of the rounde table ;
After that y-fet were there
Ai tho other after thai were.
In halle thai hadden riche servise
Where to schuld I that devise ?
Ac Gueneour, withouten les,
Served Arthour of the first mes,
Leodegran that wele I say,
Biheld his douter and Arthour noblay,
So michel on hem he thought,
That of mete no drink he no rought.

. . . . .

Guenoure on knewes oft gan stoupe,
To serve King Arthour with the coupe,
And he seyd to hir, saunfaile,
" Crist lete me yeld the thi travaile " ;
And she seyd to him, " Sir, gramerci

Midelest] in the middle. Half] side. Her] their. Yfet] fetched. Hem] them. Withouten fable] without doubt, truly. Whereto . . . devise] wherefore should I describe that ? Withouten les] without doubt, truly. Mes] mess, portion. Noblay] excellence. No rought] cared not. Knewes] knees. Saunfaile] verily. Lete . . . travaile] allow me to pay thee back (return thanks) for thy trouble.

It nis nought to yeld, sir, ie vous dy,
Ac swiche a thousand so y-be,
Sir, no might it yeld the,
The help and the travail and the honour,
That ye hau don to mi lord and your socour,
Yherd be Ihesus Cristes sond,
That you sent into this lond."
Gueneour was ever to for Arthour,
And served him with gret honour,
And bifor everi gentil man was
Maidens to serve with gret solas.

(*Leodigran and King Arthur make ready for battle. Gniuevere arms King Arthur. It is early summer time*).

Mirie is June that scheweth flour ;
The meden ben of swete odour ;
Lilye and rose of fair colour ;
The river cler withouten sour.
Bothe knights and vavasour
This damisels love paramour.
On Mononday in the pentecost,
Leodegran and alle his ost
Armed ben in aketouns,
Hauberkes, plates, and hauberiouns ;
Bothe with bacin and eke palet
And helme on her heved y-set ;
Stones precious and gimmes.

. . . . .

Mani riche sadel on hast
Was on riche destrer cast ;
That ich day paramour,
Guenore armed King Arthour ;

Nis . . . yeld] There is nothing to give thanks for. ie vous dy] I tell you! Ac swiche . . . ybe] such a service. Yherd] praised. Sond] message. To for] before. Solas] solace, pleasure. Meden ben] maiden is. Sour] defilement. Vavasour] vassals (subvassals). This] these. Aketouns] a kind of jacket. Hauberiouns] habergeons. Bacin] helmet. Palet] headpiece. Her] their. Destrer] war-horse.

At ich armour, the gest seit thisse,
Arthour the maden gan kisse.
Merlin bad Arthour the King
Thenche on that kissinge
When he com into bataile.

THE ROMANCE OF ARTHUR

1350–1400.

A Description of King Arthur

Whan Uther Pendragone was deed,
Arthour anon was y-crowned ;
He was courteys, large, and gent
to alle puple verrament ;
Beaute, myȝt, amyable chere
To alle men ferre and neere ;
Hys port, his ȝyftes gentylle
Maked hym y-loved wylle ;
Ech mon was glad of hys presence,
And drade to do hym dysplesaunce ;
A stronger man of hys honde
Was never founde on any londe,
As courteys as any mayde :
Þus wryteþ of hym þat hym a-sayde.
At Cayrlyone, withoute fable,
He let make þe Rounde table ;
And why þat he maked hyt þus,
Þis was þe risonn y-wyss,—
Þat no man schulde sytt above other,
Ne have indignacioun of hys broþer ;
And alle hadde oo servyse,
For no pryde scholde aryse

The gest seit thisse] The story says this. Thenche] think.
Large] liberal. Gent] gentle. Verrament] truly. A-sayde] proved, knew. Y-wyss] verily. Oo] one.

For any degree of syttynge,
Oþer for any servynge :
Þus he kept þe table Rounde
Whyle he levyd on þe grounde.

The Battle between Arthur and the Emperor Lucius

Lucye haþ pyght his paveloun
And sprad wyþ pryde his gunfanoun ;
His claryouns blastes fulle grete blywe,
Archeris schot, men over-thrywe ;
Bowes, arwes, and arblastere,
Schot sore alle y-vere,
Quarels, arwes, þey fly smerte ;
Þe fyched men þruȝ heed and herte ;
Axes, sperys, and gysarmes gret,
Clefte many a prowt mannes heed :
Hors and steedes gan to grent
And deyde wyþ strokis þat þey hente ;
Many a man þere lost hys lyf,
Many on was wedyw þat was wyff ;
Þere men were wetschoede
Alle of brayn and of blode ;
Gret rywthe hyt was to seyn
Þe feltes fulle of men y-scleyn ;
Lucy þe Emperour also was dede ;
But ho hym sclowh, y can nat rede ;
He, for alle hys grete renoun,
Aȝenst Arthour hadde no fusoun,
No more þan twenty schep
Aȝenst vyve wolfez greet
To God be evere alle honourez.

Oþer] other, or. Levyd . . . grounde] lived on the earth.

Gunfanoun] standard. Blyme] blow. Over-thrywe] over-thrown. Arblastere] arbalast. Yvere] together. Quarels] crossbows Fyched] fixed, pierced. Þruȝ] through. Gysarmes] halberds. Hente] received. Wetschoede] wet shod. Seyn] see. Feltes] fields. Ho] who. Rede] tell. Fusoun] success.

THE ROMANCE OF OTUEL

About 1330.

(*Sir Otuel comes to King Charles with an insolent message from his heathen master, the King of Lombardy.*)

Þer com a Sarazin ful of rage
From King Garsie in message,
In to Paris þe wei he nam,
And to the kinges paleis he kam.
Otuwel his name was,
Of no man a-fered he nas,
Into þe paleis þo he cam,
A skwier be þe hond he nam,
And seide: "ich am comen her,
King Garsie's messager,
To speke wiþ Charles, king of þis lond,
And wiþ a kniȝt þat heet Roulond,
And a noþer hatte Oliver,
Kniȝtes holden wiþouten peer:
Þose þre ich biseche þe,
Þat þou telle me whiche þei be."
Þe skwier þouȝte wel by siȝt
Þat Otuwel was a douȝti kniȝt,
And for he was in message come,
Bi þe hond he haveþ him nome,
And ladde him into the halle,
Among þe grete lordes alle,
And þere þei stodon oppon her feet.
He schewede him where þe king seet,
And tauȝte him hou he scholde knowe,
Þere þei seten oppon a rowe,
Roulond and Olyver,

Nam] took. A-fered he nas] he was not afraid. Skwier] squire. Heet, hatte] hight, is called. Nome] taken. Her] their. Seet, seten] sat.

And þe godde kniȝt Ogger.
Anon as Otuwel hadde a siȝt
Of Charles þat was king and kniȝt
For eye of no man he ne leet,
Bote wente to him þere he seet.
Hit was þe boldeste Sarazin,
Þat evere porte drinke win
And þat was seue wiþoute lesing.
Þo he spak wiþ Charles þe king,
He seide to him amydde his halle:
"Sir King, foule mote þe falle,
Þou art aboute for to greve
Mahoun þat we onne byleve,
Þere fore have þou maugre,
So þe gretep Garsie bi me,
Þat me havep in message sent,
To seggen his comaundement.
And þou, Roulond, þat art his kniȝt,
Non ich knowe þe be siȝt,
May ich mete þe in þe feeld,
Wiþ þi spere and wiþ þi scheld,
Ich wole wyte, so mete ich þe,
Riȝt bytwene me and te.

. . . . .

(*A quarrel follows between Otuel and the knights of Charles, and Otuel, in the name of his master, Garsie, bids the king and his men leave Christianity and become vassals of the heathen King. All the knights of Charles protest against this; but Otuel flouts them.*)

"Certes, Sir King, quaþ Otuwll,
Þine freinsche kniȝtes kune ȝelpe wel,
And whan þei beþ to werre ibrouȝt,

eye] fear. Leet] held back. Þorte] needed to. Sene wiþoute lesing] clear, without a lie. Foule . . . falle] ill befall thee! Mahoun] Mahomet. Onne byleve] believe on. Maugre] ill luck. Seggen] to make known. Kune ȝelpe wel] can yelp well. Werre] war. Brouȝt] brought.

Þanne be þei riȝt nouȝt.
Þauȝ þou bringe wiþ sscheld and spere
Al þat evere may wepene bere,
To werren upon King Garsie,
Certes alle þei sscholden deie.
And þou art king, and old kniȝt,
And havest iloren al þi miȝt,
And in þi ȝinkþe, tak god hede,
Þou nere nevere douȝti of dede."

. . . . .

Roulond bi þe King stood,
And ameved al his blod,
And seide in wraþþe a non riȝt,
To Otuwel þat heþene kniȝt;
"Te werren on Garsie ȝef we fare,
In bataille, and I mete þe þare,
And I may mete þe ariȝt,
Bi Jhu þat is ful of migt,
Þou ne sschalt nevere after þat day,
Despise freinchs man, ȝef ich may."
"Ouȝ," quaþ Otuwel and louȝ,
Wherto makestou it so touȝ,
To þrete me in anoþer lond,
Nam ich [nouȝt] here at þin hond,
ȝef þou havest wille to fiȝte,
Whan evere þou wolt let þe diȝte,
And þou sschalt finde me redi diȝt,
In þe feld to bide fiȝt."

. . . .

King Charles stod al stille,
And biheld his gode wille,
And seide, "it is harm, iwis,
Þat þou nost what follaut is;

loren] lost. ȝiukþe] youth. Ameved] stirred. Jhu] Jesu. Louȝ] laughed.
Touȝ] tough. Diȝte] dight, get ready. Nost] knowest not.

Gef þou woldes follaut take,
And þine false godes forsake,
Iche wolle make the, so mote ihc þe,
And tou wille bleve wiþ me,
A riche man in mi lond,
Þat ich wille sikere þe on hond."
Otuwel, þat hardi kniȝt,
Answerde anon riȝt :
" Cristes cors uppon his heved,
Þat me radde such a red
To forsake mi god Mahun ;
I welle nouȝt leve thi false sarmon."
. . . . . .
King Charles gan to meven his blod,
But naþeles he was hende and good,
And nolde for hise wordes heȝe,
Don Otuel no vileinie.

AMIS AND AMILOUN

14th Century.

(*Amis and Amiloun, in appearance closely alike, are the young sons, of two barons who were great friends. They are brought up at the court of a "rich duke," and the following verses tell of their early friendship and their first separation.*)

Thus war tho hende childer, ywis,
Child Amiloun and child Amis,
In court frely to fede ;
To ride an hunting, under riis ;
Over al the lond than were thai priis,

Follaut] baptism. So . . . þe] so may I thrive. Bleve] abide. Sikere] secure. Radde . . . red] gave me such advice. Leve] believe. Hende] noble. Heȝe] high, proud. Don] do. Vileinie] harm.

Hende] noble. Riis] bush. Priis] best.

And worthliest in wede.
So wele tho childer loved hem tho,
Nas never children loved hem so,
Noither in word no in dede.
Bitwix hem twai, of blod and bon,
Trewer love nas never non,
In gest as so we rede.

On a day the childer war and wight
Trewethes togider thai gan plight,
While thai might live and stond:
That bothe bi day and bi night,
In wele and wo, in wrong and right,
That thai schuld frely fond,
To hold togidre at everi nede,
In word, in werk, in wille, in dede,
Where that thai were in lond;
Fro that day forward never mo;
Failen other for wele no wo;
Therto thai held up her hond.

Þus in gest as ye may here,
Tho hende childer in cuntre were,
With that douke for to abide.
The douke was blithe and glad of chere,
Thai were him bothe leve and dere,
Semly to fare bi his side.
Tho thai were fiften winter old,
He dubbed bothe tho bernes bold
To knightes in that tide;
And fond hem al that hem was nede,
Horse, and wepen, and worthy wede,
As princes prout in pride.

Wede] weed, raiment. War and wight] wary and bold. Trewethes] troth. Fond] endeavour. Semly] seemly, comely. Bernes] children.

(*The Duke advances them both to high office; but Sir Amiloun is suddenly called away by the death of his parents.*)

Than was Sir Amiloun ferli wo,
For to wende Sir Amis fro;
  On him was al his thought.
To a goldsmithe he gan go,
And lete make gold coupes to,
  For thre hundred pounde he hem bought,
That bothe were of o wight
And bothe of o michel y-plight
  Ful richeliche thai were wrought:
And bothe tha weren as liche, I wis,
As was Sir Amiloun and Sir Amis,
  Ther no failed right nought.

. . . . .

(*They pledge their faith again to each other and*)

As thai stode so, tho bretheren bold,
Sir Amis drough forth two coupes of gold
  Ware liche in al thing,
And bade Sir Amis that he schold
Chese whether he have wold,
  Withouten more duelling;
And seyd to him, "Mi leve brother,
Kepe thou that on, and I that other;
  For Godes love, heven king,
Late never this coupe fro the,
Bot loke her on and thenk on me!
  It tokneth our parting."

Gret sorwe thai made at her parting,
And kisten hem with eighen wepeing,
  Tho knightes hende and fre;
Aither bitauhgt other heven king,
And on her stedes thai gan spring,
  And went in her jurne.

Ferli] wonderfully. O] one. Liche] alike. Duelling] delaying. Late] let go. Hende] courteous. Fre] noble. Bitaught] committed to.

THE "GEST HYSTORIALE" OF THE DESTRUCTION OF TROY

About 1340.

(*Paris and Helen meet for the first time in the Temple of Venus.*)

Parys stode in a stody and streght on hir lokit,
ffaste by Pat fre fresshe of araye;
Behelde hir full hertely, hade no rewarde
To prayer, ne pepull, ne prayer within,
So he hedit þat hynde, and ho hym agayne
With a lokyng on lenght in hor love ene,
Þat Paris ho pryset in hir pure mynde,
Of feturs and fourme fairer by myche,
Þan he uppon hir hertely couthe fyrde:
And thus ho thought full thrange in hir thro hert,
Þat so semely a sight ho se never before,
Ne so comly a creature to his clene wit,
Ne no lede to hir lykyng halfe so luffable.
Ho tentit not in tempull to no tall prayers,
Ne no melody of mouthe made at þe tyme,
Ne speche of no spiritualitie, with speciall ne other;
But ay staryt o þat stonte with hire stepe ene
There most was hir mynd in þat mene qwhile;
And Parys perceyvit the print of hir sight
And lokit on þat lovely with a light chere,
Till aither sight was sadly set uppon other
So be lokyng of lenght with a love chere,
Ayther kyndly by course knew oþer wille.

ffaste . . . fre] close by that noble lady. Rewarde] regard. Hedit] heeded, took notice of. Hynde] gracious lady. Ho] she. On lenght] at length. Ene] eyes. pryset] praised. Thrange] busily. Thro] eager. Clene wit] secret mind. Lede] man. Staryt] stared. Stoute] brave, good. Stepe ene] bright eyes. Lovely] lovely lady. Light chere] glad face. Sadly] earnestly, fixedly. Of lenght] for a long time, Love chere] countenance of love. Kyndly] naturally. Oþer wille] the will of the other.

Robert of Gloucester's Chronicle

Description of England 1250–1350

Engeland his a wel god land, ich wene, ech londe best,
Iset in þe on ende of þe worlde as al in þe west,
Þe see geþ him al aboute he stond as in an yle
Of fon hii dorre þe lasse doute bote hit be þorȝ gyle
Of folc of þe sulue lond, as me haþ iseye ȝwile.
Fram souþe to norþ he is long eiȝte hondred mile,
And two hundred mile brod fram est to west to wende
Amidde þe lond as hit be and noȝt as bi þe on ende.
Plente me may in Engleond of alle gode ise,
Bote volc hit vorgulte oþer ȝeres þe worse be
Vor Engelonde is vol inoȝ of frut and ek of tren,
Of wodes and of parkes þat joye hit is to sen,
Uf foweles and of bestes of wilde and tame also,
Of salt fichz and eke verss of vaire rivers þer to,
Of wellen swete and colde inouȝ, of lesen and of mede,
Of seluer or, and of gold, of tyn, and ek of lede,
Of stel, of yre, and of bras, of god corn gret won,
Of wit and of wolle god, betere ne may be non.
Wateres he haþ ek inouȝ, ac at uore alle oþere þre,
Out of þe lond in to þe se, armes as þei it be,
ȝware bi þe ssipes mowe come fram þe se and wende
And bringe alonde god inoȝ aboute in eche ende;
Severne and Temese, Homber is þet pridde.
And þanne is, as ȝwo seiþ, þat pur lond amidde

His] is. Ech londe best] best of all lands. Iset in þe on] placed in the one. Geþ] goeth, runneth. He] it. Yle] isle. Fon] foes. Hii dorre þe lasse doute] the less need they fear. Bote, þorȝ] except, through. Sulve] self, same. Me] one, they. Iseye ȝuile] seen at times. Wende] wend, go. Þe on ende] the one ende. Ise] see. Bote . . . be] Except folk forfeit it, or the years be the worse (in crops). Vol inoȝ] full enough. Tren] trees. Fichz] fish. Verss] fresh. Vaire] fair, beautiful.

Wellen swete] sweet (fresh) springs. Inouȝ] enough. Lesen] leas, pastures. Mede] meadows. Won] store. Wit] wheat. Wolle] wool. At yore] before. Þre] three. Þei] though. ȝware bi] whereby. Ssipes] ships. Alonde] to land. As ȝwo seiþ] as one saith. Pur] pure, perfect.

Homber bringz bi norþe muche god and wide,
Severne bi west souþ ; Temes bi þe est side,
So þat of god inoȝ þat in oþer londes his
Þer bi comeþ to Engleond þat non defaute nis.

MORTE ARTHURE

14th Century.

A Battle

Than the Romaynes, and the rennkkez of þe rounde table
Rewles them in arraye, rerewarde ande oþer,
With wyghte wapynez of werre, they wroghten on helmes.
Rittez with raunke stele full ryalle maylez ;
Bot they fitt them fayre, thes frekk byernez,
Fewters in freely one feraunte stedes,
Foynes full felly with flyschande speris
Freten of orfrayes feste appon scheldez.
So fele fay es in fyghte appon þe felde levyde,
That iche a furthe in the firthe of rede blode rynnys,
By that swyftely one swarthe þe swett as bylevede,
Swerdez swangen in two, sweltand knyghtez
Lyes wyde opyn welterande on walopande stedez ;
Wondes of wale men, werkaude sydys,
Facez feteled unfaire in filterede lakes,
All craysed fortrodyn with trappede stedez,
The faireste fygured folde that fygurede was ever,

So. . . nis] so that what in other lands is very good (*good enough*), cometh, thereby, in England, to be perfect (*that no defect is*).

Roymanes]. Romans. Renkkez] men. Rewles . . . arraye] set themselves in order. Wyghte] strong. Rittez] rend. Maylles] coats of mail. Fitt] array, set in order. Frekke byernez] bold warriors. Fewters] put the spear in rest. Feraunte] iron-grey. Foynes] thrust. Flyschande] slashing. Freten] adorned. Crfrayes] gold embroidery or fringe. Fele fay] many a one fated to die. Levyde] left. Iche a furthe] every path. Firthe] forest. Swarthe] sward. Swett] blood. Bylevede] left. Swangen] beaten. Sweltande] dying. Lyes] lie. Welterande] weltering. Walopande stedez] galloping steeds. Wondes] wounds. Wale] choice, brave. Werkande sydys] aching sides. Feteled unfaire] disfigured. Filtered lakkes] matted. Craysed] bruised. Fortrodyn] trampled down. Fygured folde] figures on earth (?).

Alls ferre alls a furlange, a thosande at ones.
By than the Romaynez ware rebukyde a lyttill,
Withdrawes theym drerely, and dreches no lengare ;
Oure prynce with his powere persewes theym aftyre,
Prekez on þe proudeste with his price knyghttez.
Sir Kayous, Sir Clegis, with clene men of armez,
Enconters them at þe clyffe with clene men of armes,
Fyghttes faste in þe fyrth, frythes no wapen,
Felled at þe firste come fyfe hundrethe at ones.
And when they fande theym foresett with oure fers knyghtez,
Fewe men agayne fele mot fyche them bettyre ;
Feghttez with all þe frappe, foynes with speres,
And faughte with the frekkeste þat to Fraunce langez.

SIR GAWAIN AND THE GREEN KNIGHT

14th Century.

(*The Green Knight enters the hall of King Arthur where the king and his court are assembled for the New Year festival.*)

Ther watz lokyng on lenþe, þe lude to beholde,
For uch mon had mervayle quat hit mene myȝt.
Þat a haþel and a horse myȝt such a hwe lach,
As growe grene as þe gres and grener hit semed,
Þen grene aumayl on golde lowande bryȝter ;
Al studied þat þer stod and stalked hym nerre,
Wyth al þe wonder of þe worlde, what he worch schulde,
For fele sellyez had þay sen, bot such never are,

Drerely] gloomily. Dreches] tarry. Prekez] rides fast. Price] noble. Frythes] spare. Come] coming. Foresett] beset. Fele] many. Fyche them] disport themselves. Frappe] band. Frekkeste] boldest.

SIR GAWAIN AND THE GREEN KNIGHT

They looked a long time, viewing the knight, for everyone marvelled what it might mean that man and ho se could don such a hue ; as green as grass growing, and it seemed greener, shining brighter than green enamel or gold. All who stood there pondered, with all the wonder in the world, what they ought to do, and went nearer to him stealthily. For many strange things had they seen, but never

For þi for fantoum and fayryȝe þe folk ðere hit demed,
Þerfore to answare watȝ arȝe mony aþel freke,
And al stonned at his steven, and ston-stil seten,
In a swoghe sylence þurȝ þe sale riche
As al were slypped upon stepe so slaked hor lotez
in hyȝe.
I deme hit not al for doute,
Bot sum for cortaysye,
Bot let hym þat al schulde loute,
Cast unto þat wyze.

(*King Arthur having welcomed the knight, the latter challenges any man of the company to "strike one stroke for another." But he is met by silence, for he is such a huge and mysterious being. He ridicules the assembly, and then Arthur indignantly comes forward, prepared to give him the blow, when Gawain interposes.*

If he hem stowned upon fyrst, stiller were þanne
Alle þe hered-men in halle, þe hyge and þe loȝe ;
Þe rank on his rounce hym ruched in his sadel,
And runischly his rede yȝen he reled aboute,
Bende his bresed broȝeȝ, bly-cande grene,
Wayved his berde for to wayte quo-so wolde ryse.
When non wolde kepe hym with carp he coȝed ful hyȝe,
Ande rimed hym ful richley, and ryȝt hym to speke :

before such as this. So for phantom or "faerie" the people deemed it, and therefore many a noble knight feared to answer. All were astonished at his voice and sat stone-still, in dead silence through the great hall, as if all had fallen asleep. So straightway their talking ceased.

I deem it was not all for fear but something for courtesy that they let him to whom all should bow speak to the knight.

If he had astonished them at first, even still more confounded were then the nobles in the hall, both high and low. The knight sat firm in his saddle on his steed, and fiercely rolled his red eyes, bent his shaggy brows, that shone green, stroked his beard, while waiting if any should rise. When no one would meet him with speech he coughed loudly, and "hemmed" very much, and straightway

" What, is þis Arþures hous," quoth þe haþel þenne,
" Þat al þe rous rennes of, þurȝ ryalmes so mony ?
Where is now your sourguydrey, and your conquestes,
Your gryndel-layk, and your greme, and your grete wordes ?
Now is þe revel and þe renoun of ðe rounde table
Over-walt wyth a worde of on wyȝes speche ;
For al dares for drede, withoute dynt schewed ! "
Wyth þis he laȝes so loude, þat þe lorde greved ;
Þe blod schot for scham into his schyre face
and lere ;
He wex as wroth as wynde,
So did alle þat þer were,
Þe kyng as kene bi kynde,
Þen stod þat stif mon nere.
Ande sayde " Haþel, by heven þyn askyng is nys,
And as þou foly hatz frayst, fynde þe behoves ;
I know no gome þat is gast of þy grete wordes.
Gif me now þy geserne, upon godeȝ halve,
And I schal bayþen þy bone, þat þou boden habbes."
Lyȝtly lepeȝ he hym to, and laȝt at his honde ;
Þen feersly þat oþer freke upon fote lyȝtis.
Now hatȝ Arthure his axe, and þe halme grypeȝ,

spake to them, " What," said the warrior then, " Is this Arthur's hall, whose fame has gone through so many realms ? Where is now your pride and your conquests, your fierceness and your wrath, and your great words ? Now is the revel and renown of the Round Table over-turned with a word of one man's speech, for without a blow given, are all afraid." With that he laughed so loud that the King was angered ; into his fair face the blood shot for shame. He waxed as wroth as the wind, and so did all who were there. The king, brave of nature, then stood nearer that stark man, and said, " O Knight, by heaven thy question is strange, and as thou hast asked in folly, it behoves thee find. I know no man who is afraid of thy great words. Give me now thine axe, on God's behalf, and I will give thee the boon thou hast prayed." Quickly he went towards him and seized his hand ; then the other warrior alighted fiercely on foot. Now Arthur has his axe and grips the handle, and

And sturnely sturez hit aboute, þat stryke wyth hit þoȝt.
Þe stif mon hym bifore stod upon hyȝt,
Herre þen ani in þe hous by þe hede and more;
Wyth sturne schere þer he stod, he stroked his berde,
And with a countenaunce dryȝe, he droȝ down his cote,
No more mate ne dismayed for hys mayn dintez,
Þen any burne upon benche hade broȝt hym to drynk
of wyne.
Gawan, þat sate bi þe quene,
To þe kyng he gan enclyne,
" I beseche now with saȝez sene,
Þis melly mot be myne."

Sir Gawain rides through a forest in winter.

Bi a mounte on þe morne meryly he rydes,
Into a forest ful dep, þat ferly watz wylde,
Hiȝe hillez on vche a halve, and holt wodez under,
Of hore okez ful hoge a hundreth to-geder;
þe hasel and þe haȝ-þorne were harled al samen,
With roȝe raged mosse rayled ay-where,
With mony brydde3 vnbly þe upon bare twyges,
Þat pitosly þer piped for pyne of þe colde.

brandishes it boldly as if about to strike. The stark man stood towering up before him, higher than any in the hall by a head and more. With stern cheer he stood there, he stroked his beard and with "dry countenance," drew down his coat, no more abashed or dismayed for his great blows than if any man sitting there had brought him wine to drink. Gawain, who sat by the queen, turned to the king, " I beseech thee now truly, let mine be this encounter."

. . . . .

On that morning he rides gaily by a hill, into a thick forest, which was very wild; high hills on each side and thick woods below of hoary oaks, very huge, a hundred together; the hazel and hawthorn were trailing all intertwined, with rough ragged moss spread everywhere. On the bare twigs many mournful birds piped piteously, for pain of the cold.

PEARL

14th Century.

(*Watching in grief beside the grave of a little child the father falls asleep and dreams.*)

Bifore that spot my honde I spennd,
For care ful colde that to me caght ;
A denely dele in my herte denned,
Thagh resoun sette my selven saght.
I playned my perle that ther wacz spenned,
Wyth fyrte skyllez that faste faght ;
Thagh kynde of kryst me comfort kenned,
My wreched wylle in wo ay wraghte.
I felle upon that floury flaght,
Suche odour to my hernez schot ;
I slode upon a slepyng-slaghte
On that precios perle withouten spot.

Fro spot my spyryt ther sprang in space,
My body on balke ther bod in sweven,
My goste is gon in godez grace,
In aventure ther mervaylez meven ;
I ne wyste in this worlde quere that hit wace,
But I knew me keste ther klyfez cleven ;
Towarde a foreste I bere the face,
Where rych rokkez wer to dyscreven ;

PEARL

Before that spot my hands I clasped, for care, full cold, that had seized upon me ; though reason would set me at peace. I moaned for my pearl that there was closed in, with fearful reasonings that fought hard ; though the nature of Christ showed me comfort, my wretched will ever worked in woe. I fell upon the flowery plot, such fragrant odour flew to my brain.

I slipped into slumber above that precious, spotless pearl. My spirit from that spot sprang into space, my ghost went, in God's grace, on adventure where marvels move. I wist not where in this world it was, but I knew I was cast where cliffs tower up. Toward a forest I set my face, where rocks were rich to tell of, the light

The lyght of hem myght no mon leven,
The glemande glory that of hem glent ;
For wern never webbez that wyghez weven
Of half so dere adubbement.

(*The wanderer passes through a lovely region—" of wood and water and beautiful plains," and full of the singing of birds, and then comes upon a fair stream which he longs to cross—for " lovelier was the farther land"*)

More mervayle con my dom adaunt ;
I segh byyonde that myry mere,
A crystal clyffe ful relusaunt,
Mony ryal ray con fro hit rere ;
At the fote thereof there sete a faunt,
A mayden of menske, ful debonere ;
Blysnande whyt wacz hyr bleaunt ;
(I knew hyr wel, I hade sen hyr ere.)
As glysnande golde that man con schere,
So schon that schene anunder schore ;
On lenghe I looked to hyr there,—
The lenger, I knew hyr more and more.

The more I frayste hyr fayre face,
Her figure fyn quen I had fonte,
Suche gladande glory con to me glace,
As lyttel byfore therto wacz wonte ;

of them no man might believe, the gleaming glory that glinted from them, for never were webs that men have woven of half such precious adornment.

. . . . .

More marvels daunted my mind ; I saw, beyond that winsome mere, all sparkling, a crystal cliff. Many a royal ray came from it. At the foot thereof there sat a child, a gracious maiden, full debonair. Of shining whiteness was her outer robe (I knew her well, I had seen her before). As glistening gold that is made pure, so shone that sheen one under the cliff ; for long I looked upon her there, the longer, I knew her more and more.

The more I scanned her fair face, and when I had looked at her lovely form, such a glory of gladness stole into me as heretofore had been little wont.

CLEANNESS

14th Century.

The Flight of the Animals Back to Their Haunts After the Flood

Þen watz a skylly skyvalde, quen scaped alle þe wylde;
Uche fowle to þe flyȝt þat fyþerez myȝt serve,
Uche fysch to þe flod þat fynne couþe nayte,
Uche beste to þa bent þat þat bytes on erbez;
Wylde wormez to her won wryþez in þe erþe
þe fox and þe folmarde to þe fryth wyndez,
herttes to hyȝe heþe, harez to gorstez,
and lyounez and lebardez to þe lake ryftes,
hernez and havekez to þe hyȝe rochez;
þe hole foted fowle to þe flod hyȝez,
and uche best at a brayde þer hym best lykez.

The Destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah.

Þe grete God in his greme bygynnez on-lofte;
To wakan wederez so wylde þe wyndez he callez,
and þay wroþely upwafte and wrastled togeder,
Fro fawre half of þe folde, flytande loude.
Clowddez clustered bytwene kesten up torres,
þat þe þik þunder þrast þirled him ofte
þe rayn rueled adoun, ridlande þikke,
Of felle flaunkes of fyr and flakes of soufre,
Al in smolderande smoke smachande ful ille

Watz] was. Skylly skyvalde] * scurrying flight in all directions. Scaped] escaped. Wylde] wild creatures. Couþe nayte] could use. Best] beast. Bent] field, plain. Bytez on erbez] feeds on herbs. Wormez] reptiles, worms, snakes. Won] dwelling. Wryþez] writhe, wriggle. Folmarde] pole-cat. Fryth] wood. Wyndez] wends, goes. Gorstez] gorze (?). Ryftes] caverns, fissures. Hernez and havekez]eagles and hawks. Hyȝes] hies. At a brayde] in a moment, at a rush. Greme] anger. Wederez] storms. Wroþely] wrothfully. Upwafte] uprose. Fro . . . folde] From the four ends (sides) of the earth. Flytande] striving, quarrelling. Kesten] threw. Torres] towers, ramparts. Þrast] pressure, thrust. Þirled] pierced. Rueled] rushed. Ridlande] dropping. Soufre] sulphur. Smachande] smelling.

* The exact meaning of this phrase is uncertain.

Swe aboute Sodamas and hit sydez alle,
Gorde to Gomorra þat þe grounde laused ;
Abdama and Syboym, þise ceteis alle faure,
Al bi-rolled wyth þe rayn, rostted and brenned,
And ferly flayed þat folk þat in þose fees lenged ;
For when þat þe helle herde þe houndeȝ of heven
He watz ferlyly fayn, unfolded by lyve.
Þe grete barrez of þe abyme he barst up at onez,
þat alle þe regioun to-rof in riftes ful grete,
And cloven alle in lyttel cloutes þe clyffes aywhere,
As lance levez of þe boke þat lepes in twynne.
þe brethe of þe brynston bi þat hit blende were
Al þo citees and her sydes sunkken to helle.
Rydelles wern þo grete rowtes of renkkes withinne,
when þay wern war of þe wrake þat no wyȝe achaped
Such a ȝomerly ȝarm of ȝellyng þer rysed ;
Þer-of clatered þe cloudes þat kryst myȝt haf rawþe.

PATIENCE

14th Century.

Jonah and the Gourd

(*Jonah leaves Nineveh and retires to a field where he builds an arbour and sleeps. He is protected from the sun by a woodbine* (*gourd*) *which afterwards withers away.*)

Þer he busked hym a bour, þe best þat he myȝt,
Of hay and ever-ferne and erbez a fewe,
For hit watz playn in þat place for plyande grevez

Swe] swept (?). Gorde] rushed. Laused] quaked (?). Fees] cities Lenged] dwelt. Þe helle] hell. Ferlyly] wondrously. Fayn] glad. Unfolded bylyve] opened immediately. Abyme] abyss. To-rof] rent asunder. Cloutes] pieces. Aywhere] everywhere. Lance] drop, fall. Levez] leaves. Lepes] falls (leaps). Twynne] twain, two. Rydelles] redeless, uncertain, confused. Rowtes] crowds. Renkkes] men. Wrake] vengeance. Wyȝe], being. Achaped] escaped. ȝomerly ȝarm] doleful cry. Þat . . . rawþe] so that Christ might feel pity.

Everferne] fern. Playne] clear. Plyande grevez] shady (drooping) groves.

For to schylde fro the schene, oþer any schade kest.
He bowed under his lyttel boþe, his bak to the sunne,
And þer he swowed and slept sadly al nyȝt,
Þe whyle God of his grace ded growe of þat soyle,
Þe fayrest bynde hym abof that ever burne wyste.
When þe dawande day dryȝtyn con sende,
Þenne wakened þe wyȝ under wodbynde,
Loked alofte on þe lef þat lylled grene;
Such a lefsel of lof never lede hade,
For hit watz brod at þe boþem, boȝted on lofte,
Happed upon ayþer half a hous as hit were,
A nos on þe north syde and nowhere non ellez,
Bot al schet in a schaȝe þat schaded ful cole.
Þe gome glyȝt on þe grene graciouse levez,
Þat ever wayved a wynde so wyþe and so cole;
Þe schyre sunne hit ymbe-schon, þaȝ no schafte myȝt
Þe mountnaunce of a lyttel mote, upon þat man schyne,
Þenne watz þe gome so glad of his gay logge,
Lys loltrande þerinne, lokande to toune,
So blyþe of his wodbynde he balteres þer under
Þat of no diete þat day ded evel haf, he roȝt;
And ever he laȝed as he loked þe loge alle aboute,
And wysched hit were in his kyth, þer he wony schulde,
On heȝe upon Effraym oþer Ermonnes hilles,
"I wysse a worþloker won to welde I never keped."
And quen hit neȝed to naȝt nappe hym bihoved;
He slydez on a sloumbe, slep sloghe under leves,

Boþe] booth. Swowed] swooned. Sadly] soundly. Bynde] woodbine. Burne] man. Dawande] dawning. Dryȝtyn] Lord. Con sende] sent. Wyȝ] man. Lef] leaf. Lylled] shone. Lefsel] leaf-bower. Lof] love. Lede] man. Boþem] bottom. Boȝted] curved. Happed] covered. Nos] opening (?). Schaȝe] wood. Glyȝt] shone. Wyþe] soft. Ymb-schon] shone around. Loltrande] loitering. Lokande to toune] looking toward the town (Nineveh). Balteres] halts. Roȝt] recked. Laȝed] laughed. Kyth] land. Þer . . . schulde] where he had to dwell. Hege] high. I wysse . . . keped] I know I should never wish to own a better dwelling. Neȝed to naȝt] drew near to night. Nappe] sleep. Sloumbe] slumber. Sloghe] slow.

Whil God wayned a worme þat wrot upe þe rote,
And wyddered watz þe wodbynde bi þat þe wyȝe wakned;
And syþen he warnez þe west waken ful softe,
And sayez unte Zeferus þat he syfle warme,
Þat þer quikken no cloude bifore þe cler sunne,
And ho schal busch up ful brode and brenne as a candel.
Þen wakened þe wyȝe of hys wyl dremes,
And blusched to his wodbynde þat broþely watz marred,
Al welwed and wasted þo worþelych leves;
Þe schyr sunne hade hem schent, er ever þe schalk wyst
And þen hef up þe hete and heterly brenned;
Þe warme wynde of þe weste wertes he swyþez.
Þe man marred on þe molde þat moȝt hym not hyde,
His wodbynde watz away, he weped for sorȝe,
With hatel anger and hot beterly he callez.

Nicholas of Guildford

Fl. 1246–1250.

THE OWL AND THE NIGHTINGALE BEGIN A QUARREL

Ich was in one sumere dale,
In one swiþe diȝele hale,
I-herde ich holde grete tale
An ule and one niȝtingale
Þat plait was stif and starc and strong,
Sum wile softe, and lud among;
And aiþer aȝen oþer swal,
And let þat vule mod ut al.

Wayned] procured. Wrot uþe] rooted up. Bi þat] by the time that. Syþen] then. Syfle] flow, blow. Quikken] grow up. Busch up] rise up. Brode] broad. Wyl] wandering. Blusched] looked. Broþely] roughly. Welwed] faded. Schent] spoiled. Schalk] man. Wyst] knew. Hef] rose. Heterly] fiercely. Wertes] herbs. Swyþez] scorches. Hatel] fierce. Callez] cries out.

One] a. Dale] valley. Swiþe diȝele hale] very dim secluded spot. Tale] discussion. Plait] dispute. Lud among] now and then loud. Aiþer . . swal] either swelled (with anger) against the other. Vule mod ut al] the evil mind all out.

And eiþer seide of oþeres custe
Þat alre worste þat hi wuste;
And hure and hure of oþeres songe
Hi heolde plaiding swiþe stronge.
Þe niȝtingale bi-gon þe speche,
In one hurne of one beche;
And sat up one vaire boȝe,
Þar were abute blosme i-noȝe,
In one waste þicke hegge,
I-meind mid spire and grene segge
Heo was þe gladur vor þe rise,
And song a vele cunne wise:
Bet þuȝte þat he were i-shote
Of harpe and pipe þan of þrote.
Þo stod on old stoc þar bi-side,
Þar þo ule song hire tide,
And was mid ivi al bi-growe,
Hit was þare ule earding-stowe.
Þe niȝtingale hi isez,
And hi bi-heold and over-sez,
And þuhte wel vule of þare ule,
For me hi halt loþlich and fule:
"Unwiȝt," heo sede, "awei þu fleo.
Me is the wers þat ich þe ses;
I-wis for þine vule lete
Wel oft ich mine song for-lete;
Min heorte at-fliþ, and falt mi tunge,

Custe] character. Þat . . . wuste] the worst of all that he knew. And . . . songe] and at intervals concerning the other's song. Urne] corner. Vaire boȝe] fair branch. Abute blosme i-noȝe] plenty of blossoms about. Hegge] hedge. I meind . . . segge] mixed with spires and green sedge. Rise] branch. A vele cunne wise] in many kinds of ways. Bet . . . i-shote] it seemed rather as if it were shot. Þrote] throat. Stoc] trunk of a tree. Hire tide] at her season. Bi-growe] over grown. Þare ule earding-stowe] the owl's dwelling-place. Isez] saw. Over-sez] despised. Vule] contemptuously. Me . . . fule] one holds her loathsome and foul. "Unwiȝt," heo . . . fleo"] "uncanny thing," she said, "fly away." Wers] worse. Lete] bearing, behaviour. Forlete] stop. Atfliþ] flies off. Falt] falters.

Wonne þu art to me iþrunge.
Me luste bet speten, þane singe
Of þine fule ȝoȝelinge."
Þeos ule abod fort hit was eve,
Heo ne miȝte no leng bileve,
Vor hire heorte was so gret,
Þat wel neȝ hire fnast at-schet;
And warp a word þar-after longe:
"Hu þinche nu bi mine songe?
Wenst þu þat ich ne cunne singe,
Þez ich ne cunne of writelinge?
I-lome þu dest me grame,
And seist me boþe teone and schame;
Zif ich þe heolde on mine vote
So hit bi-tide þat ich mote?
And þu were ut of þine rise,
Þu scholdest singe an oþer wise."

(From *The Owl and the Nightingale.*)

Lyrics

Early 14th Century.

CUCKOO SONG

Sumer is icumen in
Lhude sing cuccu!
Groweþ sed, and loweþ med,
And springþ the wude nu
Sing cuccu!

Wonne] when. Iþrunge] close, near. Me . . . speten] it would please me better to spit. Of . . . ȝoȝelinge] at thy foul guggling. Abod fort] abode until. Leng bileve] longer remain (silent). Fnast at-schet] breath shot away. Warp] threw. Þinche bi] think concerning. Ne cunne of writelinge] know nothing of trilling. Ilowe] often. Dest grame] makest angry. Teone] injury. Vote] foot.

Lhude] loud. Wude] wood.

Awe bleteþ after lomb,
Lhouþ after calve cu ;
Bulluc sterteþ, bucke verteþ,
Murie sing cucu !

Cuccu, cuccu, well singes thu, cuccu :
Ne swike thu naver me ;
Sing cuccu, nu, sing cuccu,
Sing cuccu, sing cuccu, nu !

ALYSOUN.

Bytuene mersh and aueril,
When spray biginneþ to springe,
Þe lutel foul haþ hire wyl
On hyre lud to synge.
Ich libbe in love longinge
For semlokest of alle þinge ;
He may me blisse bringe,
Icham in hire baundoun.

An hendy haþ ichabbe yhent,
Ichot from heuene it is me sent,
From alle wymmen mi loue is lent
And lyht on Alysoun

On heu hire her is fayr ynoh,
Hire browe broune, hire eȝe blake,
Wiþ lossum chere he on me loh,
Wiþ middel smal, and wel ymake,

ȝwe] ewe. Lhouþ] loweth. Sterteþ] leapeth. Swike] cease.

Foul] bird. On hyre lud] in her language. Libbe] live. Semlokest] the seemliest. He] she. Icham] I am. Baundoun] power. An . . . yhent] a piece of good luck I've seized upon. Ichot] I know. Lent] given. Lyht] lighted. On . . . ynoh] in hue her hair is fair enough. Lossum chere] lovely face. He] she. Loh] laughed. Middel] waist.

Bote he me wolle to hire take
Forte buen hire owen make,
Longe to lyven ichulle forsake,
And feye fallen adoun.

An hendy hap, etc.

Nihtes when y wende and wake,
Forþi myn wonges waxeþ won;
Leuedi, al for þine sake
Longinge is ylent me on.
In world nis non so wyter mon,
Þat al hire bounte telle can.
Hire swyre is whittore þen þe swon,
And feyrest may in toune.

An hendi, etc.

Icham for wowyng al forwake,
Every so water in wore;
Lest eny reue me my make
Ychabbe yȝyrned ȝore.
Betire is þolien whyle sore,
Þen mournen evermore,
Geynest vnder gore,
Herkne to my roun.

An hendi, etc.

Bote] except. Ymake] made. forte buen] to be. Make] mate. Ichulle] I will. Feye] fated, doomed. Nihtes] at night. Wende] turn. Forþi] for hat. Winges . . . won] cheeks grow pale. Leuedi] lady. Ylent] come upon. Wyter mon] wise a man. Swyre] neck. May] maid. For wowyng al forwake] all tired out with watching in wooing. Reue] rob. Yȝyrned ȝore] yearned of yore (long been troubled). Þolien] to suffer. Geynest under gore] loveliest in women's garb. Roun] song.

A SONG OF SPRING

Lenten ys come wiþ love to toune,
Wiþ blosmen and wiþ briddes roune,
  Þat al þis blisse bryngeþ ;
Dayes eȝes in þis dales,
Notes suete of nyghtegales,
  Vch foul song singeþ.
Þe þrestelcoc him þreteþ oo ;
Away is huere wynter woo,
  When woderoue springeþ.
Þis foules singeþ ferly fele.
Ant wlyteþ on huere wynter wele,
  Þat al þe wode ryngeþ.

Þe rose rayleþ hire rode,
Þe leues on þe lyhte wode
  Waxen al wiþ wille.
Þe mone mandeþ hire bleo,
Þe lilie is lossom to seo,
  Þe fenyl and þe fille ;
Wowes þis wilde drakes,
Miles murgeþ huere makes,
  Ase strem þat striketh stille ;
Mody meneþ, so doþ mo,
Ichot ycham on of þo,
  For love þat likes ille.

Roune] song. Uch] each. Þrestelcoc] thrustlecock, thrush. Him þreteþ oo] urges them ever on (in their singing). Huere] their. Woderove] wood. ruff. Ferly fele] wondrously many. Wlyteþ] whistle. Wele] weal, joy. Rayleþ] putteth on. Rode] red. Mandeþ hire bleo] sends forth her light. Lossom] lovely. Fenyl and þe fille] fennel and wild thyme. Wowes] woo. Miles . . . makes] males make merry with their mates. Strem] stream. Strikeþ stille] flows silently. Mody meneþ] moodily one mourns. So doþ mo] as others do. Ichot . . . þo] I know I am one of those.

Þe mone mandeþ hire lyht,
So doþ þe semly sonne bryht,
  When briddes singeþ breme ;
Deawes donkeþ þe dounes.
Deores wiþ huere derne rounes.
  Domes forte deme ;
Wormes woweþ vnder cloude,
Wymmen waxeþ wounder proude,
  So wel hit wol hem seme.
ȝef me shal wonte wille of on,
Þis wunne weole y wole forgon,
  Ant wyht in wode be fleme.

BLOW, NORTHERN WIND

Blow, northerne wynd,
Sent þou me my suetyng !
  Blow, norþerne wynd,
  Blou ! blou ! blou !
Ichot a burde in boure bryht,
Þat fully semly is on syht,
Menskful maiden of myght.
  Feir ant fre to fonde ;
In al þis wurhliche won
A burde of blod and of bon :
Neverȝete y nuste non
  Lussomore in londe.

  Blow, etc.

Mandeþ] sendeth forth. Breme] merrily. Deawes . . . dounes] dews make dank the downs. Deores . . . rounes] lovers with their secret whispers. Domes . . . deme] making decisions. Wunne weole] wealth (fullness) of joy. Woweþ] woo. Wille] good will. Wyht . . . fleme] be a fugitive creature in the wood.

Suetyng] sweetheart. Ichot] I know. Burde] maiden. Menskful] gracious. Feir ant fre to fonde] fair and good to be proved. Wurhliche won] worldly dwelling. neveryete y nuste non] never yet have I known one. Lussomore] lovelier.

Wiþ lokkes lefliche and longe,
Wiþ frount and face feir to fonde,
Wiþ murþes monie mote heo monge,
  Þat brid so breme in boure,
Wiþ lossom eye, grett ant gode,
Wiþ browen blysfol vnder hode;
He þat reste him on þe rode,
  Þat leflich lyf honoure!

Blow, etc.

Hire lure lumes liht,
Ase a launterne a nyht,
hire bleo blykyeþ so bryht;
  So feyr heo is ant fyn!
A suetly suyre heo haþ to holde,
Wiþ armes, shuldre, ase mon wolde.
Ant fyngres feyre forte folde;
  God wolde hue were myn!

. . . .

Heo is coral of godnesse,
Heo is rubie of ryhtfulnesse,
Heo is cristal of clannesse,
  Ant baner of bealte;
Heo is lilie of largesse,
Heo is paruenke of prouesse,
Heo is selsecle of suetnesse,
  Ant ledy of lealte.

. . . .

For hire love y carke ant care,
for hire love y droupne ant dare,
for hire love my blisse is bare,
  ant al ich waxe won;

Lefliche] lovely. Wiþ murþes monie mote hes monge] with many joys may she mingle. Breme] lively. Lure] face. Lumes liht] gives out light. Bleo] colour (complexion). Suetly suyre] lovely neck. Forte fold] to bend (spread out ?). Hue] she. Baner of bealte] banner of beauty. Paruenke] periwinkle. Selsecle] sunflower. Droupne] droop.

for hire love in slep y slake,
for hire love al nyht ich wake.
for hire love mournyng y make
more þen eny mon.

THIS WORLD'S JOY

Wynter wakeneþ al my care,
Nou this leves waxeþ bare;
Ofte I sike ant mourne sare
When hit comeþ in my þoht
Of this worldes joie, hou hit geþ al to noht.

Nou hit is, and nou hit nys,
Al so hit ner nere, ywys;
That moni mon seiþ, soþ hit ys;
Al goþ bote Godes wille:
Alle we shule deye, þah us like ylle.

Al that gren me greveþ grene
Nou hit falweþ albydene:
Jesu, help þat hit be sene,
Ant shild us from helle!
For y not whider y shal, ne hou longe her dwelle.

JOHON

Ichot a burde in a bour ase beryl so bryht,
Ase saþhyr in selver semly on syht,
Ase jaspe þe gentil, þat lemeþ wiþ lyht,

This leves] these leaves. Sike] sigh. Sare] sorely. Nys] is not. Al . . . ywys] as if it had never been, indeed. That] that which. Seith] sayeth soth] sooth, truth. Bote] except. Þah us like ylle] though it please us ill. gren] green foliage. Greveþ grene] deceiveth me. Falweþ] fadeth. Albydene] entirely. Y not whider] I know not whither. Her duelle] dwell here.

Ichot] I know. Burde] maiden.

Ase gernet in golde, and ruby wel ryht,
Ase onycle he ys yholden on hyht,
Ase diamaund þe dere in day when he is dyht;
He is coral ycud wiþ cayser ant knyht,
Ase emeraude amorewen þis may haveþ myht:
    Þe myht of þe margarite haveþ þis mai mere,
    ffor charbocle ich hire chos bi chyn and by chere.

Hir rode is ase rose þat rede is on rys,
Wiþ lilye white leres lossum he is.
Þe primerole he passeþ, þe parvenke of pris,
Wiþ alisaundre þarets ache and anys.
Coynte as columbine such hire cunde ys,
Glad under gore in gro and in grys,
He is blosme opon bleo, brihtest under bis,
Wiþ celydoyne ant sauge, ase þou þi self sys.
    Þat syht upon þat semly, to blis he is broht,
    he is solsecle, to sanne ys forsoht.

He is papejai in pyn þat beteþ me mi bale;
Þou trewe tortle in a tour, y telle þe mi tale:
he is þrustle þryven ant þro, þat singeþ in sale,
Þe wilde laveroc, ant wolc, and þe wodewale;
He is faucon in friht, derrest in dale,
Ant wiþ everuch a gome gladest in gale;
ffrom weye he is wisist in to wyrhale—
    In annote is hire nome, nempneþ hit non?
    Whose ryht redeþ, roune to Johon.

Onycle] onyx. He] she. Hyht] height. Dyht] adorned. Ycud] familiar. Cayser] kaiser, emperor. Amorewen] in the morning. May, mai] maiden. Charbocle] carbuncle. Chere] countenance, appearance. Coynte] skilful, graceful. Cunde] nature. Gore] garment. Gro. . . grys] costly grey fur. Bleo] colour. Bis] grey or blue. Celydoyne] celandine. Sauge] sage. Sys] sees. Semly] seemly, lovely (one). To sanne] to show, demonstrate. Solsecle] turnsol. Forsoht] anxious (?) Papejai] popinjay. Pyn] torment. Þryven ant þro] well bred and self-possessed. Sale] hall. Laveroc] lark. Wolc] some bird (?) Wodewale]? Woodpecker. Faucon] falcon. Friht] forest. Everuch] every. Gome] man. Weye] Wye, Wyrhale] Wirral. Nempneþ] name. Whose] whoso. Roune] interpret.

THE LOVER'S COMPLAINT

When þe nyhtegale singes, þe wodes waxen grene,
Lef and gras and blosme springes in Averyl, ywene,
Ant love is to myn herte wiþ one spere so kene,
Nyht and day my blod hit drynkes, myn herte deþ to tene

Ich have loved al þis ȝer, þat y may love namore,
Ich have siked moni syk, lemmon, for þin ore;
Me nis love never þe ner, and þat me neweþ sore,
Suete lemmon, þench on me, ich have loved þe ȝore.

Suete lemmon, y preye þe of love one speche:
Whil y lyve in world so wyde oþer nulle y seche;
Wiþ þy love, my suete leof, mi blis þou mihtes eche,
A suete cos of þy mouþ mihte be my leche.

Suete lemmon, y preȝe þe of a love bene:
ȝef þou me lovest, ase men says, lemmon, as y wene,
Ant gif hit þi wille be, þou loke þat hit be sene;
So muchel y þenke upon þe, þat al y waxe grene.

Bituene lyncolne and lyndeseye, norhamptoun ant lounde,
Ne wot y non so fayr a may, as y go fore ybounde.
Suete lemmon, y preȝe þe, þou lovie me a stounde.
Y wole mone my song
To wham þat hit ys on ylong.

Averyl] April. Deþ to tene] is grieved. Siked] sighed. Syk] sigh. Lemmon] sweetheart. Ore] mercy, pity. Ner] nearer. Þench] think. ȝore] for long of yore. Oþer . . . seche] I will never seek another. Leof] beloved. Eche] increase. Cos] kiss. Leche] physician. ȝef] if. Wene] hope. Lounde] London. May] maid. Fore y bunde] in bonds. Stounde] a little. Y . . . ylong] I will address my song to her who is the cause of it.

VERSES TO THE VIRGIN

Ase y me rod þis ender day
By grene wode to seche play,
Mid herte y þohte al on a may,
Suetest of alle þinge.
Lyþe, ant ich ou tell may
Al of þat suete þinge.

Þis maiden is suete ant fre of blod,
Briht ant feyr, of milde mod;
Alle heo mai don us god
Þurh hire bysechynge;
Of hire he tok fleysh ant blod,
Jesu crist, hevene kynge.

Wiþ al mi lif y love þat may
He is mi solas nyht ant day,
My joie, ant eke my beste play,
Ant eke my lovelongynge;
Al þe betere me is þat day
Þat ich of hire synge.

Of alle þinge y love hire mest,
My dayes blis, my nyhtes rest,
heo counseileþ ant helpeþ best
Boþe elde ant gynge.

PRAYER TO THE VIRGIN

Mayden moder milde
Oiez cel oreysoun
From shome thou me shilde
E de ly malfeloun.

May] maiden. Gynge] young. Fre of blod] of noble birth. For þis ender day] this day just ended. Lyþe] listen.

For love of thine childe
Me menez de tresoun.
Ich wes wod an wilde,
Ore su en prisoun

Thou art feyr and fre
E plein de doucour
Of þe sprong þe ble
Ly soverein creatour.
Mayde, byseche y þe
Vostre seint socour
Meoke ant mylde be with me
Pur la sue amour.

DULCIS JESU MEMORIA

Jesu, suete is þe love of þe,
No þing so suete may be
Al þat may wiþ eȝen se
haveþ no suetnesse ageynes þe

Jesu, noþing may be suettere,
Ne noht in eorþe blysfulere,
Noht may be feled lykerusere
Þen þou, so suete alumere.

. . . . .

Jesu, þi love is suete ant strong,
Mi lif is al on þe ylong,
Tech me, jesu, þi love song,
Wiþ suete teres ever among.

. . . . .

Jesu, ȝef þou be from me go,
Mi soule is fol of serewe ant wo;

Wod] mad. Ble] blossom, fruit.

Eȝen] eyes. Aȝeynes] in comparison with. Lykerusere] more delightful. Alumere] enlightener (?).

Whet may isugge bote "wolawo!"
When mi lif is me atgo?

Jesu, mi lif, jesu, mi kyng,
My soule haveþ to þe ȝyrnyng;
When þi wille is, to þe hire bryng,
Þou art suetest of alle þyng.

The Proverbs of Hendyng

1272–1307.

Mon þat wol of wysdam heren,
At wyse Hendyng he may lernen,
Þat was Marcolves sone;
Gode þonkes and monie þewes,
Forte teche fele shrewes,
For þat wes ever is wone.

. . . .

Wis mon halt is wordes ynne;
For he nul no gle bygynne,
Er he have tempred is pype.
Sot is sot, and þat is sene;
For he wol speke wordes grene
Er þen hue buen rype
"Sottes bolt is sone shote."

Quoþ Hendyng.

Tel þou never þy fomon.
Shome ne teone þat þe is on,
Þi care ne þy wo;
For he wol fonde, ȝef he may
Boþe by nyhtes and by day;

At] from. Gode þonkes] good thoughts. Þewes] virtues. Fele shrewes] many and vicious men. Is wone] his wont. Nul] will not. Hue buen] they are. Teone] trouble. Fonde] find out.

Of on to make two.
"Tel þou never þy fo þat þy fot akeþ."
Quoþ Hendyng.

Holde ich nomon for unsele,
Oþerwhyle þah he fele
Sumþing þat him smerte:
For when mon is in treye and tene,
Þenne hereþ God ys bene
Þat he byd myd herte.
"When þe bale is hest, þenne is þe bote nest."
Quoþ Hendyng.

. . . . .

Þis worldes love is a wrecche,
Whose hit here, me ne recche,
Þah y speke heye;
For y se þat on broþer
Lutel recche of þat oþer,
Be he out of ys eȝe,
"Fer from eȝe, fer from herte."
Quoþ Hendyng.

. . . . .

Mon, þat munteþ over flod.
While þat þe wynd is wod
Abyde fayre and stille;
Abyd stille, ȝef þat þou may,
And þou shalt have an oþer day
Weder after wille.
"Wel abit þat wel may þolye."
Quoþ Hendyng.

On] one. unsele] unhappy. Oþerwhyle . . . fele] sometimes though he feel. Smerte] smart, hurt. Treye] grief. Tene] vexation. Bene] prayer. Byd] prays. Hest] highest. Bale, bote] trouble, remedy. Nest] nearest. Whose] whoso. Recche] care not. Munteþ] mounteth. Wod] mad. Abit] abides, waits. Þolye] suffer.

Laurence Minot

A SEA FIGHT

1300 (?)—1352 (?).

How King Edward and his menȝe
Met with þe Spaniardes in þe see.[1]

I WALD noght spare for to speke, wist I to spede,
Of wight men with wapin and worthly in wede,
Þat now er driven to dale and ded all þaire dede,
Þai sail in þe see-gronde fissches to fede;
Fele fissches þai fede for all þaire grete fare,
It was in þe waniand þat þai come þare.

Þai sailed furth in þe Swin in a somers tyde,
With trompes and taburns and mekill oþer pride;
Þe word of þo weremen walked full wide;
Þe gudes þat þai robbed in holl gan þai it hide,
In holl þan þai hided grete welthes, als I wene,
Of gold and of silver of skarlet and grene.

When þai sailed westward þo wight men in were,
Þaire hurdis, þaire ankers, hanged þai on here;
Wight men of þe west neghed þain nerr.
And gert þam snaper in þe snare, might þai no ferr
ffer might þai noght flit bot þare most þai fine,
And þat bifore reved þan most þai tyne

Wald] would. Spede] succeed. Wight] brave. Worthly in wede] worthy in their armour. Er] are. Dale] earth, the grave. Fele] many. Fare] demeanour, behaviour. Waniand] waning of the moon. Swin] a river of Normandy. Weremen] warriors. Holl] hold. Were] war. Hurdis] bulwarks ("a rampart of woodwork, erected on the bulwarks of a vessel to shelter the crew in actual combat."). Neȝhed þam nerr] drew nigh to them nearer. Gert] made, caused. Snaper] stumble. Ferr] farther. Fine] end, die. Reved] stole. Tyne] lose.

[1] This battle was undertaken by Edward III in order to punish the Spaniards, who in November 1349 had captured some English ships laden with wine and killed the crews. The fight took place in sight of Winchelsea (on Sunday, August 29, 1350), the English having the victory after a desperate conflict. Many Spanish vessels laden with merchandise were captured.

Boy with þi blac berd,[1] I rede þat þou blin,
And sone set þe to schrive with sorow of þi syn ;
If þou were on Ingland noght saltou win,
Cum þou more on þat coste þi bale sall bigin :
    Þare kindels þi care kene men sall þe kepe,
    And do þe dye on a day and domp in þe depe.

ȝe broght out of Bretayne ȝowre custom with care,
ȝe met with þe marchandes and made þam ful bare ;
It es gude reson and right þat ȝe evill misfare,
When ȝe wald in Ingland lere of a new lare,
    New lare sall ȝe lere sir Edward to lout :
    For when ȝe stode in ȝowre strenkith ȝe ware all to stout.

William Langland

? 1330–1400.

The Confession of Sloth

Þanne come sleuthe al bislabered with two slymy eiȝen,
" I most sitte," seyde þe segge, " or elles shulde I nappe :
I may nouȝte stonde ne stoupe ne with-oute a stole knele."

. . . . .

" What ! awake, renke ! " quod repentance, " and rape þe to shrifte."
" If I shulde deye bi þis day me liste nouȝte to loke ;

Blin] cease. Were on] war on. Saltou] shalt thou. Custom] payment in merchandise. Misfare] fare badly. Lere] learn. Lare] lore, teaching. Lout] bow to. Strenkith] strength. To] too.

THE CONFESSION OF SLOTH

Then came Sloth with two slimy eyes, and all beslobbered. " I must sit," said he, " or else I should nap ; I may not stand nor stoop, nor kneel without a stool. " What ! awake man ! " said Repentance, " and haste thee to shrift."

" If I should die on this day, I should not care ; I know not my

Boy, etc., an allusion to Barbenoire, a pirate of Genoa, who later on defeated the English off La Rochelle.

I can nouȝte perfitly my pater-noster as þe prest it syngeth.
But I can ryme of Robyn hood and Randolf erle of Chestre,
Ac neither of owre lorde ne of owre lady þe leste þat evere was made.
I have made vowes fourty and forȝete hem on þe morne;
I parfourned neure þenaunce as þe prest me hiȝte,
Ne ryȝte sori for my synnes ȝet was I neuere.
And ȝif I bidde any bedes but if it be in wrath,
Þat I telle with my tonge is two myle fro myne herte.
I am occupied eche day haliday and other,
With ydel tales atte ale and otherwhile in cherches;
Goddes peyne and his passioun ful selde þynke I þere on,
I visited neuere fieble men ne fettered folke in puttes,
I haue leuere here an harlotrie or a somer game of souteres,
Or lesynges to laughe at and belye my neighbore,
Þan al þat euere Marke made Mathew, John, and Lucas,
And vigilies and fastyng-dayes alle þise late I passe,

. . . . .

"Tyl matynes and masse be do and þanne go to þe freres,
Come I to *ite, missa est*, I holde me yserued.
I nam nouȝte shryuen some tyme but if sekenesse it make.

paternoster perfectly as the priest singeth it, but I know rhymes of Robin Hood and Randolph, Earl of Chester, but neither of our Lord nor our Lady the least rhyme that ever was made. I have made forty vows and forgotten them in the morning; I never performed penance as the priest bade me, nor was I ever yet right sorry for my sins. And if I pray any prayers, except it be in wrath, what I say with my tongue is two miles from my heart.

"Every day, holidays and others, I am busy with idle tales at the alehouse, and at other times in churches; God's pain and passion I full seldom think on. I never visited sick men nor fettered folk in prison; I would rather hear of harlotry or the cobbler's summer game, or lying tales to laugh at and belie my neighbour, than all that Mark and Matthew, John and Luke ever wrote. And vigils and fasting days, all these I let pass, till matins and mass be done, then I go to the friars; if I come to *ite, missa est*, I hold myself served. I am not shriven for a long time except sickness force me, not twice

Noutȝt tweies in two ȝere and þanne vp gesse I schryue me.
I haue be prest and and persoun þassynge thretti wynter,
ȝete can I neither solfe ne synge ne seyntes lyues rede,
But I can fynde in a felde or in a fourlonge an hare,
Better þan in *beatus vir* or in *beati omnes*.
Construe oon clause wel and kenne it to my parochienes.

. . . . .

" ȝif I bigge and borwe it but ȝif it be ytailled,
I forȝete it as ȝerne and ȝif men me it axe
Sixe sithes or seuene I forsake it with othes.
And þus tene I trewe men ten hundreth tymes,
And my seruantz some tyme her salarye is bihynde,
Reuthe is to here þe rekenynge whan we shal rede acomptes ;
So with wikked wille and wraththe me my workmen I paye.
ȝif any man doth me a benfait or helpeth me at nede
I am vnkynde aȝein his curteisye and can nouȝte vnderstonde it ;
For I haue and haue hadde some dele haukes maneres,
I nam nouȝte lured with loue but þere ligge auȝte vnder þe thombe.
The kyndenesse þat myne euene cristene kidde me fernyere,
Sixty sythes I, Sleuthe, haue forȝete it sith,

in two years, and then upon guess I shrive myself. I have been priest and parson more than thirty winters, yet I can neither solfa nor sing, nor read saints' lives ; but I can find a hare in a field or furrow better than I can interpret plainly one clause in *beatus vir* or *beati omnes*, and tell it to my parishioners. . . .

"If I buy and promise to pay, except it be tallied, I forget it as quickly, and if men ask it of me six or seven times I deny it with oaths ; and thus I vex honest men ten hundred times. And my servants' wages are a long time behind, grievous is it to hear the reckoning when we make up accounts ; so with ill-will and wrath I pay my workmen.

"If any man doth me a benefit, and helpeth me in need, I am unkind towards his courtesy, and cannot understand it, for I have and have had something of a hawk's way ; I am not lured with love, except there lie aught under the thumb. The kindness that my fellow-Christians showed me of yore, I, Sloth, have forgotten it sixty times since. By speech and by sparing of

In speche and in sparynge of speche yspilte many a tyme,
Both flesche and fissche and many other vitailles ;
Bothe bred and ale, butter, melke, and chese
Forsleuthed in my seruyse til it myȝte serue noman,
I ran aboute in ȝouthe and ȝaf me nouȝte to lerne,
And euere sith haue be beggere for my foule sleuthe."

(From *Piers the Plowman.*)

THE AUTHOR DINES WITH CONSCIENCE, LEARNING, REASON, AND PATIENCE.

Thenne cam Conscience and Cleregie after
And beden me ryse and rome, for with Reson sholde ich dyne.
And ich a-ros and romed forth, with Reson we mette.
We reverencede Reson and romed forth softeliche,
And mette with a mayster, a man ylike a frere.
Conscience knew hym wel, and welcomede hym fayre ;
They wisshen and wypenden and wenten to the dyner.
Pacience as a poure thyng cam and preide mete for charite,
Ylike to Peers Plouhman as he a palmere were,
Cravede and criede for Cristes love of hevene,
A meles mete for a poure man other moneye, yf thei hadden.

speech, I have wasted many a time both flesh and fish, and many other victuals ; both bread and ale, butter, milk, and cheese, I have wasted carelessly in my service, till it could serve no man. I wandered about in youth and gave myself to learn naught, and for my foul sloth have been a beggar ever since."

THE AUTHOR DINES WITH CONSCIENCE, LEARNING, REASON, AND PATIENCE

Then came Conscience and Learning after him, and bade me rise and go forth, for I had to dine with Reason. And I arose and went forth. We met with Reason and saluted him, and went on quietly and met with a Master (*doctor of divinity*), a man like a friar. Conscience knew him indeed and welcomed him well. They washed and wiped and went to the dinner. Patience as a poor thing came and prayed meat, for charity, like to Piers Plowman ; as if he were a palmer, he craved and cried, for Christ of Heaven's love, a meal's meat for a poor man, or money if they had it.

Conscience knew him wel and welcomed hem alle ;
Thei wisshen and wipeden and wenten and setten.
The maister was made to sitte furst as for the most worthy ;
Reson stod and stihlede as for styward of halle.
Pacience and ich weren yput to be mettes,
And seten by ous selve at a syd-table.
  Cleregie calde after mete and thenne cam Scripture,
And servede hem thus sone of sondrie metes menie,
Of Austyn, of Ambrosie, of all the foure evangelies,
  Edentes et bibentes que apud illos sunt.
Ac of these metes this maister myghte not wel chewe ;
For-thy he eet mete of more cost mortrewes and potages.
Of that that men myswonne thei maden hem wel at ese,
Ac here sauce was over-soure and unsaverliche grounde,
In a morter, *post-mortem*, of meny bitere peynes.
Bote yf thei synge for tho soules and wepe salte teeres ;
Uos qui peccata hominum comeditis, nisi pro eis lacrimas effuderitis, ea que in delicijs comeditis, in tormentis euometis.
Thenne Reson radde ryght anon after,
That Conscience comaunde sholde to do come Scripture,
And brynge bred for Pacience bytynde apartie,

Conscience knew him well and welcomed them all ; they washed and wiped and went and took their seats. The Master was made to sit first, as the most honourable ; Reason stood and set all in order, as the steward of the hall. Patience and I were put to be companions, and sat by ourselves at a side-table. Learning called after meat, and then came Scripture and served him soon with many sundry meats thus, of Austyn and Ambrose and all the four Evangelists. *Edentes et bibentes que apud illos sunt.*

But these meats this master could not well chew, therefore he ate meat of more cost, mortrews (potted meat) and pottage. With all that men gained wrongly they made themselves at ease ; but their sauce was over-sour and pounded badly, in a mortar (named) *Post-mortem*-of-many-bitter-pains,-Unless-they-sing-for-those-souls-and-weep-salt-tears ; "*Vos qui peccata,*" etc. etc. Then Reason, right anon there, counselled that Scripture should come to do Conscience' command, and bring bread for Patience,

And to me that was hus mette tho and other mete bothe.
He sette a soure loof and seide, "*agite penitentiam,*"
And sitthe he drow ous drynke "*diu-perseverans.*"
"As longe," quath he, "as the lyf and the licame may dure
This is a semeliche service!" seide Pacience.
Thenne cam Contrition that hadde coked for hem alle
And brouhte forth a pitaunce was *pro-hac-orabit-omnis-sanctus in-tempore -oportune.*
Conscience confortede us, bothe Cleregie and Scripture,
And seide, "*cor contritum et humiliatum, deus, non despicies.*"
Pacience was wel apaied of this propre servyse,
And mad murye with this mete ac ich mournede evere,
For a doctor at the heye deys drank wyn faste—
Ue vobis qui potentes estis ad bibendum vinum—
And ete meny sondry metes mortrews and poddynges,
Braun and blod of the goos, bacon and colhoppes.
Then seide ich to my-self that Pacience hit hurde,
"ȝut is nat thre daies don that this doctor prechede
At Seint Paules by-for the peuple what penaunce thei suffreden,
Alle that coveitede to come to hevene hye ioye;

. . . . .

"That he precheth he proveth nat" to Pacience ich tolde,

eating apart, and to me that was his companion there, and other meat for both. He set down a sour loaf and said, "*agite penitentiam,*" and then drew a drink for us, "*diu-perseverans,*" as long, quoth he, as the life and the body may last. "This is a seemly service," said Patience. Then came Contrition that had cooked for them all. And brought forth a portion which was *pro hac orabit,* etc.

Conscience cheered on both Learning and Scripture, and said, "*cor contritum,*" &c. Patience was well pleased with this fine meal, and made merry with this meat; but I mourned continually that a doctor at the high dais should drink wine fast—*Ve vobis,* etc., and eat many sundry meats, mortrews and puddings, brawn and blood of the goose, bacon and collops. Then said I to myself, so that Patience heard it, "It is not yet three days ago that this doctor preached at S. Paul's before the people what penance they all should endure who covet to come to heaven's high joy; what he preacheth he proveth

And wisshede witerliche with a wil ful egre,
That in the mawe of that maister alle tho metes were,
Disches and dobeleres with all the deyntes after!

. . . . .

And apose hym what penaunce is and purgatorie on erthe,
And whi he lyveth nat as he lereth! "let be," quath Pacience,
And seide, "thou shalt seo thus sone whan he may na more,
He shall have a penaunce in hus paunche and puffe at eche worde;

. . . . .

Ich sat still as Pacience wolde, and thus sone this doctour,
As rody as a rose roddede hus chekes,
Kowede and carpede and Conscience hym herde
And tolde of a trinite and toward me he lokede.
"What is Dowel," sire doctour, quath ich, "is Dobet eny penaunce?"
"Dowel?" quath this doctour, and he drank after,
"Do thy neyhebore non harme ne thy-selve nother,
Thanne dost thou wel and wisliche ich dar hit wel a-vouwe."
"Certes, sire," thanne seide ich, "hit semeth nat here,
In that ye parteth nat with ous poure that ȝe passeth Dowel,
Nother lovyeth as ȝe lereth, as oure lorde wolde,
Et visitavit et fecit redemptionem plebis sue israel.

not," to Patience I said, and wished indeed with a full bitter will, that all those meats with all the dainties after them were dishes and platters in the maw of that Master . . . "and [I shall] question him what penance is, and purgatory on earth, and why he liveth not as he teacheth!" "Let be," quoth Patience, and said, "thou shalt soon see when he can eat no more, he shall have a penance in his paunch, and puff at each word." I sat still as Patience would, and soon this doctor—ruddy as a rose grew his cheeks—coughed and spoke, and Conscience heard him, and told of a trinity, and he looked towards me. "What is Dowell?" Sir Doctor, quoth I, "Is Dobetter any penance?" "Dowell!" quoth the Doctor, and then he drank, "Do thy neighbour no harm, nor thyself neither, then doest thou well and wisely, I dare well avow it," "Certes, Sir," then said I, "since ye share not with us poor, it seemeth not that here ye surpass Dowell, nor love as ye teach, as our Lord would.

And ȝe fare thus with ȝoure sike freres ferly me thynketh
Bote Dowel endite you *in die judicii.*"
Thenne Conscience ful curteisliche a contenaunce he made,
And preynte upon Patience, to preye me be stille,
And seide hymself, "syre doctor, by so hit be ȝoure wil,
What is Dowel and Dobet? ȝe divynours knoweth."
"Ich have seide," seide the seg, "y can seye no bettere,
Bote do as doctours telleth for Dowel ich hit holde;
That traveileth to teche othere for Dobet ich it holde;
And he that doth as he techeth ich halde hit for a Dobet:
Qui facit et docuerit, magnus vocabitur."
"Now thou, Cleregie," quoth Conscience, "carpe what is Dowel!"
"Have me excused," quath Cleregie, "by Crist, bote in scole,
Shal no such motif be meved for me, bote there,
For Peers love the Plouhman that enpugnede ones
Alle kyne konnynges and alle kyne craftes,
Save love and leaute and louhnesse of herte,
And no tixt taketh to preove this for trewe.
Bote *dilige deum and proximum* and *domine, quis habitabit in tabernaculo, etc.;*
And preoveth by pure skyle inparfit alle thynges,

Et visitavit, etc. If ye do thus with your sick friars it seems a wonder to me unless Dowell indict you *in die judicii.*"

Then Conscience full courteously made a movement and winked upon Patience to ask me to be quiet, and himself said, "Sir Doctor, if it be your will, what is Dowell and Dobetter? Ye teachers (*lit., interpreters*) know." "I have said," said the man, "I can say no better except that to do as Doctors say, that I hold for Dowell; he that laboureth to teach others that I hold for Dobetter; and he that doeth as he teacheth I hold that for a Dobest." *Qui facit,* etc.

"Now, thou, O Learning," quoth Conscience, "say what is Dowell." "Have me excused," quoth Learning, except in school no such matter shall be raised, for me, save there, for Piers the Plowman's love that once impugned all kind of knowledge and all kind of crafts, save love and loyalty and lowliness of heart, and taketh no text to prove this for true except *dilige deum,* &c., and proveth by

Nemo bonus,
Bote leel love and treuthe that loth is to be yfounde."

(From *The Same.*)

THE AUTHOR WARNS KING RICHARD OF THE ILL DONE DURING HIS REIGN

ȝe come to ȝoure kyngdom er ȝe ȝoure-self knewe,
Crouned with a croune that kyng under heuene,
Miȝte not a better haue bouȝte, as I trowe;
So ffull vas it ffilled with vertuous stones,
With perlis of pris to punnysshe the wrongis,
With rubies rede the riȝth for to deme,
With gemmes and Iuellis ioyned togedir,
And pees amonge the þeple ffor peyne of thi lawis.
It vas ffull goodeliche ygraue with gold al aboute;
The braunchis aboue boren grett charge;
With diamauntis derue ydoutid of all
That wrouȝte ony wrake within or withoute;
With lewte and love yloke to thi peeris,
And sapheris swete that souȝte all wrongis,
Ypoudride wyth pete ther it be ouȝte,
And traylid with trouthe and treste al aboute;

pure reason all things imperfect, *nemo bonus* save faithful love and truth that is loth to be found.

THE AUTHOR WARNS KING RICHARD

Ye came to your kingdom ere ye knew yourself, crowned with such a crown that no king under heaven could have bought a better, I trow. It was filled so full with stones of strength, with pearls of price to punish wrongs, with rubies red for judging the right, with gems and jewels joined together, and peace among the people through penalty of thy laws. It was full goodly graven with gold all about. The branches above bore a great weight; with rare diamonds feared of all who wrought any evil within or without; with loyalty and love joined firm to thy peers, and sweet sapphires that sought out all wrongs, besprinkled with pity wherever it be at all; and entwined with truth and trust all about; a crown well

ffor ony cristen kynge a croune well ymakyd
But where this croune bicome a clerk were that wuste ;
But so as I can declare it I thenke,
And nempne no name, but tho that nest were,
ffull prevyly they pluckud thy power awey,
And reden with realte ȝoure rewme thoru-oute,
And as tyrauntis, of tiliers ȝoken what hem liste,
And paide hem on her pannes whan her penyes lacked.
ffor non of ȝoure peple durste pleyne of here wrongis
ffn drede of ȝour dukys and of here double harmes.
Men myȝtten as well have huntyd an hare with a tabre,
As aske ony mendis ffor that thei mysdede,
Or of ony of her men thouȝ men wulde plete,
ffor all was ffelawis and ffelawschepe that ȝe with fferde,
And no soule persone to punnyshe the wrongis ;
And that maddid thi men as thei nede muste
ffor wo, they ne wuste to whom ffor to pleyne.
ffor, as it is said by elderne dawis,
" Ther gromes and the goodmen beth all eliche grette,
Well wo beth the wones and all that woneth therin ! "
They ladde ȝou with love that ȝoure lawe dradde,

made for any Christian king. But where this crown has gone to it would need a scholar to know. But as far as I can declare it, I mean to, and will name no name ; but those that were nearest, they full privily plucked thy power away, and rode with royal state through your realm ; and as tyrants took what they pleased from husbandmen, and paid them on their pates when their pence fell short. For none of your people durst complain of their wrongs for dread of your dukes and their many-fold harms. Men might as well have hunted a hare with a tabor as ask any amends for what they had misdone, or any of their men, though one would plead ; for all were companions in fellowship that ye went with, and no single person to punish the wrongs. And that maddened thy men, as it needs must, for woe they knew not to whom to complain, for as it is said in the days of our elders, " Where servants and master be all alike great, full woe to the habitations and those who dwell therein." They led you with love who dreaded your law to judge your dukes'

To deme ȝoure dukys myssdedis so derue thei were,
Thus was ȝoure croune crasid.

(From *Richard the Redeless.*)

John Wyclif

? 1320–1384.

A WARNING TO THE NOBLES AGAINST THE SIN OF GLUTTONY

Þo secounde part of þo Chirche synnes in glotorye, and specially in costily meetis and drinkis. And alþof gentil men schulden costilyere fare þen prestes, þei ben not excusid fro synne of glotorye. Ffor he þat wil kepe hym fro drenchyng of water, kepe him fro þe brynke for to be siker. Soth hit is þat lordes schulden reule by drede and powere, and so þei schulden be costily in fode and in clothyng. Bot þei may passe resoun by pride of hor state; and hereof comen mony perels by wey of suche glotorie; and þus þei rennen in dette, and wasten hor godes; and aftir þei pillen hor tenauntis, and distourblen rewmes, and so þei ben worse þen theves bycause of þis glotorye. For soth hit is þat grete cause of stryffe in þo puple is unjust partyng of worldly richesse. Þo puple is childische, and takes more hede to suche þing þen þei done to virtues or richessis of þo soule, ffor gostily þingis þei seen not, and knowen hom to litil. Lordes by such glotorye fallen offt in sikenesse, and so ben deede or hor tyme, by hor oune hondes. Ffor, as clerkes seyn comynly, glotorie slees mo men þen dos swerde. . . . And lustis and defaute of reule is cause of þis synne. For mon schulde wil witte, þat ofte comyne meetis ben more holsum to men þen ben þese riche meetis wiþ hoot spices, and oft tymes comyne drinkes dos more gode þen þese hye drinkes, made costily by crafftis. And þus

misdeeds, so bold they were. Thus was your crown cracked.

Secounde part] second division (the nobles and gentry). Alþof] although. Drenchyng] drowning. Siker] safe. Hor] their. Distourblen rewmes] trouble kingdoms. Hom] them. To] too. Or hor tyme] before their time. Seyn comynly] commonly say. Defaute of reule] want of restraint.

mony men supposen þat God hafs gyven to reumes bothe meete and drink þat is most accordyng to hom. So if þo reume of Englond were reulid wil by resoun, þing þat comes forth in þo land wolde suffis hit to meete and drinke. Bot wil I wot þat God hafs ordeyned one land to be plentyuous in one maner of þing, and one in anoþer, ffor cause þat þei schulden comyne in charite. Bot þis is to myche lefft by werris and covetise; for mony men byen wyne for lustis and for wynnyng. For alþof wyne be nedeful for lordes and sacramentis, nereþoles God Almyghty asks þing in mesure. And so mony drinken wyne þat were better lif wiþ ale. We schulden trist and knowe of our gode God, þat he wil þat his servauntis haue gode mete and drinke, to remonte hom in hor body, and herby serve hym better; bot in al þinge he askes mesure, as God is in al þinge.

(From *A Tract on the Seven Deadly Sins.*)

John Gower

1325 (?)—1408.

WHY THE POET WROTE HIS CONFESSIO AMANTIS

Of hem that writen ous tofore
The bokes duelle, and we therfore
Ben tawht of that was write tho:
For thi good is that we also
In oure tyme among ous hiere
Do wryte of newe som matiere,
Essampled of these olde wyse
So that it myghte in such a wyse
When we ben dede and elleswhere
Beleve to the worldes eere
In tyme commende after this.

Reume] kingdom. Wot] know. Comyne] act in common. Lefft by] hindered by. Wynnyng] gain. Nereþoles] nevertheless, Mesure] measure, moderation. Lif] left. Trist] trust.

Tofore] before. Duelle] dwell, remain. Tho] then. Forthi] therefore. Essampled . . . wyse] led the example of the wise of old. Beleve] remain.

Bot for men sein, and soth it is
That who that al of wisdom writ
It dulleth ofte a mannes wit
To him that schal it aldai rede.
For thilke cause, if that ye rede.
I wolde go the middel weie
And wryte a bok betwen the tweie,
Somwhat of lust, somewhat of lore,
That of the lasse or of the more
Som man mai lyke of that I wryte:
And for that fewe men endite
In oure englissh, I thenke make
A bok for King Richardes sake.

. . . . .

As it bifel upon a tyde,
As thing which scholde tho betyde,—
Under the toun of newe Troye,
Which tok of Brut his ferste joye,
In Temse whan it was flowende
As I be bote cam rowende,
So as fortune hir tyme sette,
My liege lord þar chaunce I mette;
And so befel, as I cam nyh,
Out of my bote, whan he me syh,
He bad me come in to his barge
And when I was with him at large,
Amonges othre thinges seid
He hath this charge upon me leid,
And bad me doo my besynesse
That to his hihe worthinesse
Som newe thing I scholde boke,
That he himself it mihte loke

Sein] say. Aldai] all day. Thilke cause] the same reason. Rede] counsel, approve. Tweie] two. Lust] pleasure. Tyde] time, season. Scholde] must, was destined. Betyde] happen. Newe Troye] London. Nyh] nigh. Syh] saw.

After the forme of my writynge.
And thus upon his comandynge
Myn herte is wel the more glad
To write so as he me bad;
And eek my fere is wel the lasse
That non envye schal compasse,
Withoute a resonable wite,
To feyne and blame that I write.
A gentil herte his tunge stilleth,
That it malice non distilleth,
But preyseth that is to be preised;
But he that hath his word unpeysed
And handleth [onwrong] every thing
I preye un to the hevene king
Fro suche tunges he me schilde.
And natheles this world is wilde
Of such jangling, and what befalle,
My kinges herte schal nought falle,
That I, in hope to deserve
His thonk, ne schal his wil observe;
And elles were I nought excused,
For that thing may nought be refused
Which that a king himselve bit.
Forthi the symplesce of my wit
I thenke if that it myhte avayle
In his service to travaile:
Though I seknesse have upon honde,
And long have had, yit wol I fonde,
So as I made my beheste,
So make a bok after his heste,
And write in such a maner wise,
Which may be wisdom to the wise
And pley to hem that lust to pleye.

(From the Prologue to the *Confessio Amantis*.)

Fere] fear. Wite] witness. Unpeysed] unweighed. What befalle] whatever may happen. Heste] command. Bit] bids. Thenke] think, intend. Fonde] try. Lust] wish.

VENUS TAKING LEAVE OF GOWER GIVES HIM A GREETING FOR CHAUCER.

"Mi Sone, be wel war therefore,
And kep the sentence of my lore
And tarie thou mi Court no more,
Bot go ther vertu moral duelleth,
Wher ben thi bokes, as men telleth,
Whiche of long time thou hast write.

. . . . .

Adieu, for I mot fro the wende.
And gret wel Chaucer whan ye mete,
As mi disciple and mi poete:
For in the floures of his youthe
In sondri wise as he wel couthe,
Of Ditees and of songes glade,
The whiche he for mi sake made,
The bond fulfild is overal:
Whereof to him in special
Above alle othre I am most holde.
For thi now in hise daies olde
Thow schalt him telle this message,
That he upon his latere age,
To sette an ende of alle his werk
As he which is myn owne clerk,
Do make his testament of love,
As thou hast do thi schrifte above,
So that mi Court it mai recorde."

(*Confessio Amantis.* Book viii.)

Ther] where. Ben] are. Couthe] could, knew how to. Do] done.

Geoffrey Chaucer

1340–1400.

A MESSENGER AT THE CAVE OF MORPHEUS, THE GOD OF SLEEP

THIS messager took leve and wente
Upon his weye, and never ne stente
Til he com to the derke valeye
That stant bytwene roches tweye,
Ther never yet grew corn ne gras,
Ne tree, ne nothing that ought was,
Beste, ne man, ne nothing elles,
Save ther were a fewe welles
Came renning fro the cliffes adoun,
That made a deedly sleping soun,
And ronnen down right by a cave,
That was under a rokke y-gerave
Amid the valey, wonder dep,
Ther thise goddes laye and slepe,
Morpheus, and Eclympasteyre,
That was the god of slepes heyre,
That slepe and did non other werk.
This cave was also as derk
As helle pit over-al aboute;
They had good leyser for to route
To envye, who might slepe beste;
Some henge hir chin upon hir breste
And slepe upright, his heed y-hed,
And some laye nakid in hir bed,
And slepe whyles the dayes laste.
This messager com flying faste,
And cryed, "O ho! awak anon!"
Hit was for noght; thei herde him non.
"Awak!" quod he, "who is, lyth there?"

Route] snore.

And blew his horn right in hir ere,
And cryed "awaketh!" wonder hye.
This god of slepe, with his oon yë
Cast up, axed, "who clepeth there?"
"Hit am I," quod this messagere;
"Juno bad thou shuldest goon"—
And tolde him what he shulde doon
As I have told you here-tofore;
Hit is no need reherse hit more;
And wente his way, whan he had sayd.

(From *The Book of the Duchess.*)

A KNIGHT DESCRIBES HIS LADY

I saw hir daunce so comlily,
Carole and singe so swetely,
Laughe and pleye so womanly,
And loke so debonairly,
So goodly speke and so frendly,
That certes, I trow, that evermore
Nas seyn so blisful a tresore.
For every heer on hir hede,
Soth to seyn, hit was not rede,
Ne nouther yelw, ne broun hit nas;

Me thoghte, most lyk gold hit was.
And whiche eyen my lady hadde!
Debonair, goode, glade, and sadde,
Simple, of good mochel, noght to wyde;
Therto hir look nas not a-syde,
Ne overthwert, but beset so wel,
Hit drew and took up, everydel,
Alle that on hir gan beholde.
Hir eyen semed anoon she wolde
Have mercy; fooles wenden so;

Nas] was not. Sad] grave, steadfast. Every del] every bit.

But hit was never the rather do.
Hit was no countrefeted thing,
It was hir owne pure loking,
That the goddesse, dame Nature,
Had made him opene by mesure,
And close; for, were she never so glad,
Hir lokying was not foly sprad,
Ne wildely, thogh that she pleyde;
But ever, me thoghte, hir eyen seyde,
"By god, my wrathe is al for-yive!"

(From *The Same.*)

THE DEBATE OF THE BIRDS.

(*A formel eagle being wooed by three tercel eagles, nature bids the other birds say which is the worthiest suitor.*)

And in a launde, upon an hille of floures,
Was set this noble goddesse Nature;
Of braunches were hir halles and hir boures,
Y-wrought after hir craft and hir mesure;
Ne ther nas foul that cometh of engendrure,
That they ne were prest in hir presence,
To take hir doom and yeve hir audience.

For this was on seynt Valentynes day,
Whan every foul cometh ther to chese his make,
Of every kinde, that men thenke may;
And that so huge a noyse gan they make,
That erthe and see, and tree, and every lake
So ful was, that unnethe was ther space
For me to stonde, so ful was al the place.

. . . . .

Al for-yive] quite forgiven, all over.
Launde] grassy place. Chese] choose. Unnethe] scarcely.

Nature, which that alway had an ere
To murmour of the lewednes behinde,
With facound voys seide, "hold your tonges there!
And I shall sone, I hope, a counseyl finde
You to delivere, and fro this noyse unbinde;
I juge, of every folk men shal oon calle
To seyn the verdit for you foules alle."

Assented were to this conclusioun
The briddes alle; and foules of ravyne
Han chosen first, by pleyn eleccioun,
The tercelet of the faucon, to diffyne
Al hir sentence, and as him list, termyne;
And to Nature him gonnen to presente,
And she accepteth him with glad entente.

. . . . .

The water-foules han her hedes leyd
Togeder, and of short avysement,
Whan everich had his large golee seyd,
They seyden sothly, al by oon assent,
How that "the goos, with his facounde gent,
That so desyreth to pronounce our nede,
Shal telle our tale," and preyde "god hir spede."

And for these water-foules tho began
The goos to speke, and in hir cakelinge
She seyde, "pees! now tak kepe every man,
And herkeneth which a reson I shal bringe;
My wit is sharp, I love no taryinge;
I seye, I rede him, though he were my brother,
But she wol love him, lat him love another!"

"Lo here! a parfit reson of a goos!"
Quod the sperhauk; "never mot she thee!
Lo, swich hit is to have a tonge loos!
Now parde, fool, yet were hit bet for thee

Facounde] fluent, eloquent. Avysement] consultation. Everich] each. Golee] gabble. Thee] thrive. Bet] better.

Have holde thy pees, then shewed thy nycete!
Hit lyth not in his wit nor in his wille,
But sooth is seyd, 'a fool can noght be stille.'"

The laughter aroos of gentil foules alle,
And right anoon the seed-foul chosen hadde
The turtel trewe, and gunne hir to hem calle,
And preyden hir to seye the sothe sadde
Of this matere, and asked what she radde;
And she answerede, that pleynly hir entente
She wolde shewe, and sothly what she mente.

"Nay, god forbede a lover shulde chaunge!"
The turtel seyde, and wex for shame al reed;
"Thogh that his lady ever-more be straunge,
Yet let him serve hir ever, til he be deed;
For sothe, I preyse noght the gooses reed;
For thogh she deyed, I wolde non other make,
I wol ben hires, til that the deth me take."

"Wel bourded!" quod the doke, "by my hat!
That men shulde alwey loven, causeles,
Who can a reson finde or wit in that?
Daunceth he mury that is mirtheles?
Who shulde recche of that is reccheles?
Ye, quek!" yit quod the doke, ful wel and faire,
"There been mo sterres, god wot, than a paire!"

. . . . .

"Now pees," quod Nature, "I comaunde here;
For I have herd al your opinioun,
And in effect yet be we never the nere;
But fynally, this is my conclusioun,
That she hir-self shal have the elecciou

Nycete] folly. Gunne] began. [Sothe sadde] sober truth. Reed] advice
Wel bourded] A good jest! Doke] duck. Mo] more.

Of whom hir list, who-so be wrooth or blythe,
Him that she cheest, he shal hir have as swythe.
(From the *Parliament of Fowls.*)

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA MEET FOR THE FIRST TIME

And so bifel, whan comen was the tyme
Of Aperil, whan clothed is the mede
With newe grene, of lusty Ver the pryme,
And swote smellen floures whyte and rede,
In sondry wyses shewed, as I rede,
The folk of Troye hir obseraunces olde,
Palladiones feste for to holde.

And to the temple, in al hir best wyse,
In general, ther wente many a wight,
To herknen of Palladion the servyse;
And namely, so many a lusty knight,
So many a lady fresh and mayden bright,
Ful wel arayed, bothe moste and leste,
Ye, bothe for the seson and the feste.

Among thise othere folk was Criseyda,
In widewes habite blak; but nathelees,
Right as our firste lettre is now an A,
In beautee first so stood she, makelees;
Hir goodly looking gladede al the prees.
Nas never seyn thing to ben preysed derre,
Nor under cloude blak so bright a sterre.

As was Criseyde, as folk seyde everichoon
That hir bihelden in hir blake wede;
And yet she stood ful lowe and stille alloon,
Bihinden othere folk, in litel brede,

Hir list] it pleases her. Swythe] quickly. Cheest] chooses.
Ver] spring. Rede] tell. Prees] crowd. Brede] space.

And neigh the dore, ay under shames drede,
Simple of a-tyr, and debonaire of chere,
With ful assured loking and manere.

This Troilus, as he was wont to gyde
His yonge knightes, ladde hem up and doun
In thilke large temple on every syde,
Biholding ay the ladyes of the toun,
Now here, now there, for no devocioun
Hadde he to noon, to reven him his reste,
But gan to preyse and lakken whom him leste.

. . . . .

Withinne the temple he wente him forth pleyinge,
This Troilus, of every wight aboute,
On this lady and now on that lokinge,
Wher-so she were of toune, or of with-oute;
And upon cas bifel, that thorugh a route
His eye perced, and so depe it wente,
Til on Criseyde it smoot, and ther it stente.

And sodeynly he wex therwith astoned,
And gan hire bet biholde in thrifty wyse:
"O mercy, god!" thoughte he, "wher hastow woned,
That art so fair and goodly to devyse?"
Ther-with his herte gan to sprede and ryse,
And softe sighed, lest men mighte him here,
And caughte ayein his firste pleyinge chere.

She was not with the leste of hir stature,
But alle hir limes so wel answeringe
Weren to womanhode, that creature
Was neuer lasse mannish in seminge,
And eek the pure wyse of here meninge
Shewede wel, that men might in hir gesse
Honour, estat, and wommanly noblesse.

Chere] countenance. Hem] them. Lakken . . . leste] find fault with whom he pleased. Upon . . . bifel] it happened by chance. Stente] stayed. Hastow woned] hast thou dwelt.

To Troilus right wonder wel with-alle
Gan for to lyke hir mening and hir chere,
Which somdel deynous was, for she leet falle
His look a lite a-side, in swich manere,
Ascaunces, "what! may I not stonden here?"
And after that hir loking gan she lighte,
That never thoughte him seen so good a sighte.

And of hir look in him ther gan to quiken
So greet desir, and swich affeccioun,
That in his hertes botme gan to stiken
Of hir his fixe and depe impressioun;
And though he erst hadde poured up and down,
He was tho glad his hornes in to shrinke;
Unnethes wiste he how to loke or winke.

Lo, he that leet himselven so konninge,
And scorned hem that loves peynes dryen,
Was ful unwar that love hadde his dwellinge
Withinne the subtile stremes of hir yën;
That sodeynly him thoughte he felte dyen,
Right with hir look, the spirit in his herte;
Blessed be love, that thus can folk converte!

(From *Troilus and Cressida.*)

AN EAGLE CARRIES CHAUCER TO THE HOUSE OF FAME

When I out at the dores cam,
I faste aboute me beheld,
Then saw I but a large feld,
As fer as that I mighte see,
Withouten toun, or hous, or tree,
Or bush, or gras, or ered lond;

Mening] intent. Somdel deynous] somewhat scornful. Unnethes wiste] scarcely knew. Leet . . . konninge] made himself so clever. Dryen] endure. Yën] eyes.

For al the feld nas but of sond
As smal as man may see yet lye
In the desert of Libye;
Ne I no maner creature,
That is y-formed by nature,
Ne saw I me to rede or wisse,
"O Crist," thoughte I, "that art in blisse,
Fro fantom and illusioun
Me save!" and with devocioun
Myn yën to the heven I caste.
Tho was I war, lo! at the laste,
That faste by the sonne, as hyë
As kenne mighte I with myn yë,
Me thoughte I saw an egle sore,
But that hit semed moche more,
Then I had any egle seyn.
But this as sooth as deeth, certeyn,
Hit was of golde, and shoon so bright,
That never saw men such a sighte,
But if the heven hadde y-wonne
Al newe of golde another sonne;
So shoon the egles fethres brighte,
And somwhat dounward gan hit lighte.

. . . . .

This egle, of which I have yow told,
That shoon with fethres as of gold,
Which that so hyë gan to sore,
I gan beholde more and more,
To see hir beautee and the wonder;
But never was ther dint of thonder,
Ne that thing that men calle foudre,
That smort somtyme a tour to poudre,
And in his swifte coming brende,
That so swythe gan descende,

Rede or wisse] advise or guide.] Foudre] lightning. Brende] burned

As this foul, whan hit behelde
That I a-roume was in the felde;
And with his grimme pawes stronge,
Within his sharpe nayles longe,
Me, fleinge, at a swappe he hente,
And with his sours agayn up wente,
Me caryinge in his clawes starke
As lightly as I were a larke,
How high, I can not telle yow,
For I cam up, I niste how.
For so astonied and a-sweved
Was every vertue in my heved,
What with his sours and with my drede,
That al my feling gan to dede;
For why hit was to greet affray.
  Thus I longe in his clawes lay,
Til at the laste he to me spak
In mannes vois, and seyde, "Awak!
And be not so a-gast, for shame!"
And called me tho by my name.
And, for I sholde the bet abreyde—
Me mette—"Awak," to me he seyde,
Right in the same vois and stevene
That useth oon I coude nevene;
And with that vois, soth for to sayn,
My minde cam to me agayn;
For hit was goodly seyd to me,
So nas hit never wont to be.
And herwithal I gan to stere,
And he me in his feet to bere,
Til that he felte that I had hete,
And felte eek tho myn herte bete.
And tho gan he me to disporte,
And with wordes to comforte,

Aroume] at large. Hente] seized. Sours] swift flight upward. Heved] head. Dede] grow dead or numb. Bet abreyde] better awake. Stevene] sound, language.

And sayde twyës, "Seynte Marie!
Thou art noyous for to carie,
And nothing nedeth hit, parde!
For al-so wis god helpe me
As thou non harm shalt have of this;
And this cas, that betid thee is,
Is for thy lore and for thy prow;—
Let see! darst thou yet loke now?
Be ful assured, boldely,
I cam thy frend." And therwith I
Gan for to wondren in my minde.
"O god," thoughte I, "that madest kinde,
Shal I non other weyes dye?
Wher Joves wol me stellifye,
Or what thing may this signifye?
I neither am Enok, ne Elye,
Ne Romulus, ne Ganymede,
That was y-bore up, as men rede
To hevene with dan Jupiter,
And maad the goddes boteler."
Lo! this was tho my fantasye!
But he that bar me gan espye
That I so thoghte, and seyde this:—
"Thou demest of thy-self amis;
For Joves is not ther-aboute—
I dar wel putte thee out of doute—
To make of thee as yet a sterre.
But er I bere thee moche ferre,
I wol thee telle what I am,
And whider thou shalt, and why I cam
To done this, so that thou take
Good herte, and not for fere quake."
"Gladly," quod I. "Now wel," quod he:—
"First I, that in my feet have thee,

Noyous] troublesome. Wis] know. Dan] lord. Ferre] farther.

Of which thou hast a feer and wonder,
Am dwelling with the god of thonder,
Which that men callen Jupiter,
That dooth me flee ful ofte fer
To do al his comaundement.
And for this cause he hath me sent
To thee: now herke, by thy trouthe!
Certeyn, he hath of thee routhe,
That thou so longe trewely
Hast served so ententifly
His blinde nevew Cupido,
And fair Venus [goddesse] also,
Withoute guerdoun ever yit,
And nevertheles hast set thy wit—
Although that in thy hede ful lyte is—
To make bokes, songes, dytees,
In ryme, or elles in cadence,
As thou best canst, in reverence
Of Love, and of his servants eke,
That have his servise soght, and seke;
And peynest thee to preyse his art,
Althogh thou haddest never part;
Wherefor, al-so god me blesse,
Joves halt hit greet humblesse
And vertu eek, that thou wolt make
A-night ful ofte thyn heed to ake,
In thy studie so thou wrytest,
And ever-mo of love endytest,
In honour of him and preysinges,
And in his folkes furtheringes,
And in hir matere al devysest,
And noght him nor his folk despysest,
Although thou mayst go in the daunce
Of hem that him list not avaunce,
Wherfor, as I seyde, y-wis,

Routhe] pity. Halt] holds. Him list] pleases him.

Jupiter considereth this,
And also, beau sir, other thinges;
That is, that thou hast no tydinges
Of Loves folk, if they be glade,
Ne of noght elles that god made;
And noght only fro fer contree
That ther no tyding comth to thee,
But of thy verray neyghebores,
That dwellen almost at thy dores,
Thou herest neither that ne this;
For whan thy labour doon al is,
And hast y-maad thy rekeninges,
In stede of reste and newe thinges,
Thou gost hoom to thy hous anoon;
And, also domb as any stoon,
Thou sittest at another boke,
Til fully daswed is thy loke,
And livest thus as an hermyte,
Although thyn abstinence is lyte.
And therefore Joves, through his grace,
Wol that I bere thee to a place,
Which that hight *The Hous of Fame*,
To do thee som disport and game,
In som recompensacioun
Of labour and devocioun
That thou hast had, lo! causeles,
To Cupido, the reccheles."

(From *The House of Fame.*)

CHAUCER'S PRAISE OF THE DAISY: HIS VISION OF THE QUEEN OF LOVE

And as for me, thogh that I can but lyte,
On bokes for to rede I me delyte,

Reccheles] reckless. Can] know.

And to hem yeve I feyth and ful credence.
And in myn herte have hem in reverence;
So hertely, that ther is game noon
That fro my bokes maketh me to goon,
But hit be seldom, on the holyday;
Save, certeynly, whan that the month of May
Is comen, and that I here the foules singe,
And that the floures ginnen for to springe,
Farwel my book and my devocioun!
Now have I than swich a condicioun,
That, of alle the floures in the mede,
Than love I most these floures whyte and rede,
Swiche as men callen daysies in our toun.
To hem have I so great affeccioun,
As I seyde erst, whan comen is the May,
That in my bed ther daweth me no day
That I nam up, and walking in the mede
To seen this flour agein the sonne sprede,
Whan hit upryseth erly by the morwe;
That blisful sighte softneth al my sorwe,
So glad am I whan that I have presence
Of hit, to doon al maner reverence,
As she that is of alle floures flour,
Fulfilled of al vertu and honour,
And ever y-lyke fair, and fresh of hewe;
And I love hit, and ever y-lyke newe,
And ever shal, til that myn herte dye;
Al swere I nat, of this I wol nat lye,
Ther loved no wight hotter in his lyve.
And whan that hit is ere, I renne blyve,
As sone as ever the sonne ginneth weste,
To seen this flour, how it wol go to reste,
For fere of night, so hateth she derknesse!
Her chere is pleynly sprad in the brightnesse

Morwe] morning. Blyve] quickly.

Of the sonne, for ther hit wol unclose.
Allas! that I ne had English, ryme or prose,
Suffisant this flour to preyse aright!

. . . . .

My besy gost, that thrusteth alwey newe
To seen this flour so yong, so fresh of hewe,
Constreyned me with so gledy desyr,
That in my herte I fele yit the fyr,
That made me to ryse er hit wer day—
And this was now the firste morwe of May—
With dredful herte and glad devocioun,
For to ben at the resurecciouu
Of this flour, whan that it shuld unclose
Agayn the sonne, that roos as rede as rose,
That in the brest was of the beste that day,
That Agenores doghter ladde away.
And doun on knees anon-right I me sette,
And, as I coude, this fresshe flour I grette;
Kneling alwey, til hit unclosed was,
Upon the smale softe swote gras,
That was with floures swote enbrouded al,
Of swich swetnesse and swich odour over-al,
That, for to speke of gomme, or herbe, or tree,
Comparisoun may noon ymaked be;
For hit surmounteth pleynly alle odoures,
And eek of riche beautee all floures.

. . . . .

A-doun ful softely I gan to sinke;
And, leninge on myn elbowe and my syde,
The longe day I shoop me for to abyde
For nothing elles, and I shal nat lye,
But for to loke upon the dayesye,
That wel by reson men hit calle may,

Shoop] planned, shaped.

The "dayesye" or elles the "ye of daye,"
The emperice and flour of floures alle.

. . . . .

When I was leyd, and had myn eyen hed,
I fel on slepe in-with an houre or two;
Me mette how I lay in the medew tho,
To seen this flour that I so love and drede.
And from a-fer com walking in the mede
The god of love, and in his hande a quene;
And she was clad in real habit grene.
A fret of gold she hadde next her heer,
And upon that a whyt coroun she beer
With florouns smale, and I shal nat lye;
For al the world, ryght as a dayesye
Y-corouned is with whyte leves lyte
So were the florouns of her coroun whyte;
For of o perle fyne, oriental,
Her whyte coroun was y-maked al;
For which the whyte coroun, above the grene,
Made her lyk a daysie for to sene,
Considered eek hir fret of gold above.
Y-clothed was this mighty god of love
In silke, embrouded ful of grene greves,
In-with a fret of rede rose-leves,
The fresshest sin the world was first begonne.

. . . . .

Behynd this god of love, upon the grene,
I saugh cominge of ladyës nyntene
In real habit, a ful esy paas;
And after hem com of women swich a traas,
That, sin that god Adam had mad of erthe,
The thridde part of mankynd, or the ferthe,
Ne wende I nat by possibilitee,
Had ever in this wyde worlde y-be;

Mette] dreamed. real] royal. Paas] pace. Traas] procession.

And trewe of love thise women wer echoon.
Now whether was that a wonder thing or noon,
That, right anoon as that they gonne espye
This flour, which that I clepe the dayesye,
Ful sodeinly they stinten alle at ones,
And kneled doun, as it wer for the nones,
And songen with o vois, "Hele and honour
To trouthe of womanhede, and to this flour
That berth our alder pris in figuringe!
Her whyte coroun berth the witnessinge!"

(From *The Legend of Good Women.*)

THE PRIORESS

Ther was also a Nonne, a Prioresse,
That of hir smyling was ful simple and coy;
Hir gretteste ooth was but by sëynt Loy;
And she was cleped madame Eglentyne.
Ful wel she song the service divyne,
Entuned in hir nose ful semely;
And Frensh she spak ful faire and fetisly,
After the scole of Stratford atte Bowe,
For Frensh of Paris was to hir unknowe.
At mete wel y-taught was she with-alle;
She leet no morsel from hir lippes falle,
Ne wette hir fingres in hir sauce depe
Wel coude she carie a morsel, and wel kepe,
That no drope ne fille upon hir brest.
In curteisye was set ful muche hir lest,
Hir over lippe wiped she so clene,
That in hir coppe was no ferthing sene
Of grece, whan she dronken hadde hir draughte.
Ful semely after hir mete she raughte,

Echoon] each one. Clepe] call. Hele] health. Berth . . . pris] beareth away the prize of us all.

Fetisly] daintily. Sauce] saucer. Ferthing] small portion, atom. Raughte] reached forth.

And sikerly she was of greet disport,
And ful pleasaunt, and amiable of port,
And peyned hir to countrefete chere
Of court, and been estatlich of manere,
And to ben holden digne of reverence.
But, for to speken of hir conscience,
She was so charitable and so pitous,
She wolde wepe, if that she sawe a mous
Caught in a trappe, if it were deed or bledde.
Of smale houndes had she, that she fedde
With rosted flesh, or milk and wastel-breed.
But sore weep she if oon of hem were deed,
Or if men smoot it with a yerde smerte:
And al was conscience and tendre herte.
Ful semely hir wimpel pinched was;
Hir nose tretys; hir eyen greye as glas;
Hir mouth ful smal, and therto softe and reed;
But sikerly she hadde a fair forheed;
It was almost a spanne brood, I trowe;
For, hardely, she was nat undergrowe.
Ful fetis was hir cloke, as I was war.
Of smal coral aboute hir arm she bar
A peire of bedes, gauded al with grene;
And ther-on heng a broche of gold ful shene,
On which ther was first write a crowned A,
And after, *Amor vincit omnia.*

(From the Prologue to the *Canterbury Tales.*)

THE CLERK OF OXFORD

A Clerk ther was of Oxenford also,
That unto logik hadde longe y-go.

Sikerly] truly. Peyned hir] took pains. Chere] manner. Digne] worthy. Wastel breed] fine white bread. Tretys] straight. Pinched] pleated. Wimple] covering for the neck. Fetis] neat. Gauded] "furnished with beads called gauds."

Ygo] gone.

As lene was his hors as is a rake,
And he nas nat right fat, I undertake;
But loked holwe, and ther to soberly.
Ful thredbar was his overest courtepy;
For he had geten him yet no benefyce,
Ne was so worldly for to have offyce.
For him was lever have at his beddes heed
Twenty bokes, clad in blak or reed,
Of Aristotle and his philosophye,
Than robes riche, or fithele, or gay sautrye
But al be that he was a philosophre,
Yet hadde he but litel gold in cofre;
But al that he mighte of his freendes hente,
On bokes and on lerninge he it spente,
And bisily gan for the soules preye
Of hem that yaf him wher-with to scoleye.
Of studie took he most cure and most hede,
Noght o word spak he more than was nede,
And that was seyd in forme and reverence,
And short and quik, and ful of hy sentence.
Souninge in moral vertu was his speche,
And gladly wolde he lerne, and gladly teche.

(From *The Same.*)

DESCRIPTION OF THE TEMPLE OF MARS

Why schulde I noght as wel eek telle you al
The portreiture, that was up-on the wal
With-inne the temple of mighty Mars the rede?
Al peynted was the wal in lengthe and brede
Lik to the estres of the grisly place,
That highte the grete temple of Mars in Trace,
In thilke colde frosty regioun,
Ther as Mars hath his sovereyn mansioun.

Holwe] hollow. Overest courtepy] upper short coat. Hente] seize
Yaf] gave. Souninge in] tending to. Estres] inside.

First on the wal was peynted a foreste,
In which ther dwelleth neyther man ne beste,
With knotty knarry bareyne treës olde
Of stubbes scharpe and hidous to biholde;
In which ther ran a swymbel in a swough,
As though a storm schulde bresten every bough:
And downward on an hil under a bente,
Ther stood the temple of Mars armipotente,
Wroght al of burned steel, of which thentree
Was long and streit, and gastly for to see.
And ther-out cam a rage and such a vese,
That it made al the gates for to rese.
The northren light in at the dores schon,
For windowe on the wal ne was ther noon,
Thurgh which men mighten any light discerne.
The dores were alle of ademant eterne,
Y-clenched overthwart and endelong
With iren tough; and, for to make it strong.
Every piler, the temple to susteene,
Was tonne greet, of iren bright and shene.
Ther saugh I first the derke imagining
Of felonye, and al the compassyng;
The cruel ire, as reed as eny glede;
The pykepurs, and eek the pale drede;
The smylere with the knyf under the cloke;
The shepne brennyng with the blake smoke;
The treson of the mordring in the bedde;
The open werre, with woundes al bi-bledde;
Contek, with blody knyf, and sharp manace.
Al ful of chirking was that sory place.
The sleere of himself yet saugh I there,
His herte-blood hath bathed al his here;
The nayl y-driven in the shode a-night;
The colde deeth, with mouth gaping up-right.
Amiddes of the temple sat meschaunce,

Bi-bledde] covered over with. Contek] contest. Schode] temple (lit. parting of hair).

With disconfort and sory contenaunce.
Yet saugh I woodnesse laughing in his rage;
Armed compleint, out hees, and fiers outrage.
The careyne in the bush, with throte y-corve:
A thousand slayn, and not of qualm y-storve;
The tiraunt, with the prey by force y-raft;
The toun destroyed, ther was no-thyng laft.
Yet saugh I brent the schippes hoppesteres;
The hunte strangled with the wilde beres;
The sowe freten the child right in the cradel;
The cook y-scalded, for al his longe ladel.
Nought was foryeten by the infortune of Marte;
The carter over-riden with his carte,
Under the wheel ful lowe he lay adoun,
Ther were also of Martes divisioun,
The barbour, and the bocher and the smith
That forgeth sharpe swerdes on his stith.
And al above, depeynted in a tour,
Saw I conquest sittynge in greet honour,
With the sharpe swerde over his heed
Hanginge by a sotil twynes threed.
Depeynted was the slaughtre of Julius,
Of grete Nero, and of Antonius;
Al be that thilke tyme they were unborn,
Yet was here deeth depeynted ther-biforn,
By manasyng of Mars, right by figure,
So was it schewed in that portreiture
As is depeynted in the sterres above,
Who schal be slayn or elles deed for love.
Suffyceth oon ensample in stories olde,
I may not rekne hem alle, thogh I wolde.
The statue of Mars upon a carte stood,
Armed, and loked grim as he were wood;
And over his heed ther shynen two figures

Qualme] sickness. Hoppesteres] warlike. Sotil twynes] fine twisted. Right by figure] exactly formed.

Of sterres, that been cleped in scriptures,
That oon Puella, that other Rubeus.
This god of armes was arrayed thus :—
A wolf ther stood biforn him at his feet
With eyen rede, and of a man he eet ;
With sotyl pencel was depeynt this storie,
In redoutinge of Mars and of his glorie.

(From *The Knight's Tale.*)

THE CHASE AFTER THE FOX WHO HAS RUN OFF WITH THE COCK

This sely wydwe, and eek hir doghtres two,
Herden these hennes crye and maken wo,
And out at dores sterten they anoon,
And syen the fox toward the grove goon,
And bar upon his back the cok away ;
They cryden, " Out ! harrow ! and weylaway !
Ha, ha, the fox ! " and after him they ran,
And eek with staves many another man ;
Ran Colle our dogge, and Talbot, and Gerland,
And Malkin, with a distaf in hir hand ;
Ran cow and calf, and eek the verray hogges
So were they fered for berking of the dogges
And shouting of the men and wimmen eke,
They ronne so hem thoughte here herte breke.
They yelleden as feendes doon in helle ;
The dokes cryden as men wolde hem quelle ;
The gees for fere flowen over the trees ;
Out of the hyve cam the swarm of bees ;
So hidous was the noyse, a *benedicite !*
Certes, he Jakke Straw, and his meynee,
Ne maden nevere shoutes half so shrille,
Whan that thay wolden eny Fleming kille,

Puella, Rubeus] constellations : 1. Mars Retrograde ; 2. Mars direct.
Redouting] reverence.

As thilke day was maad upon the fox.
Of bras thay broghten bemes, and of box,
Of horn, of boon, in whiche thay blewe and pouped
And therwithal thay shrykede and thay houped ;
It semed as if that heven sholde falle.

(From *The Nun's Priest's Tale.*)

THE MARKS OF GENTLEHOOD

For sothe, o manere gentrye is for to preise, that apparailleth mannes corage with vertues and moralitees, and maketh him Cristes child. For truste wel, that over what man sinne hath maistrie, he is a verray cherl to sinne.

Now been ther generale signes of gentilesse ; as eschewinge of vyce and ribaudye and servage of sinne, in word, in werk, and contenance ; and usinge vertu, curteisye and clennesse, and to be liberal, that is to seyn, large by mesure ; for thilke that passeth mesure is folye and sinne. Another is, to remembre him of bountee that he of other folk hath receyved. Another is, to be benigne to hise goode subgetis ; wherfore, as seith Senek, " ther is no-thing more convenable to a man of heigh estaat than debonairetee and pitee. And therfore thise flyes that men clepeth bees, whan they maken hir king, they chesen oon that hath no prikke wherwith he may stinge." Another is, a man to have a noble herte and a diligent, to attayne to heighe vertuose thinges. Now certes, a man to pryde him in the goodes of grace is eek an outrageous folye ; for thilke yiftes of grace that sholde have turned him to goodnesse and to medicine, turneth him to venim and to confusion, as seith seint Gregorie. Certes also, who-so prydeth him in the goodes of fortune, he is a ful greet fool ; for som-tyme is a man a greet lord by the morwe, that is a caitif and a wrecche er it be night : and somtyme the richesse of a man is cause of his deeth ; somtyme the delyces of a man is cause of

O] one. Cherl] churl. Ribaudye] ribaldry. Contenance] demeanour. Subjetis] servants, inferiors. Convenable] befitting. Debonairetee] graciousness. Delyces] pleasures.

the grevous maladye thurgh which he dyeth. Certes, the commendacion of the peple is somtyme ful fals and ful brotel for to triste; this day they preyse, to-morwe they blame. God woot, desyr to have commendacion of the peple hath caused deeth to many a bisy man.

(From *The Parson's Tale.*)

TRUTH

FLEE fro the prees, and dwelle with sothfastnesse,
Suffyce unto thy good, though hit be smal;
For hord hath hate, and climbing tikelnesse,
Prees hath envye, and wele blent overal;
Savour no more than thee bihove shal;
Werk wel thy-self, that other folk canst rede;
And trouthe shal delivere, hit is no drede.

Tempest thee noght al croked to redresse,
In trust of hir that turneth as a bal:
Gret reste stant in litel besinesse;
And eek be war to sporne ageyn an al;
Stryve noght, as doth the crokke with the wal,
Daunte thy-self, that dauntest others dede;
And trouthe shal delivere, hit is no drede.

That thee is sent, receyve in buxumnesse,
The wrastling for this worlde axeth a fal.
Her nis non hoom, her nis but wildernesse:
Forth, pilgrim, forth! Forth, beste, out of thy stal!
Know thy contree, look up, thank God of al;
Hold the hye wey, and lat thy gost thee lede:
And trouthe shal delivere, hit is no drede.

Brotel] brittle. Triste] trust. Bisy] useful, active.

Prees] crowd. Tikelnesse] instability. Drede] fear, dread. Stant] stands. Tempest] vex. Sporne] spurn. Al] awl. Crokke] crock, earthenware vessel. Daunte] subdue. Buxumnesse] submission. Gost] spirit.

Envoy.

Therfore, thou vache, leve thyn old wrecchednesse
Unto the worlde; leve now to be thral;
Crye him mercy, that of his hy goodnesse
Made thee of noght, and in especial
Draw unto him, and pray in general
For thee, and eek for other, hevenlich mede;
And trouthe shal delivere, hit is no drede.

THE FIRST AGE

(*Compare Book I. p.* 88, *King Alfred's Boethius.*)

BLISFUL was the first age of men! They helden hem apayed with the metes that the trewe feldes broughten forth. They ne distroyede nor deceivede nat hemself with outrage. They weren wont lightly to slaken hir hunger at even with acornes of okes. They ne coude nat medly the yifte of Bachus to the cleer hony: *that is to seyn, they coude make no piment nor clarree;* ne they coude nat medle the brighte fleeses of the contree of Seriens with the venim of Tyrie; *this is to seyn, they coude nat deyen whyte fleeses of Serien contree with the blode of a maner shelfisshe that men finden in Tyrie, with whiche blood men deyen purpur.* They slepen hoolsom slepes up-on the gras, and dronken of the renning wateres; and layen under the shadwes of the heye pyn-trees. Ne no gest ne straungere ne carf yit the heye see with ores or with shippes; ne they ne hadde seyn yit none newe strondes, to leden marchaundyse in-to dyverse contrees. Tho weren the cruel clariouns ful hust and ful stille, ne blood yshad byegre hate ne hadde nat deyed yit armures. For wherto or which wood-

Vache] cow, beast, or a creature that looks *downwards*). Mede] meed Apayed] satisfied. Medly] mingle. Gifte] gift. Piment] sweet wine. Clarree] clarified wine, i.e. wine mixed with honey and spices and afterwards strained till clear. Serien] China. Venim] venom. Deyen purpur] dye purple. Carf] carved, cut through. Seyn] seen. Tho] then. Clarioun] clarion, trumpet of war. Hust] hushed. Egre] bitter. Ne hadde . . . armures] nor had it yet dyed their armour. Which woodnesse] what madness.

nesse of enemys wolde first moven armes, whan they seyen cruel woundes, ne none medes be of blood yshad ?

I wold that oure tymes sholde torne ayein to the olde maneres ! But the anguissous love of havinge brenneth in folk more cruely than the fyr of the mountaigne Ethna, *that ay brenneth.* Allas ! what was he that first dalf up the gobetes or the weightes of gold covered under erthe, and the precious stones that wolden han ben hid ! He dalf up precious perils. *That is to seyn, that he that hem first up dalf, he dalf up a precious peril ; for-why for the preciousnesse of swiche thinge, hath many man ben in peril.*

(From Chaucer's translation of Boethius's *Consolation of Philosophy.*)

Sir John Mandeville

14th Century.

THE MONKS WHO FEED DIVERSE BEASTS

FROM that city (Cassay) men go by water, solacing and disporting them, till they come to an abbey of monks that is fast by, that be good religious men after their faith and law. In that abbey is a great garden and a fair, where be many trees of diverse manner of fruits. And in this garden is a little hill full of delectable trees. In that hill and in that garden be many diverse beasts, as of apes, marmosets, baboons and many other diverse beasts. And every day when the convent of this abbey hath eaten, the almoner let bear the relief to the garden, and he smiteth on the garden gate with a clicket of silver that he holdeth in his hand ; and anon all the beasts of the hill and of diverse places of the garden come out a 3,000 or a 4,000 ; and they come in guise of poor men, and men give them the relief in fair vessels of silver, clean over-gilt. And when they have eaten, the monk smiteth eftsoons on the garden gate with the clicket, and then anon all the beasts return again to their places that they come from.

Anguissous] anxious, tormenting. Dalf] dug. Gobetes] lumps.

And they say that these beasts be souls of worthy men that resemble in likeness of those beasts that be fair, and therefore they give them meat for the love of God ; and the other beasts that be foul, they say be souls of poor men and of rude commons. And thus they believe, and no man may put them out of this opinion. These beasts above-said they let take when they be young, and nourish them so with alms, as many as they may find. And I asked them if it had not been better to have given that relief to poor men, rather than to those beasts. And they answered me and said, that they had no poor men amongst them in that country ; and though it had been so that poor men had been among them, yet were it greater alms to give it to those souls that do there their penance.

(From *The Travels.*)

THE GRIFFINS IN THE LAND OF BACHARIA

In that country be many griffins, more plenty than in any other country. Some men say that they have the body upward as an eagle, and beneath as a lion ; and truly they say sooth, that they be of that shape. But one griffin hath the body more great and is more strong than eight lions, of such lions as be on this half, and more great and stronger than an hundred eagles such as we have amongst us. For one griffin, there, will bear, flying to his nest, a great horse, if he may find him at the point, or two oxen yoked together as they go at the plough. For he hath his talons so long and so large and great upon his feet, as though they were horns of great oxen or of bugles or of kine, so that men make cups of them to drink of. And of their ribs and of the pens of their wings, men make bows, full strong to shoot with arrows and quarrels.

(From *The Same.*)

An Unknown Author

Probably 15th Century.

AN ARBOUR IN A GROVE

When that Phebus his chaire of gold so hy
Had whirled up the sterry sky aloft,
And in the Bole was entred certainly;
Whan shoures swete of rain discended soft,
Causing the ground, felë tymes and oft,
Up for to give many an hoolsom air,
And every plain was [eek y-] clothed fair

With newe grene, and maketh smalë floures
To springen here and there in feld and mede;
So very good and hoolsom be the shoures
That it reneweth, that was old and deede
In winter tyme; and out of every seede
Springeth the herbë, so that every wight
Of this sesoun wexeth [ful] glad and light.

And I, so glad of the seson swete,
Was happed thus upon a certain night;
As I lay in my bed, sleep ful unmete
Was unto me; but, why that I ne might
Rest, I ne wist; for there nas erthly wight,
As I suppose, had more hertës ese
Than I, for I n'ad siknesse nor disese.

Wherefore I mervail gretly of my-selve,
That I so long withouten sleepë lay;
And up I roos, three houres after twelve,
About the [very] springing of the day,
And on I put my gere and myn array;
And to a plesaunt grovë I gan passe,
Long or the brightë sonne uprisen was,

Bole] Taurus, the bull, sign of the Zodiac. Fele] many.

In which were okës grete, streight as a lyne,
Under the which the gras, so fresh of hew,
Was newly spronge; and an eight foot or nyne
Every tree wel fro his felawe grew,
With braunches brode, laden with leves new,
That sprongen out ayein the sonnë shene,
Som very rede, and som a glad light grene;

Which, as me thought, was right a plesaunt sight.
And eek the briddes song [ës] for to here
Would have rejoised any erthly wight.
And I, that couth not yet, in no manere,
Here the nightingale of al the yere,
Ful busily herkned, with herte and ere,
If I her voice perceive coud any-where.

And at the last, a path of litel brede
I found, that gretly had not used be,
For it forgrowen was with gras and weede,
That wel unneth a wight [ther] might it see.
Thought I, this path som whider goth, pardè.
And so I folowèd, til it me brought
To right a plesaunt herber, wel y-wrought,

That benched was, and [al] with turves new
Freshly turved, wherof the grenë gras
So small, so thik, so short, so fresh of hew,
That most lyk to grene wol, wot I, it was.
The hegge also, that yede [as] in compas
And closed in al the grene herbere,
With sicamour was set and eglantere,

Writhen in-fere so wel and cunningly
That every braunch and leef grew by mesure,
Plain as a bord, of on height, by and by,
[That] I sy never thing, I you ensure,

Unneth] scarcely. Herber] arbour. Yede] went.

So wel [y]don ; for he that took the cure
It [for] to make, I trow, did al his peyn
To make it passe al tho that men have seyn.

(From *The Flower and the Leaf.*)

Thomas Hoccleve

? 1370–1450.

A LAMENT FOR CHAUCER

But weylaway ! so is myn hertë wo,
That the honour of englyssh tonge is deed,
Of which I wont was han consail and reed.

O, maister deere, and fadir reverent !
Mi maister Chaucer, flour of eloquence,
Mirour of fructuous entendëment,
O, universal fadir in science !
Allas ! that thou thyn excellent prudence,
In the bed mortel mightist naght by-qwethe ;
What eiled deth ? allas ! whi wolde he sle the ?

O deth ! thou didest naght harme singuleer,
In slaghtere of him : but al this land it smertith ;
But nathëlees, yit hast thou no power
His namë sle ; his hy vertu astertith
Unslayn fro the, which ay us lyfly hertyth,
With bookës of his ornat endytyng,
That is to al this land enlumynyng.

. . . . .

Simple is my goost, and scars my letterure,
Unto your excellencë for to write
Myn inward loue, and yit in aventure
Wyle I me puttë, thogh I can but lyte.

Passe al tho] surpass all those.

Reed] advice. Sle the] slay thee. Astertith] riseth up.

Mi derë maister—god his soulë guyte !—
And fadir, Chaucer, fayn wolde han me taght ;
But I was dul, and lernèd lite or naght.

Allas ! my worthi maister honorable,
This landës verray tresor and richesse,
Deth, by thi deth, hath harme irreparable
Unto us doon ; hir vengeable duresse
Despoiled hath this land of the swetnesse
Of rethorik ; for unto Tullius
Was neuer man so lyk a-mongës us.

Also, who was hiër in philosophie
To Aristotle, in our tonge, but thow ?
The steppës of Virgile in poesie
Thow filwedist eeke, men wot wel y-now.
That combre-world, that the, my maister, slow,
Wold I slayn were ! deth was to hastyf
To renne on the, and revë the thi lyf.

Deth hath but smal consideracïoun
Unto the vertuous, I have espied,
No more, as shewith the probacïoun,
Than to a vicious maister losel tried ;
A-mong an heep, every man is maistried ;
With hire, as wel the porre as is the riche ;
Lered and lewde eeke standen al y-liche.

She myghte han taried hir vengeance awhile,
Til that sum man had egal to the be.
Nay, lat be that ! sche knew wel that this yle
May never man forth bryngë lyk to the,
And hir officë needës do mot she ;
God bad hir so, I truste as for thi beste ;
O maister, maister, god thi soule reste !

. . . . .

Vengeable] revengeful. Duresse] harm. Combre-world] plague of the world, i.e. death. Reve the thi lyf] deprive thee of thy life. Egal] equal.

The firste fyndere of our faire langage,
Hath seyde in caas semblable, and othir moo,
So hyly wel, that it is my dotage
ffor to expresse or touche any of thoo.
Alasse! my fadir fro the worlde is goo—
My worthi maister Chaucer, hym I mene—
Be thou advoket for hym, hevenes quene!

As thou wel knowest, o blissid virgyne,
With lovyng hert, and hye devocioun
In thyne honour he wroot ful many a lyne;
O now thine helpe and thi promoçioun,
To god thi sonë make a moçioun,
How he thi servaunt was, mayden marie,
And lat his lovë floure and fructifie.

Althogh his lyfe be queynt, the resemblaunce
Of him hath in me so fressh lyflynesse,
That, to putte othir men in remembraunce
Of his persone, I have heere his lyknesse
Do makë, to this ende in sothfastnesse,
That thei that have of him lest thought and mynde,
By this peynturë may ageyn him fynde.

(From the *Gouvernail of Princes.*)

A PRAYER TO THE VIRGIN

Modir of god and virgyne undeffouled!
O blisful queene of queenes Emperice!
Preye for me that am in synne mowled,
To god thy sone punyssher of vice,
That of his mercy though that I be nyce,
And negligent in keepyng of his lawe,
His hy mercy, my soule unto him drawe.

Queynt] quenched. Do make] caused to be made.

Modir of mercy, wey of indulgence,
That of al vertu art superlatyf,
Saver of us by thy benevolence,
Humble lady, mayde, modir and wyf!
Causer of pees, feynter of wo and stryf!
My prayer unto thy sone presente,
Syn for my gilt I fully me repente.

Benigne comfort of us wrecches alle!
Be at myn endyng whan that I shal deye!
O welle of pitee unto thee I calle!
Ful of swetnesse helpe me to weye
Ageyn the feend that with his handes tweye,
And his might, plukke wole at the balance
To weye us doun, keepe us from his nusance!

(From the *Mother of God.*)

THE AUTHOR'S APOLOGY FOR HIS POOR VERSES

If that I in my wrytynge foleye,
As I do ofte, (I can it nat withseye,)
Meetrynge amis or speke unfittyngly,
Or nat by just peys my sentences weye,
And nat to the ordre of endytyng obeye,
And my colours sette ofte sythe awry
With al myn herte wole I buxumly,
It to amende and to correcte, him preye;
For undir his correccioun stande y.

(From *Balade to my Gracious Lord of York.*)

Feynter] enfeebler (?) *or*, one who parries off another (?).

Foleye] do foolishly. Withseye] deny. Meetrynge amis] making false metre. Peys] weight. Ofte sythe] many times. Buxumly] submissively.

John Lydgate

1370–1451 ?

THE COMPLAINT OF LYDGATE FOR THE DEATH OF HECTOR

But now, alas, how shall I procede
In the storye that for wo and drede
Fele my hande both tremble and quake,
O worthy Ector oonly for thy sake
Of thy deth I am so lothe to wryte.
O who shall now helpe me to endyte,
Or unto whom shall I clepe or calle,
Certys, to none of the Musys alle
That by accorde synge ever in oon
Upon Pernaso besyde Elycon ;
So aungelyke in theyr armonye
That tunge is none that may specefye
The great swetnesse of theyr goodly songe,
For no discorde is founde them amonge.
In theyr musyke they be entuynyd so
It sytte them noughte for to helpe in wo,
Nor with maters that be with mournyng shent,
As Tragedyes all to tore and rent
In complaynynge pyteously in rage
In the Theatre with a dede vysage.
To them, alas, I clepe dare nor crye
My troublyd penne of grace for to guye,
Nouther to Clyo nor Callyope ;
But to Allecto and Thesyphone,
And Megera that ever doth complayne
As they that lyve ever in wo and payne
Eternally, and in tourment dwelle
With Cerberus depe doune in helle.
Whom I must praye to be gracyous
To my mater whiche is so furyous ;

For to a wyghte that is complaynynge
A drery fere is right well syttynge.

. . . . .

For as Guydo maketh mencyon,
There was no man dwellinge in the towne
That he ne hadde of very kyndenesse
For love of him, as he wryte expresse,
His childe more lefe to a dyed in this caas,
Outher his Eyer, so well belovyd he was
If the goddes fate or destyne
Disposyd hadde that it myght have be.
Woman also of every maner age
Be for his deth falle in suche a rage,
Thorugh the cyte aboute in every strete,
That with sobbynge and salte terys wete
And heer to rent for dedely wo,
Furyously ronne to and fro.
So mortall was theyr adversyte
That to beholde, alas, it was pyte ;
Yonge maydens and matrones olde
Sobbe and syghe and theyr fystes folde,
And loude crye, and sayde fynally,
"Alas, nowe shall our Faders cruelly
In our syght be slayne day by day ;
Alas the whyle, and no man shall saye nay
Fare well our helpe now Ector is gone."

(From *The Troye Boke.*)

IN PRAISE OF CHAUCER

. . . Hym that was, if I shall not fayne,
Floure of Poetes, thorughout of all Bretaine,
Which sothly had moost of excellence
In Rhetoryke and in eloquence.

Fere] companion. Outher his eyer] or his heir.

Rede his makyng, who liste the trouthe fynde,
Whiche never shall appallen in my mynde,
But alwaye freshe ben in myn memorye;
To whome be yeve pryse, honour and glorye
Of well sayeng fyrste in our langage.
Chyf Regystrer in this pilgrymage
All that was tolde, forgetyng nought at all,
Fayned tales, nor thyng hystoryall,
With many Proverbes, diverse and uncouthe,
By rehearsayle of his sugred mouth.
Of eche thynge kepyng in substaunce
The sentence hole withoute varyaunce.
Voidyng the chaff, sothly for to sain,
Enlumynyng the true pyked grayne
By craftye wrytyng of his sawes swete.

(From the *Prologue to the Story of Thebes.*)

LYDGATE GOES TO CANTERBURY

And this whyle that the pylgryms leye
At Canterburie, well logged one and alle,
I not in sothe what I may it calle,
Hap or Fortune in conclusyon,
That me befelle to entre into the toun
The holy saayt playnly to vysyte
After my sykenesse vowes to acquyte.
In a cope of blake and not of grene,
On a palfray sclender longe and lene,
With rusty brydell, made not for the sale,
My man totorne, with a voyde male,
That of Fortune toke myne ounne anoy
Where the pylgrimes wer logged everychon
The same tyme. Her governour the host

Makyng] composition, poetry. Appallen] grow. Yove] given. Saine] say.
Not] know not. Totorne] ragged.

Stondynge in halle, full of wynde and boost
Lyche to a man wonders sterne and fers,
Which spake to me, and sayd anon "Dan Pers,
Dan Dominik, Dan Godfray, or Clement,
Ye be welcome newly into Kent,
Though your brydell have nother boos ne bell;
Besechynge you that ye wyll tell
Fyrste of youre name, and what countre,
Withoute more shortly that ye be,
What loke so pale, all devoyde of blode,
Upon your hede a wonder thredbare hode,
Well arrayed for to ryde late."
I answerde, my name was Lidgate,
Monke of Burye, nye fyfty yere of age
Come to this towne to doe my pylgrymage.

(From *The Same.*)

LONDON LYCKPENY

To London once my stepps I bent,
Where trouth in no wyse should be faynt,
To Westmynster-ward I forthwith went,
To a man of law to make complaynt;
I sayd, "for Marys love, that holy saynt!
Pyty the poore that wold proceede";
But for lack of mony I cold not spede.

And as I thrust the prese aonge,
By froward chaunce my hood was gone,
Yet for all that I stayd not longe,
Tyll to the kynges bench I was come.
Before the Iudge I kneled anon,
And prayd him for Gods sake to take heede;
But for lack of mony I myght not speede.

Wonders] exceedingly.

Beneth them sat clarkes a great rout,
  Which fast dyd wryte by one assent,
There stoode vp one and cryed about,
  "Rychard, Robert, and John of Kent."
I wyst not well what this man ment,
  He cryed so thycke there in dede;
  But he that lackt mony myght not spede.

Vnto the common place I yode thoo,
  Where sat one with a sylken hoode;
I dyd hym reverence, for I ought to do so,
  And told my case as well as I coode,
  How my goodes were defrauded me by falshood.
I gat not a mum of his mouth for my meed,
And for lack of mony I myght not spede.

Vnto the Rolls I gat me from thence,
  Before the Clarkes of the Chauncerye,
Where many I found earnyng of pence,
  But none at all once regarded mee.
  I gave them my playnt vppon my knee;
They lyked it well, when they had it reade:
But, lackyng mony, I could not be sped.

In Westmynster-hall I found out one,
  Which went in a long gown of raye;
I crowched and kneled before hym anon,
  For Maryes love, of help I hym praye.
"I wot not what thou meanest," gan he say:
To get me thence he dyd me bede,
For lack of mony I cold not speed.

Within this hall, nether rich nor yett poore
  Wold do for me ought, although I shold dye.
Which seing, I gat me out of the doore,
  Where Flemynges began on me for to cry,
  "Master, what will you copen or by?

Fyne felt hattes, or spectacles to reede ?
Lay down your sylver, and here you may speede."

Then to Westmynster-Gate I presently went,
  Where the sonn was at hyghe pryme ;
Cookes to me they tooke good entente,
  And proferred me bread, with ale and wyne,
  Rybbs of befe, both fat and ful fyne.
A fayre cloth they gan for to sprede ;
But wantyng mony I myght not then speede.

Then vnto London I dyd me hye,
  Of all the land it beareth the pryse :
" Hot pescodes," one began to crye,
  " Strabery rype," and " cherryes in the ryse " ;
  One bad me come nere and by some spyce,
Peper and safforne they gan me bede,
But for lack of mony I myght not spede.

Then to the Chepe I gan me drawne,
  Where mutch people I saw for to stand ;
One ofred me velvet, sylke, and lawne,
  An other he taketh me by the hande,
  " Here is Parys thred, the fynest in the land " ;
I neuer was used to such thynges in dede,
And wantyng mony I myght not spede.

Then went I forth by London stone,
  Throughout all Canwyke streete ;
Drapers mutch cloth me offered anone ;
  Then met I one, cryed " hot shepes feete " ;
  One cryde " makerell " ; " Ryshes grene " an other gan
    greete ;
On bad me by a hood to couer my head ;
But for want of mony I myght not be sped.

Then I hyed me into Est-Chepe;
  One cryes "rybbs of befe," and many a pye:
Pewter pottes they clattered on a heape;
  There was harpe, pype, and mynstralsye.
  "Yea, by cock!" "nay, by cock!" some began crye;
Some songe of Jenken and Julyan for there mede;
But for lack of mony I myght not spede.

Then into Corn hyll anon I yode,
  Where was mutch stolen gere amonge;
I saw where honge myne owne hoode,
  That I had lost amonge the throngе;
  To by my own hood I thought it wronge,
I knew it well as I dyd my crede,
But for lack of mony I could not spede.

The taverner tooke me by the sleve,
  "Sir," sayth he, "wyll you our wyne assay?"
I answered, "that can not mutch me greve:
  A peny can do no more then it may";
  I drank a pynt & for it dyd paye;
Yet sore a-hungered from thence I yede,
And wantyng mony I cold not spede.

Then hyed I me to Belyngsgate,
  And one cryed, "hoo! go we-hence!"
I prayd a barge-man, for Gods sake,
  That he wold spare me my expence.
"Thou scapst not here," quod he, "vnder ij pence:
I lyst not yet bestow my Almes dede."
Thus lackyng mony I could not speede.

Then I convayd me into Kent,
  For of the law wold I meddle no more;
Because no man to me tooke entent,
  I dyght me to do as I dyd before.
  Now, Jesus, that in Bethlem was bore,
Save London, and send trew lawyers there mede!
For who so wantes mony with them shall not spede!

John Tiptoft, Earl of Worcester

D. 1470.

FRIENDSHIP

THENNE lete thys fyrste lawe of frendship be stablysshed that we desyre nothyng of oure frendys but that is worshypfull: ne do no thynge for theyr sakes but such as is acordyng to worshyp. And if we knowe any such thyng lete us not tarye tyll we be prayed, but lete our mynde and studye be set all upon it, settyng all tarying asyde, lete us be glad to gyve them trewe counsayll freely. For the authoryte of frendes in that whych they advyse well helpeth greatly in frendshyppe. And sometime we shulde advertyse them not openly but therewyth sharply yf the caas requyre yt. And they shulde obeye suche counsayle dylygently. For I trowe dyverse thynges ryghte mervelous have ben thoughte good to suche men as among the Grekes have be(n) callyd ryghtwyse. But there is nothyng that they ne fynde some faute in by theyr willes (argutüs). Some of them wolde that a man sholde eschew over great plente of frendes leste he alone sholde be dryven of necessite to take care for many. It is ynough and to moche somtyme, they saye, to take hede to that whych belongeth to a man hymself, and to paynfull to be medelous in other menes maters. And moste behovefull to have a slack reyne upon frendshippe that whan one wyll he may restrayne yt or lete yt lose at hys playsyr. And they say the beste thynge that may be to lyve welefully is to be voyde of care, and that may not a man be that travaylleth and vexyth hys mynde for many. And some I here say speke more uncurtaysly (to whych I have somwhat sayde sharply tofore). They saye that frendshyppe shold not be sought for the getyng of love and good wyll, but as every man is weykest and of leste power so sholde he seke grettest frendshyppys or the frendshyppe of grettest men. And by thys meane as I trowe sely wymmen shuld rather desire the helpe of frendshyppe than men. And also they that were nedy rather than they that were ryche and they that were wret-

ched than they that were welefull. O Lorde, what thys is a noble wysedom! For sothe they are aboute to take the sonne out of the fyrmament that wolde take frendshyppe fro the lyfe of man sythe we haue nothynge graunted unto us of God in thys lyfe better or more joyous.

. . . . .

What is the cause that we shuld sette asyde frendshyp so that we shulde suffre no payne ne dysease therof? Yf that we take fro man the moevynge of hys thoughtys we shall not only take away the dyfference that is bytwene hym and a beste, but therewyth the difference that is bytwene him and a stoke or a stone or any lyke thyng. Ne they shuld not be herd that saye that vertue is hard, and as yt were made of yron. For as yt is in many other thynges so is yt in especiall in frendshyp bothe tendre and tretable. So that for the wele of a mannes frende one enjoyeth and for his adversyte he soroweth. Therfore thys payne that is to be taken for oure frendes suffyseth not to dyssever frendshyp fro the lyfe of man no more than vertues for that they cannot be had without laboure and payne shulde be by all men refused.

(From the translation of Cicero's *De Amicitia*).

Arthur Golding

1536–1605.

OF THE ADVENTURYS THAT BYFELL AMONG THE SHYPPIS OF CESAR

And whan they approchyd the Isle of Brytayne so that they Romayns beynge on lande might well se and behold them from theyr hoste: sodenly there rose so great a tempest that none of theyr shyppys coude kepe his strayght course, for some were fayn to retorne fro thens that they came, and some of them were dryven into the lowest parte of Britayne the which is most towarde the weste, and were in great iebardy. And when they

hadde caste there ancre they were so fylled wyth water be force of the wavys and surges that they were compellyd to take the mayne see in the worste tyme of the nighte and so att last to drawe to the londe. And the same nyght as yt happenyd the mone was at the full, and then the tydys in the ocean see be wone to be most hyest, the whych the Romayns knewe not. Also at the same season the gallyes in the whych Cesar had brought hys armye into Brytayne whych were drawen on the londe syde were all full of water. And the great shyppys whych lay at auncre were sore tormentyd wyth the tempeste; and it lay not in the power of none of all the Romains to helpe nor to do anythyng that myght be profytable. After that many and dyverse shyppys were broken, and that the gables and other garnyshynge and taklyngs belongyng to the shippis were destroyd and lost, so that they were not able to sayle: there was a great troble in the hoste of the Romayns as of necessyte happyth in every such case.

(From the translation of Caesar's *De Bello Gallico*.)

John Capgrave

1393–1464.

THE AUTHOR'S PROLOGUE

He is nough ded, this good man, this preest,[1]
He deyed at Lynne, many yeer agoo;
He is ny fro meende wyth more and wyth leest:
Yet in his deying and in his grete woo
This lady, as thei saye, appered hym ontoo;
She bad hym be glad in most goodly wyse;
She wolde reward hym, she seyde, his servyse.

Of the West Cuntre it semeth that he was
Be his maner of speche, and be his style.
He was somtyme person of Seynt Pancras
In the cyte of London, a ful grete while.

[1] i.e. one named Arrek, from whose Latin translation Capgrave made his version of the *Life*.

He is now above us ful many myle.
He be a mene to Kataryne for us,
And she for us onto oure Lord Jesus.

After hym next I take upon me
To translate this story and set it more pleyne;
Trostyng on other men, that her charyte
Shal helpe me in this cas to wryte and to seyn
God sende me parte of that Hevenly reyn
That Apollo bar aboute and eke Seynt Poule.
It maket vertu to growe in mannys soule.

If ye wil wete what that I am,
Myn cuntre is Northfolk, of the toune of Lynne:
Oute of the world, to my profite, I cam
Onto the brotherhode wiche I am inne.
God yave me grace nevere for to blynne
To folwe the steppes of my faderes before,
Wiche to the reule of Austyn were swore.

(From the Metrical *Life of St. Katharine.*)

EDWARD III AND KING'S WEATHER. THE GREAT PESTILENCE

A.D. 1347

In the XXI yere, whan Kyng Philip of Frauns uas fled thus cowardly fro the sege of Caleys, thei of the same town offered the town to Kyng Edward withoute any poyntment. And he lay in the town a month, considering the strong disposicion thereof. Thanne, at instauns of the Pope, was take trews betwix the two Kyngis for a yere. Aboute the fest of Seynt Michael, the Kyng took the se into Ynglond, and there had he grete tempest, and mervelous wyndes, and thanne he mad swech a compleynt on to oure Lady, and seide, "O blessed Mayde, what menyth al this? Evyr, whan I go to Frauns, I have fayre weddir; and whanne I turne to Ynglond intollerable tempestes."

A.D. 1348

In the XXII yere were grete reynes, which dured fro the Nativite of Seynt Jon Baptist onto Cristmasse.

And after that reyne there folowid a grete pestilens, specialy in the Est side of the world amongst the Sarasines. So many deied, that there left scarsly among hem the X man, or the X woman. Thei, seyng this veniauns amongst hem, purposed veryly to be Cristen. But whan thei wist that the pestilens was among the Cristen men. than her good purpos sesed.

A.D. 1349

In the XXIII yere was the Grete Pestilens of puple. First it began in the north cuntre; than in the south; and so forth thorw oute the reme. Aftir this pestilens folowed a moreyn of bestis, whech had nevir be seyn. For, as it was supposed, there left not in Ingland the ten part of the puple. Than cesed lordes rentis, prestis tithes. Because there were so fewe tylmen, the erde lay untillid. So mech misery was in the lond, that the prosperite whech was before was nevir recured.

(From the *Chronicle of England.*)

THE BALLAD OF THE NUT-BROWN MAID

About 1500.

(*The first two stanzas form the introduction to the poem; after that, it is a dialogue between a knight and a lady.*)

Be it right or wrong, these men among, on women do complaine,
Affermyng this, how that it is a labour spent in vaine
To loue them wele; for neuer a dele they loue a man agayne;
For lete a man do what he can, ther fauour to attayne,
Yet yf a newe to them pursue, ther furst trew louer than
Laboureth for nought, and from her thought he is a banisshed man.

I say not nay, but that all day it is bothe writ and sayde
That womans fayth, is as who saythe, all vtterly decayed ;
But neuertheles, right good witnes in this case might be layde
That they loue trewe, & contynew ; recorde the Nutbrowne maide,
Whiche from her loue, whan, her to proue, he cam to make his mone,
Wolde not departe, for in her herte she loued but hym allone.

Than betwene vs lete vs discusse, what was all the maner
Be-twene them too ; we wyl also telle all the peyne in-fere
That she was in ; now I begynne, soo that ye me answere.
Wherfore alle ye, that present be, I pray you geue an eare :—
I am the knyght, I cum be nyght, as secret as I can,
Sayng ;—" alas ; thus stondyth the case, I am a bannished man."

And I, your wylle for to fulfylle, in this wyl not refuse,
Trusting to shewe, in wordis fewe, that men haue an ille vse
To ther owne shame, wymen to blame, & causeles them accuse ;
Therfore to you, I answere now, alle wymen to excuse :—
" Myn owne hert dere, with you what chiere ? I prey you telle anoon,
For in my mynde, of all mankynde, I loue but you allon."

" It stondith so, a dede is do, wherfore moche harme shal g owe,
My desteny is for to dey a shamful dethe, I trowe,
Or ellis to flee ; the ton must bee, none other wey I knowe
But to withdrawe, as an outlaw, and take me to my bowe ;
Wherfore adew my owne hert trewe, none other re e I can,
For I muste t the grene wode goo, alone, a bannysshed man."

" O Lorde, what is this worldis blisse, that chaungeth as the mone ?
My somers day, in lusty may, is derked before the none ;
I here you saye ' farwel ' ; nay, nay, we departe not soo sone ;

Why say ye so, wheder wyl ye goo, alas! what haue ye done?
Alle my welfare to sorow and care shulde chaunge, yf ye were gon;
For in my mynde, of all mankynde, I loue but you alone."

"I can beleue, it shal you greue, and somwhat you distrayne;
But aftyrwarde, your paynes harde within a day or tweyne
Shal sone a-slake, and ye shal take confort to you agayne.
Why shuld ye nought? for to take thought your labur were in vayne,
And thus I do, & pray you, loo! as hertely as I can;
For I muste too the grene wode goo, alone, a banysshed man."

"Now syth that ye haue shewed to me the secret of your mynde,
I shalbe playne to you agayne, lyke as ye shal me fynde;
Syth it is so, that ye wyll goo, I wol not leue behynde,
Shal neuer be sayd, the Nutbrowne mayd was to her loue unkind;
Make you redy, for soo am I, all-though it were anoon,
For in my mynde, of all mankynde, I loue but you alone."

"Yet I you rede to take good hede, what men wyl thinke & sey;
Of yonge and olde it shalbe tolde, that ye be gone away,
Your wanton wylle for to fulfylle, in grene wood you to play,
And that ye myght from your delyte noo lenger make delay.
Rather than ye shuld thus for me be called an ille woman,
Yet wolde I to the grene wodde goo, alone, a banyshed man."

"Though it be songe of olde and yonge, that I shuld be to blame,
Theirs be the charge, that speke so large in hurting of my name;
For I wyl proue that feythful loue, it is deuoyd of shame,
I your distresse and heuyn sse, to parte wyth you the same;
And sure all thoo, that doo not so, trewe louers ar they noon;
But in my mynde, of all mankynde, I loue but you alone."

"I councel yow, remembre how it is noo maydens lawe
Nothing to dowte, but to renne out to wod with an outlawe:
For ye must there in your hande bere, a bowe redy to drawe,
And as a theef thus must ye lyue, euer in drede and awe,
By whiche to yow gret harme myght grow, yet had I leuer than
That I had too the grene wod goo, alone, a banysshyd man

"I thinke not nay, but as ye saye, it is noo maydens lore;
But loue may make me, for your sake, as ye haue said before,
To com on fote, to hunte and shote to get vs mete and store;
For soo that I your company may haue, I aske noo more;
From whiche to parte, it makith myn herte as colde as ony ston,
For in my minde, of all mankynde, I loue but you alone."

"For an outlawe this is the lawe, that men hymtake & binde
Wythout pytee, hanged to bee, and wauer with the wynde.
Yf I had neede, as god for-bede, what rescous coude ye finde?
For sothe I trowe, you and your bowe shul drawe for fere behynde;
And noo merueyle, for lytel auayle were in your councel than;
Wherfore I too the woode wyl goo, alone, a banysshd man."

"Ful wel knowe ye, that wymen bee ful febyl for to fyght,
Noo womanhed is it in deede, to bee bolde as a knight;
Yet in suche fere yf that ye were, amonge enemys day and nyght,
I wolde wythstonde, with bowe in hande, to greue them as I myght,
And you to saue, as wymen haue, from deth men many one;
For in my mynde, of all man-kynde, I loue but you alone."

"Yet take good hede, for euer I drede, that ye coude not sustein
The thorney wayes, the depe valeis, the snowe, the frost, the reyn,
The colde, the hete; for drye or wete, we must lodge on the playn;

And, vs aboue, noon other roue, but a brake, bussh, or twayne ;
Whiche sone shulde greue you, I beleue, and ye wolde gladly than,
That I had too the grene wode goo, alone, a banysshyd man."

"Syth I haue here ben partynere with you of Ioy & blysse,
I muste also parte of your woo endure, as reason is ;
Yet am I sure of oo plesure, and shortly it is this,
That where ye bee, me semeth, perde, I coude not fare a-mysse ;
Wythout more speche, I you beseche, that we were soon a-gone ;
For in my mynde, of all mankynde, I loue but you alone."

"Yef ye goo thidyr, ye must consider, whan ye haue lust to dyne,
Ther shal no mete be for to gete, nor drinke, bere, ale, ne wine,
Ne shetis clene to lye betwene, made of thred and twyne ;
Noon other house but leuys and bowes, to keuer your hed and myn ;
Loo ! myn herte swete, this ylle dyet shuld make you pale & wan,
Wherfore I to the wood wyl goo, alone, a banysshid man."

"Amonge the wylde dere suche an archier as men say that ye bee
Ne may not fayle of good vitayle, where is so grete plente ;
And watir cleere, of the ryuere, shalbe ful swete to me,
Wyth whiche in hele I shal right wele endure, as ye shal see ;
And er we goo, a bed or twoo I can prouide a-noon,
For in my mynde, of all mankynde, I loue but you alone."

"Loo yet, before, ye must doo more, yf ye wyl goo with me,
As cutte your here up by your ere, your kirtel by the knee,
Wyth bowe in hande, for to withstonde your enmys, yf nede be :
And this same nyght, before day-lyght, to wood-ward wyl I flee ;
And if ye wyl all this fulfylle, doo it shortely as ye can,
Ellis wil I to the grene wode goo, alone, a banysshyd man."

" I shal as now do more for you than longeth to womanhede,
To short my here, a bowe to bere, to shote in tyme of nede.
O my swete moder, before all other for you haue I most drede ;
But now a-diew ; I must ensue wher fortune doth me leede :
All this make ye ; now lete vs flee, the day cumeth fast vpon ;
For in my mynde, of all mankynde, I loue but you alone."

" Nay, nay, not soo, ye shal not goo, & I shal telle you why ;
Your appetyte is to be lyght of loue, I wele aspie ;
For right as ye haue said to me, in lyke wyse hardely
Ye wolde answere, who-so-euer it were, in way of company.
It is sayd of olde, ' sone hote, sone colde,' and so is a woman ;
Wherfore I too the woode wyl goo, alone, a banysshid man."

" Yef ye take hede, yet is noo nede such wordis to say bee me ;
For ofte ye preyd, and longe assayed, or I you louid, perdee ;
And though that I, of auncestry, a barons doughter bee,
Yet haue you proued how I you loued, a squyer of low degree,
And euer shal, what so befalle, to dey therfore a-noon ;
For in my mynde, of al mankynde, I loue but you alone."

" A barons childe to be begyled, it were a curssed dede ;
To be felow with an out-lawe, almyghty god for-bede !
Yet bettyr were the pore squyer alone to forest yede,
Than ye shal saye, another day, that be my wyked dede
Ye were betrayed ; wherfore, good maide, the best rede that I can,
Is, that I too the grene wode goo, alone, a banysshed man."

" Whatso-euer-be-falle, I neuer shal of this thing you vpbraid,
But yf ye goo and leue me soo, than haue ye me betraied ;
Remembre you wele how that ye dele, for yf ye, as ye sayde,
Be so vnkynde, to leue behynde your loue, the notbrowne maide,
Trust me truly that I shal dey, sone after ye be gone,
For in my mynde, of all man-kynde, I loue but you alone."

"Yef that ye went, ye shulde repent, for in the forest now
I haue purueid me of a maide, whom I loue more than you.
Another fayrer than euer ye were, I dare it wel auowe;
And of you bothe, eche shuld be wrothe with other, as I trowe
It were myn ease to lyue in pease; so wyl I, yf I can;
Wherfore I to the wode wyl goo, alone, a banysshid man."

"Though in the wood I vndirstode ye had a paramour,
All this may nought remeue my thought, but that I wil be your;
And she shal fynde me softe and kynde, and curteis euery our,
Glad to fulfylle all that she wylle commaunde me, to my power;
For had ye, loo! an hondred moo, yet wolde I be that one;
For in my mynde, of all mankynde, I loue but you alone."

"Myn own dere loue, I see the proue that ye be kynde and trewe;
Of mayde and wyf, in al my lyf, the best that euer I knewe.
Be mery and glad, be no more sad, the case is chaunged newe;
For it were ruthe, that for your trouth you shuld haue cause to rewe.
Be not dismayed; what-soeuer I sayd to you, whan I began,
I wyl not too the grene wod goo, I am noo banysshyd man."

"Theis tidingis be more glad to me, than to be made a quene,
Yf I were sure they shuld endure; but it is often seen,
When men wyl breke promyse, they speke the wordis on the splene.
Ye shape some wyle, me to begyle, and stele fro me, I wene;
Then were the case wurs than it was, & I more woo begone;
For in my mynde, of al mankynde, I loue but you alone."

"Ye shal not nede further to drede, I wyl not disparage
You, god defende, sith ye descende of so grete a lynage:
Now vnderstonde, to Westmorelonde, whiche is my herytage,
I wyl you bringe, and wyth a rynge, be wey of maryage
I wyl you take, and lady make, as shortly as I can;
Thus haue ye wone an erles son, and not a banysshyd man!"—

Here may ye see that wymen be in loue meke, kinde, & stable,
Late neuer man reprene them than, or calle them variable;
But rather prey god that we may to them be confortable,
Which somtyme prouyth suche as he loueth, yf they be charitable:
For sith men wolde that wymen sholde be meke to them echeon,
Moche more ought they to god obey, and serue but hym alone.

Reginald Pecock

1395-1460?

A MAN KNOWS HIS OWN BUSINESS BEST

And ferthermore, to seie redili as no man woot, how hard it is to clymbe upon a tree or forto come doun of a tree, save thilk that assaieth it; and no man loking upon an other man so clymbing up or comyng doun can juge so weel that he governeth him weel or yvel in so ascending or descending as he him self which so ascendith or descendith, neither he woot so weel as if he him silf were sett into lijk werke of clymbing or of doun comyng, and ful lightli ech such biholder schal deeme amys the clymber, if he make soone eny jugement ther upon without privey counseiling with the clymber, to wite of him whi he is moved forto sette his foot rather there than here, and so of other dyversitees: even so it is in oure now present purpos.

(From *Overmuch blaming of the Clergy*.)

DO THE WORK NEAREST AT HAND

If a man, whanne he is to wirche a good werk, schulde bithenke him whethir he in thilk tyme mai do a better werk, and schulde studie ther aboute; certis he schulde have so manye thoughtis and studies, that he schulde leue the good werk undoon which for the while profrith him silf to be doon, and he schulde lese the ther werke aboute which he studieth whether it mai as for thanne be doon or no. And therfore, right as a good husewijf

in an hous now doith oon werk now an othir werk, as thei comen to hond; and now sche brewith, now sche bakith, now sche sethith, now sche rostith, now sche weischith disschis, now sche berith aischis out, now sche strawith rischis in the halle; and though these werkes ben not like gode and like worthi into the service of hir husbonde, yit sche oughte do the oon with the other as thei comen forth to be doon in dyverse whilis, and ellis if sche schulde seie to hir self: "Y wole not do this, peraventure y schal fynde a better werk," sche schulde make badde husewijfschip, and in thilk studie sche schulde ofte be troublid, yea, and be idil fro al good werk, and ofte be bigiled in chesing the lasse good in stide of the better good to be doon:—so a servaunt of God in the goostli hous of the Universal Chirche muste bere him, now occupying him in smale werkis whiche for the while ben present, and now occupying him with gretter, whanne thei profren hem at good leiser to be doon; and ellis he schal ful ofte bi masing studie be ful idil, whanne he myghte be weel and fruytfulli occupied.

(From *The Same.*)

Sir John Fortescue

1394?–1476?

POVERTY OF THE COMMONS IS NOT FOR THE GOOD OF THE COMMONWEALTH

SOME men haue said that it were good ffor the kyng, that the commons off Englande were made pore, as be the commons off Ffraunce. Ffor than thai wolde not rebelle as now thai done oftentymes; wich the commons off Ffraunce do not, nor mey doo; ffor thai haue no wepen, nor armour, nor good to bie it with all. To theis maner off men mey be said with the phylosopher, *ad pauca respicientes de facili enunciant.* This is to say, thai that see but ffew thynges, woll sone say thair advyses. Ffor soth theis ffolke consideren litill the good off the reaume off Englond, wheroff the myght stondith most uppon archers, wich

be no ryche men. And yff thai were made more pouere than thai be, thai shulde not haue wherwith to bie hem bowes, arroes, jakkes, or any other armour off defence, wherby thai myght be able to resiste owre enymes, when thai liste to come uppon us; wich thai may do in euery side, considerynge that we be a Helonde; and, as it is said before, we mey not sone haue soucour off any other reaume. Wherfore, we shull be a pray to all owre enymyes, but yff we be myghty off owre selff, wich myght stondeth most uppon oure pouere archers; and therfore thai nedun not only haue suche ablements as now is spoken off, but also thai nedun to be much excersised in shotynge, wich mey not be done withowt ryght grete expenses, as euery man experte therin knowith ryght well. Wherfore the makynge pouere of the commons, wich is the makyng pouere off owre archers, shalbe the distruccion of the grettest myght off owre reaume. *Item*, yff pouere men mey not lightly rise, as is the openion of thes men, wich ffor that cause wolde haue the commons pouere; how than, yff a myghty man made a rysinge shulde he be repressed, whan all the commons ben so pouere, that after such openyon thai mey not ffight, and be that reason not helpe the kyng with ffeghtynge? And whi makith the kynge the commons euery yere to be mustered; sithen it were god thai hade non harnes nor were able to ffight? O, howe unwyse is the oppenyon off thes men; ffor it mey not be mayntened be any reason! *Item*, whan any rysinge hath be made in this londe beffor theis dayis by commons, the pouerest men theroff haue be the grettest causers and doers therin. And thryfty men haue ben loth therto, ffor drede off lesynge off thair gode. But yet oftentymes thai haue goo with thaym, through manasheynge that ellis the same pouere men wolde haue toke thair godes, wher in it semyth that pouerte hath be the holl cause off all suche rysynges. The pouere man hath be sturred therto be occasion off is pouerte, for to gete gode and the riche men haue gone with hem, because thai wolde not be pouere be lesynge off ther gode. What than wolde ffall, yff all the commons were pouere? Trewly it is lyke that this lande then shulde be like unto the reaume off Boeme, wher

the commons ffor pouerte rose apon the nobles, and made all thair godis to be comune. *Item*, hit is the kyngis honour, and also is office, to make is reaume riche ; and it is dishonour whan he hath but a pouere reaume, off wich men woll say that he reigneth but uppon beggers. Yet it were moch gretter dishonour, yff he ffounde is reaume riche, and then made it pouere. And it were also gretly ayenest his conciens, that awght to defende hem and her godis, yff he toke ffro hem thair godis without lafull cause ; ffrom the infame wheroff God defende owre kyng, and gyff hym grase to augmente is reaume in riches, welth, and prosperite, to his perpetuell laude and worshippe. *Item*, the reaume off Ffraunce givith neuer ffrely off thair owne gode will any subsidie to thair prince, because the commons theroff be so pouere, as thai meynot give any thyng off thair owne godis. And the kyng ther askith neuer subsidie off is nobles, ffor drede that yff he charged hem so, thai wolde confedre with the commons and perauentur putt hym doune. But owre commons be riche, and therfore thai give to thair kynge, at somme tymes quinsimes and dessimes, and ofte tymes other grete subsidies, as he hath nede ffor the gode and defence off his reaume. How gret a subsidie was it, when the reaume gaff to their kyng a quinsime and a desime quinqueniale, and the IXth fflese off thair wolles, and also the IXth shefe off ther graynes, ffor the terme off v. yere. This myght they not haue done, yff thai hade ben impouershed be thair kyng, as be the commons off Ffraunce ; nor such a graunte hath be made by any reaume off cristendome, off wich any cronicle makith mencion ; nor non other mey or hath cause to do so. Ffor thai haue not so much ffredome in thair owne godis, nor be entreted by so ffauerable lawes as we be, except a ffewe regions beffore specified. *Item*, we se dayly, how men that haue lost thair godis, and be ffallen into pouerte, becomme anon robbers and theves ; wich wolde not haue ben soche, yff pouerte hade not brought hem therto. Howe many a theff then were like to be in this lande, yff all the commons were pouere. The grettest surete trewly, and also the most honour that mey come to the kynge is, that is reaume be riche in euery

estate. Ffor nothyng mey make is people to arise, but lakke off gode, or lakke off justice. But yet sertanly when thay lakke gode thai woll aryse, sayng that thai lakke justice. Neuer the les yff thai be not pouere, thay will neuer aryse, but yff ther prince so leve justice, that he give hymselff all to tyranne.

(From *The Governaunce of England.*)

Sir Thomas Malory

Fl. 1470.

THE PASSING OF ARTHUR

THERFORE sayd Arthur unto Syr Bedwere, Take thou Excalybur my good swerde and goo with it to yonder water syde, and whan thou comest there I charge the throwe my swerde in that water and come ageyn and telle me what thou there seest. My lord, sayd Bedwere, your commaundement shal be doon, and lyghtly brynge you worde ageyn. So Syr Bedwere departed, and by the waye he behelde that noble swerde that the pomel and the hafte was al of precyous stones ; and thenne he sayd to hymself : Yf I throwe this ryche swerde in the water, therof shal neuer come good but harme and losse. And thenne Syr Bedwere hydde Excalybur under a tree. And so as sone as he myght he came ageyn unto the kyng and sayd he had ben at the water and had throwen the swerde in to the water. What sawe thou there ? sayd the kyng. Sir, he sayd, I sawe no thynge but wawes and wyndes. That is untrewly sayd of the, sayd the kynge. Therfore goo thou lyghtelye ageyn and do my commaundemente ; as thou art to me leef and dere spare not but throwe it in. Than Syr Bedwere retorned ageyn and took the swerde in hys hande and than hym thought synne and shame to throwe awaye that nobyl swerde. And so efte he hydde the swerde, and retorned ageyn and tolde to the kyng that he had ben at the water and done his commaundemente. What sawe thou there ? said the kyng. Syr, he said, I sawe no thynge but the waters wappe and wawes wanne. A, traytour untrewe, sayd Kyng Arthur, now

hast thou betrayed me twyse. Who wold haue wente that thou that hast been to me so leef and dere and thou arte named a noble knyghte and wold betraye me for the richesse of the swerde. But now goo ageyn lyghtly, for thy longe taryeng putteth me in grete ieopardye of my lyf, for I haue taken colde, and but yf thou do now as I byd the, yf euer I may see the I shal slethe myn owne handes, for thou woldest for my ryche swerde see me dede. Thenne Syr Bedwere departed and wente to the swerde and lyghtly took hit up, and wente to the water syde and there he bounde the gyrdyl aboute the hyltes, and thenne he threwe the swerde as farre in to the water as he myght, and there cam an arme and an hande above the water and mette it, and caught it, and so shoke it thryse, and braundysshed and then vanysshed awaye the hande wyth the swerde in the water. So Syr Bedwere came ageyn to the kyng and tolde hym what he sawe. Alas, sayd the kyng, helpe me hens, for I drede me I haue taryed ouer longe. Than Sir Bedwere toke the kyng upon his backe, and so wente wyth hym to that water syde; and whan they were at the water syde, euyn fast by the banke houed a barge wyth many fayr ladyes in hit, and emonge hem al was a quene, and al they had blacke hoodes, and al they wepte and shryked whan they sawe Kyng Arthur. Now put me into the barge, sayd the kyng, and so he dyd softelye. And there receyued hym thre quenes wyth grete mornyng, and soo they sette hem doun, and in one of their lappes Kyng Arthur layed hys heed. And than that quene sayd, A, dere broder, why haue ye taryed so longe from me. Alas this wounde on your heed hath caught ouermouche colde. And soo than they rowed from the londe, and Syr Bedwere behelde all tho ladyes goo from hym. Than Syr Bedwere cryed, A my lord Arthur, what shal become of me now ye goo from me and leue me here allone emonge myn enemyes. Comfort thy self, sayd the kyng, and doo as wel as thou mayst, for in me is no truste for to truste in. For I wyl in to the vale of Auylyon to hele me of my greuous wounde. And yf thou here neuer more of me praye for my soule. But euer the quenes and ladyes wept and shryched that

hit was pyte to here. And assone as Syr Bedwere had loste the syght of the baarge he wepte and waylled and so took the foreste.

(From *Mort Darthur.*)

William Caxton

1422 ?-1491 ?

OF THE FOUNDING OF THE GAME OF CHESS

THE causes wherfore this playe was founden ben thre; the first was for to correcte and repreue the kynge. For whan this kynge Evilmerodach sawe this playe, and the barons knyghtes and gentillmen of his court playe with the philosopher he meruaylled gretly of the beaulte and nouelte of the playe. And desired to playe agaynst ye philosopher. The philosopher answered and sayd to hym that hit myght not be doon, but yf he first lerned the pleye. The knyge said hit was reson, and that he wold put him to the payne to lerne hit. Than the philosophre began to teche hym and to shewe him the maner of the table of the chess borde and the chesse meyne. And also the maners and condicions of a kynge of the nobles and of the comun peple and of theyr offices, and how they shold be touchid and drawen. And how he shold amende hymself and become vertuous. And whan this kynge herde that he repreuyd hym. He demanded hym upon payne of deth to tell hym wherfore had he founden and made this playe. And he answerd, My ryght dere lord and kynge, the grettest and most thinge that I desire is that thou haue in thy self a gloryous and vertuous lyf. And that may I not see, but yf thou be endoctrined and well manered and that had so mayst thou be belouyd of thy peple. Thus than I desire that thou haue other gouernement than thou hast had. And that thou haue upon thy self first segnorye and maistrye suche as thou hast upon other by force and not by right. Certaynly hit is not ryght that a man be mayster ouer other and comandour whan he can not rewle ner may rewle himself, and that his vertues domyne aboue his vices. For seygnourye by force and wylle may not

longe endure. Than thus may thou see oon of the causes why and wherfore I haue founden and maad thys playe whyche is for to correcte and repent the of thy tyrannye and vicyous lyuynge.

. . . . .

The seconde cause wherfore this playe was founden and maad was for to kepe hym from ydlenesse whereof Senecque saith unto Lucylle ydlenes wythoute any ocupacion is sepulture of a man lyuyng, and Varro saith in his Sentences that in lyke wise as men goo not for to goo the same wyse the lyf is not gyuen for to lyue, but for to doo well and good. And therfore secondly the philosopher fonde this playe for to kepe the peple from ydlenes. For there is moche peple whan so is that they be fortunat in worldly goodes that they drawe them to ease and ydlenes wherof cometh ofte tymes many euyllys and grete synnes. And by this ydlenes the herte is quenchid, wherof cometh desperacion.

The thirde cause is that euery man naturelly desireth to knowe and to here noueltees and tydynges.

(From *The Game and Playe of the Chesse.*)

THE FORM OF A KING

The kynge must be thus maad. For he must sitte in a chayer clothed in purpure, crowned on his heed, in his ryght hand a ceptre and in the lyfte hande an apple of gold. For he is the most grettest and hyest in dignyte aboue alle other and most worthy. And that is signefyed by the corone. For the glorye of the peple is the dignite of the kynge. And aboue all other the kynge ought to be replenysshid with vertues and of grace, and thys signefieth the purpure. For in lyke wyse as the robes of purpure maketh fayr and enbelyssheth the body, the same wise vertues maketh the sowle. He ought alleway thenke on the gouernement of the Royame and who hath thadmynystracion of justice. And thys shuld be by hym self pryncipally. This signefieth the appell of gold that he holdeth in his lyfte honde. And for as moche as hit apperteyneth unto hym to punysshe

the rebelles hath he ye sceptre in his right hand. And for as moche as mysericorde and trouthe conserue and kepe the kynge in his trone, therfore ought a kynge to be mercyfull and debonayr.

(From *The Same.*)

THE AUTHOR'S APOLOGY FOR HIS TRANSLATION

Whan I remembre that euery man is bounden by the comandement and counceyll of the wyse man to eschewe slouthe and ydlenes, whyche is moder and nouryishar of vyces, and ought to put my self unto vertuous ocupacion and besynesse, than I hauynge no grete charge of ocupacion folowynge the sayd counceyll toke a frenche booke and redde therin many strange and meruayllous historyes where in I had grete pleasyr and delyte, as well for the nouelte of the same as for the fayr langage of frenshe, whyche was in prose so well and compendiously sette and wreton, whiche me thoughte I understood the sentence and substance of euery mater. And for so moche as this booke was newe and late maad and drawen in to frenshe, and neuer had seen hit in oure englissh tonge, I thought in my self hit shold be a good besynes to translate hyt in to oure englissh, to thende that hyt myght be had as well in the royame of Englond, as in other landes, and also for to passe therwyth the tyme, and thus concluded in my self to begynne this sayd werke. And forthwith toke penne and ynke and began boldly to renne forth as blynde Bayard in thys presente werke, whyche is named *The Recuyell of the Troian Historyes.* And afterward whan I remembryd my self of my symplenes and unperfightnes that I had in bothe langages, that is to wete in frenshe and in Englissh, for in France was I neuer, and was born and lerned myn Englissh in Kente in the Weeld, where I doubte not is spoken as brode and rude Englissh as in any place of England, and have contynued by the space of xxx yere for the most parte in the contres of Braband, Flandres, Holand, and Zeland. And thus whan alle thyse thynges cam to fore me aftyr that y had made and wretyn a fyve or six quayers, y fyll in dispayr of thys werke, and purposid

no more to haue contynuyd therin, and tho quayers leyd a part and in two yere aftyr laboured nomore in thys werke. And was fully in wyll to haue left hyt, tyll on a time hit fortuned that the ryght, hyghe, excellent, and right vertuous prynces, my ryght redoughted lady My Lady Margarete, by the grace of God suster unto the kynge of Englond and of France, my souerayn Lord Duchesse of Bourgoine, of Lotryk, of Brabant, of Lymburgh, and of Luxenburgh, Countes of Fflandres, of Artoys, and of Bourgoine Palatynee, of Heynawd, of Holand, of Zeland, and of Namur, Marquesse of the Holy Empire, Lady of Ffryse, of Falius and of Mechlyn sente for me to speke wyth her good grace of dyuerce maters, among the whyche y lete her Hyenes haue knowleche of the forsayd begynnyng of thys werke, whiche anone comanded me to shewe the sayd v or vi quayers to her sayd grace and whan she had seen hem, anone she fonde a defaute in myn englissh, whiche sche comanded me to amende, and more ouer comanded me straytli to contynue and make an ende of the resydue than not translated; whose dredefull comandement y durste in no wyse disobey because y am a seruant unto her sayde grace and resseiue of her yerly ffee and other many goode and grete benefetes and also hope many moo to resseyue of her hyenes. But forthwyth wente and labouryde in the sayde translacion aftyr my symple and pour connyng also nigh as y can folouyng myn auctour, mekeli beseching the bounteuous Hyenes of my said lady, that of her benyuolence liste to accepte and take in gree this symple and rude werke folowyng. And yf ther be ony thyng wreton or sayd to her playsir y shall thynke my labour well employed, and where as ther is defawte, that she arette hyt to the symplenes of my connyng whiche is ful small in this behalue and requyre and praye alle them that shall rede this sayd werke to correcte hyt and to hold me excusid of the rude and symple translacion. And thus y ende my prologe.

(From the *Recuyell of the Historye of Troye.*)

A Paston Letter

MARGARET PASTON TO JOHN PASTON,—
A.D. 1462, 7 *Jan.*

To my ryth worchepfull husbond, John Paston, be thys delyveryed in hast.

Ryth worchepfull husbond, I recomand me to yow. Plesyt yow to wet that I sent yow a lettyr by my cosyn Barneys man of Wychyngham wyche was wretyn on Seynt Thomas Day in Crystmas, and I had no tydyngys nor lettyr of yow sene the wek befor Crystmas; wher of I mervayle sore. I fere me it is not well with yow be cawse ye came not home or sent er thys tyme. I hopyd verily ye schold have ben at home by Twelthe at the ferthest. I pray yow hertly that ye wole wychesave to send me word how ye do as hastly as ye may, for my hert schall nevyr be in ese tyll I have tydyngys fro yow. Pepyll of this contre begynyth to wax wyld, and it is seyd her that my Lord of Clarans and the Dwek of Suthfolk and serteyn jwgys with hem schold come downe and syt on syche pepyll as be noysyd ryotous in thys contre. And also it is seyd here, that there is retornyd a newe rescwe up on that that was do at the scher. I suppose swyche talkynge comyth of false schrewys that wold mak a rwmor in this contre. The pepyll seyth here that they had levyr go up hole to the Kynge and compleyne of siche false screwys as they have be wrongyd by a fore, than they schold be compleynyd of with owt cause and be hangyd at ther owne dorys. In good feyth men fere sore here of a comone rysyng, but if (*i.e. unless*) a bettyr remedy may be had to a pese the pepyll in hast, and that ther be sent swyche downe to tak a rewyll as the pepyll hathe a fantsy in, that wole be indeferent. They love not in no wyse the Dwke of Sowthfolk nor his modyr. They sey that all the tretourys and extorsyonerys of thys contre be meynteynyd by them and by syche as they get to them with her goodys, to that intent to meynten suche extorsyon style as hathe be do by suche as hathe had the rewyll undyr them be fore tyme. Men wene,

and the Dwke of Sowthfolk come ther scholl be a schrewd reuell but if (*unless*) ther come odyr that be bettyr belovyd than he is here. The pepyll feryth hem myche the more to be hurt, because that ye and my cosyn Barney come not home; they sey they wot welle it is not well with yow, and if it be not well with yow, they sey they wot well, they that wole do yow wronge wole sone do them wronge, and that makyth them all most mad. God for Hys holy mersy geve grace that ther may be set a good rewyll and a sad in this contre in hast, for I herd nevyr sey of so myche robry and manslawter in thys contre as is now within a lytyll tyme. And as for gadyryng of mony, I sey nevyr a werse seson, for Rychard Calle seyth he can get but lytyll in substans of that is owyng, nowthyr of yowyr lyvelod nor of Fastolfys th'eyr. And John Paston seyth, they that may pay best they pay werst; they fare as thou they hopyd to have a newe werd (*world*). And the blyssyd Trinite have yow in Hys kepyng and send us good tydyngys of yow.

Yelverton is a good thredbare frend for yow and for odyr in thys contre, as it is told me.

Wretyn in hast on the Thorsday nex aftyr Twelthe

By yowyr,
MARGARET PASTON

Sir Thomas More

1478–1535.

THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER PLOTS AGAINST THE YOUNG KING EDWARD V

WITH these persuasions and writings, the Duke of Gloucester set on fire them which were easy to kindle, and especially two, Henry, Duke of Buckingham, and William Lord Hastings, and Lord Chamberlain, both men of honour and of great power, the one by long succession from his ancestors, the other by his offices and the King's favour. These two not bearing each to other so

much love, as hatred both to the Queen's blood, accorded together with the Duke of Gloucester, that they would remove from the King all his mother's friends, under the name of their enemies.

Whereupon the Duke of Gloucester, being advertised that the Lords about the King intended to bring him to London to his coronation, accompanied with such a number of their friends, that it should be hard for him to bring his purpose to pass, without the assembling and gathering of people, and in manner of open war, wherof the end he knew was doubtful, and in the which the King being on the other side, his part should have the name and face of rebellion.

He secretly therefore, by divers means, caused the Queen to be persuaded, that it was neither need, and should also be dangerous for the King to come up so strong; for as now, every lord loved other, and no other thing studied for, but the triumph of his coronation, and honour of the King. And if the Lords about the King should assemble, in the King's name, much people, they should give the Lords betwixt whom and them there had been some time debate, an occasion to fear and suspect, lest they should gather this people, not for the King's safe-guard, whom no man impugned, but for their destruction, having more regard to their old variance, then to their new atonement, for the which cause they on the other part might assemble men also for their defence, whose powers she knew well stretched far; and thus should all the Realm fall in an uproar, and of the mischief that thereof should ensue (which was likely to be not a little) the most harm was like to fall where the least would, and then all the world would put her and her kindred in the blame; saying, That they had unwisely and untruly broken the amity and peace, which the king, her husband had so prudently made between her kindred and his, which amity his kin had always observed.

The Queen being thus persuaded, sent word to the King and to her brother, that there was no cause nor need to assemble any people, and also the Duke of Gloucester and other lords of his side wrote unto the King so reverently, and to the queen's friends

there so lovingly, that they nothing earthly mistrusting, brought the King toward London with a sober company in great haste (but not in good speed) till he came to Northampton, and from thence he removed to Stony Stratford.

. . . . .

And they (*i.e. the Dukes of Buckingham and Gloucester*) brought the King and all back to Northampton, where they took farther counsel in their affairs. And there they sent from the King whom it pleased them, and set about him such servants as better pleased them than him. At which dealing he wept and was not content, but it booted not.

(From *The Pitifull Life of King Edward the Fifth.*)

ON THE BIBLE IN THE MOTHER-TONGUE

"Sir," quoth your friend, "yet for all this can I see no cause why the clergy should keep the Bible out of laymen's hands that can no more than their mother tongue." "I had weened," quoth I, "that I had proved you plainly that they keep it not from them. For I have shewed you that they keep none from them but such translation as be either not yet approved for good, or such as be already reproved for naught, as Wickliffe's was and Tindal's. For as for other, old ones that were before Wickliff's days remain lawful and be in some folk's hands had and read." "Ye say well," quoth he, "but yet as women say, 'somewhat it was alway that the cat winked when her eye was out.' Surely so it is not for nought that the English Bible is in so few men's hands when so many would so fain have it." "That is very truth," quod I. . . . And surely how it hath happed that in all this while God hath either not suffered or not provided that any good virtuous man hath hadde the mynde in faithful wise to translate it, and thereupon either the clergy, or at the least wise some one bishop to approve it, this can I nothing tell. . . . Yet is there in my mind not one thing that more putteth good men of the clergy in doubt and suffer it than this: that they see some time much of the worse sort more fervent in the calling for

it than them whom we find far better; which maketh them to fear lest such men desire it for no good, and lest if it were had in euery man's hand there would great peril arise, and that seditious people should do more harm therewith than good and honest folk should take fruit thereby. Which fear, I promise you, nothing feareth me. I never yet heard any reason laid why it were not convenient to have the Bible translated into the English tongue, but all those reasons semed they never so gay and glorious at the first sight, yet when they were well examined they might in effect for aught that I can see, as well be laid against the holy writers that wrote the scriptures in the Hebrew tongue, and against the blessed evangelists that wrote the scripture in Greek, and against all those in likewise that translated it out of every of those tongues into Latin, as to their charge that would well and faithfull out of Latin into our English tongue. For as for that our tongue is called barbarous is but a fantasy; for so is, as every learned man knoweth, every strange language to other. And if they would call it barren of words there is no doubt but it is plenteous enough to express our minds in any thing whereof one man hath used to speak with another. . . .

Now as touching the harm that may grow by such blind bayards as will, when they read the Bible in English, be more busy than will become them, they that touch that point harp upon the right string, and touch truly the great harm that were likely to grow to some folk how be it not by the occasion yet of the English translation, by the occasion of their own lewdness and folly, which yet were not in my mind a sufficient cause to exclude the translation, and to put other folk from the benefit thereof, but rather to make provision against such abuse, and let a good thing go forth. No wise man were there that would put all weapons away because manquellers misuse them.

(*A Dialogue concerning heresies and matters of religion.*)

THE UTOPIANS AND WAR

They detest war as a very brutal thing; and which, to the reproach of human nature, is more practised by men than by any

sort of beasts. They, in opposition to the sentiments of almost all other nations, think that there is nothing more inglorious than that glory which is gained by war. And therefore though they accustom themselves daily to military exercises and the discipline of war, in which not only their men but their women likewise are trained up, that in cases of necessity they may not be quite useless, yet they do not rashly engage in war, unless it be either to defend themselves, or their friends, from any unjust aggressors; or out of good nature or in compassion assist an oppressed nation in shaking off the yoke of tyranny. They indeed help their friends, not only in defensive, but also in offensive wars; but they never do that unless they had been consulted before the breach was made, and being satisfied with the grounds on which they went, they had found that all demands of reparation were rejected, so that a war was unavoidable. . . . They would be both troubled and ashamed of a bloody victory over their enemies, and think it would be as foolish a purchase as to buy the most valuable goods at too high a rate. And in no victory do they glory so much as in that which is gained by dexterity and good conduct, without bloodshed. In such cases they appoint public triumphs, and erect trophies to the honour of those who have succeeded; for then do they reckon that a man acts suitably to his nature when he conquers his enemy in such a way as that no other creature but a man could be capable of, and that is by the strength of his understanding. Bears, lions, boars, wolves, and dogs, and all other animals employ their bodily force one against another, in which as many of them are superior to men, both in strength and fierceness, so they are all subdued by his reason and understanding. . . . When the Utopians engage in battle, the priests who accompany them to the war, apparelled in their sacred vestments, kneel down during the action, in a place not far from the field, and lifting up their hands to heaven, pray, first for peace, and then for victory to their own side, and particularly that it may be gained without the effusion of much blood on either side; and when the victory turns to their side, they run in among their own men to restrain their fury; and if

any of their enemies see them, or call to them, they are preserved by that means; and such as can come so near them as to touch their garments, have not only their lives but their fortunes secured to them. It is upon this account that all the nations round about consider them so much, and treat them with such reverence, that they have been often no less able to preserve their own people from the fury of their enemies, than to save their enemies from their rage; for it has sometimes fallen out, that when their armies have been in disorder, and forced to fly, so that their enemies were running upon the slaughter and the spoil, the priests by interposing have separated them from one another, and stopped the effusion of more blood; so that by their mediation a peace has been concluded on very reasonable terms; nor is there any nation about them so fierce, cruel, or barbarous as not to look upon their persons as sacred and inviolable.

(From *Utopia*: Ralph Robinson's translation.)

Lord Berners

1467–1532.

SIR JOHN FROISSART'S VISIT TO ENGLAND

TREWE it was, that I Sir Johan Froissart . . . had great affectyon to go and se the realme of Englande . . . Many reasons moved me to make that voyage; one was bycause in my youthe I hadde been brought up in the court of the noble Kynge Edwarde the thyrde, and of quene Philyppe his wyfe, and amonge their chyldren, and other barones of Englande that as than were alyve, in whome I founde all noblenesse, honour, largesse and courtesy; therefore I desyred to se the countre, thynkynge therby I shulde lyve moche the lengar, for I hadde nat been there xxvii yere before, and I thought, though I sawe natte those lordes that I lefte alyve there, yet at the leest I shulde se their heyres, the whiche shulde do me moche good to se, and also to justifye the hystories and maters that I hadde written of them . . . [certain] lordes and the Duchesse of Brabant, counsayled me to take this journey,

and gave me letters of recommendacyon to the Kynge of Englande and to his uncles, savynge the lorde Concy : he wolde nat write to the kynge bycause he was a Frencheman, therfore he durste nat, but to his doughter, who as than was called Duchesse of Irlande. And I had engrosed in a fayre boke well eulumyned, all the matters of amours and moralytees that in four and twentie yeres before I hadde made and compyled whiche greatly quickened my desyre to go into Englande to se Kyng Rycharde, who was sonne to the noble prince of Wales and of Acquitayne, for I hadde nat sene this Kynge Richarde sythe he was christened in the Cathedrale churche of Burdeaux, at whiche tyme I was there. . . . For these causes and other I hadde great desyre to go into Englande to se the kynge and his uncles. Also I hadde this said fayre boke well covered with velvet, garnysshed with clapses of sylver and gylte therof to make a present to the kynge at my fyrst commynge to his presence ; I hadde suche desyre to goo this voyage that the payne and travayle greved me nothing.

Thus provyded of horses and other necessaries I passed the se at Calais and came to Dover, the xii daye of the moneth of July. Whane I came there I founde no man of my knowledge, it was so longe sythe I had been in Englande and the houses were all newly chaunged, and yonge children were become men, and the women knew me natte nor I theym. So I abode halfe a day and all a night at Dover, it was on a Tuesdaye, and the nexte daye by nyne of the clocke I came to Canterbury, to Saynt Thomas shrine, and to the tombe of the noble prince of Wales, who is there entered ryght richely. There I herde masse, and made myne offrynge to the holy saynt, and then dyned at my lodgynge.

(From the translation of *Froissart's Chronicle.*)

Roger Ascham

1515–1568.

SHOOTING AND THE WEATHER

THE greatest enemy of shooting is the wind and the weather, whereby true keeping a length is chiefly hindered. If this thing

were not, men, by teaching, might be brought to wonderful near shooting. It is no marvel if the little poor shaft, being sent alone so high into the air, into a great rage of weather, one wind tossing it that way, another this way; it is no marvel, I say, though it leese (lose) the length, and miss that place where the shooter had thought to have found it. Greater matters than shooting are under the rule and will of the weather, as sailing on the sea. And likewise, as in sailing, the chief point of a good master is to know the tokens of change of weather, the course of the winds, that thereby he may be better come to the haven; even so the best property of a good shooter is to know the nature of the winds, with him and against him, and thereby he may the nearer shoot at his mark. Wise masters, when they cannot win the best haven, they are glad of the next: good shooters also, that cannot when they would hit the mark, will labour to come as nigh as they can. All things in this world be unperfect and unconstant; therefore let every man acknowledge his own weakness in all matters, great and small, weighty and merry, and glorify Him in whom only perfect perfectness is. But now, Sir, he that will at all adventures use the seas, knowing no more what is to be done in a tempest than in a calm, shall soon become a merchant of eel-skins: so that shooter which putteth no difference, but shooteth in all alike, in rough weather and fair, shall always put his winnings in his eyes. Little boats and thin boards cannot endure the rage of a tempest. Weak bows and light shafts cannot stand in a rough wind.

(From *Toxophilus*.)

ROGER ASCHAM AND LADY JANE GREY

Before I went into Germany, I came to Broadgate in Leicestershire, to take my leave of that noble lady Jane Grey, to whom I was exceeding much beholding. Her parents, the duke and duchess, with all the household, gentlemen and gentlewomen were hunting in the park. I found her in her chamber, reading *Phædo Platonis* in Greek, and that with as much delight as some gentle-

men would read a merry tale in Boccace. After, salutation and duty done, with some other talk, I asked her why she would leese such pastime in the park ? Smiling, she answered me, " I wist, all their sport in the park is but a shadow to that pleasure that I find in Plato. Alas ! good folk, they never felt what true pleasure meant." " And how came you, madam," quoth I, " to this deep knowledge of pleasure ? and what did chiefly allure you unto it, seeing not many women, but very few men, have attained thereunto ? " " I will tell you," quoth she, " and tell you a truth, which perchance ye will marvel at. One of the greatest benefits that ever God gave me, is, that he sent me so sharp and severe parents, and so gentle a schoolmaster. For when I am in presence either of father or mother, whether I speak, keep silence, sit, stand, or go, eat, drink, be merry, or sad, be sewing, playing, dancing, or doing any thing else, I must do it, as it were, in such weight, measure, and number, even so perfectly as God made the world, or else I am so sharply taunted, so cruelly threatened, yea presently sometimes with pinches, nips, and bobs, and other ways (which I will not name for the honour I bear them) so without measure misordered, that I think myself in hell, till time come that I must go to Mr. Elmer ; who teacheth me so gently, so pleasantly, with such fair allurements to learning, that I think all the time nothing whiles I am with him. And when I am called from him, I fall on weeping, because whatsoever I do else but learning, is full of grief, trouble, fear, and whole misliking unto me. And thus my book hath been so much my pleasure, and bringeth daily to me more pleasure and more, that in respect of it, all other pleasures, in very deed, be but trifles and troubles unto me."

I remember this talk gladly, both because it is so worthy of memory, and because also it was the last talk that ever I had, and the last time that ever I saw that noble and worthy lady.

(From the *Schoolmaster*.)

1 Corinthians Ch. xiii

Wiclif—1380.

If I speke with tungis of men and of aungels, and I have not charite, I am made as bras sownynge or a cymbal tinkynge. And if I haue profecie, and knowe alle mysteries, and al kynnynge, and if I haue al feith so that I meue hillis fro her place and I haue not charite I am nouȝt, and if I departe alle my godis in to metis of pore men, and if I bitake my bodi so that I brenne, and I haue not charite it profetith to me no thing. Charite is pacient, it is benyngne.

Charite enuyeth not; it doth not wickidli: it is not blowun; it is not coueitous; it sekith not the thingis that ben his owne; it is not stired to wraththe, it thenkith not yuel, it joieth not on wickidnesse, but it joieth to gidre to truthe. It suffrith alle thingis: it bileueth alle thingis, it hopith alle thingis, it susteyneth alle thingis. Charite fallith neuer doun whether profecies schuln be voidid, ether langagis schulen ceese: ether science schal be distried.

Tyndale—1534.

Though I spake with the tonges of men and angels, and yet had no love, I were even as soundinge brasse; or as a tynklynge cymball. And though I coulde prophesy, and understode all secretes, and all knowledge: yee, yf I had all fayth so that I coulde move mountayns oute of ther places, and yet had no love, I were nothynge. And though I bestowed all my gooddes to fede the poore, and though I gave my body, even that I burned, and yet had no love, it profeteth me nothinge. Love suffreth longe, and is corteous. Love envieth not. Love doth not frowardly, swelleth not, dealeth not dishonestly, seketh not her awne, is not provoked to anger, thynketh not evyll, rejoyseth not in iniquite; but rejoyseth in the trueth. Suffreth all thynge, beleveth all thynges, hopeth all thynges, endureth in all thynges. Though that prophesyinge fayle, other tonges shall cease, or knowledge vanysshe awaye, yet Love falleth never awaye.

Hugh Latimer

1485–1555.

LONDON

NOWE what shall we saye of these ryche citizens of London? What shall I saye of them? Shal I cal them proude men of London, malicious men of London, mercylesse men of London. No, no, I may not saie so, they wil be offended wyth me than. Yet must I speake. For is there not reygning in London, as much pride, as much couetcousnes, as much crueltie, as much opprission, as much supersticion, as was in Nebo? Yes, I thynke and muche more to. Therfore I saye, repente O London. Repente, repente. Thou heareste thy faults tolde the, amend them, amend them. I thinke if Nebo had had the preachynge yat thou haste they wold haue conuerted. And you rulers and officers be wise and circumspect; loke to your charge and see you do your dueties and rather be glad to amend your yll liuyng then to be angrye when you are warned or tolde of your faulte. What a do was there made in London at a certein man because he sayd, and in dede at that time on a just cause: Burgesses, quod he, nay butterflies. Lorde what a do there was for yat worde. And yet would God they were no worse than butterflies. Butterflyes do but theyre nature, the butterflye is not couetouse, is not gredye of other mens goodes, is not ful of enuy and hatered, is not malicious, is not cruel, is not mercilesse. The butterflye gloriethe not in hyr owne dedes, nor preferreth the tradicions of men before Gods worde; it committeth not idolatry nor worshyppeth false goddes. But London cannot abyde to be rebuked suche is the nature of man. If they be prycked, they wyll kycke. If they be rubbed on the gale, they wil wynce. But yet they wyll not amende theyr faultes, they wyl not be yl spoken of. But howe shal I speake well of them. If you could be contente to receyue and folowe the worde of God and fauoure good preachers, if you coulde beare to be toulde of youre faultes, if you coulde amende when you heare of them: if you woulde be

gladde to reforme that is amisse: if I mighte se anie suche inclinacion in you, that leaue to be mercilesse and begynne to be charytable I would then hope wel of you, I woulde then speake well of you. But London was neuer so yll as it is now. In tymes past men were full of pytie and compassion but nowe there is no pitie, for in London their brother shal die in the streetes fro colde, he shall lye sycke at theyr doore betwene stocke and stocke,—I can not tel what to call it—and peryshe there for hunger. Was there any more unmercifulnes in Nebo? I thynke not. In tymes paste when any ryche man dyed in London, they were wonte to healp the pore scholers of the uniuersitye wyth exhibition. When any man dyed they woulde bequeth greate summes of money towarde the releue of the pore. When I was a scholer in Cambrydge my selfe, I harde verye good reporte of London and knewe manie that had releue of the rytche men of London, but nowe I can heare no such good reporte, and yet I inquyre of it, and herken for it, but nowe charitie is waxed colde, none helpeth the scholer nor yet the pore. And in those dayes what dyd they whan they helped the scholers? Mary they maynteyned and gaue them liuynges that were verye papists and professed the popes doctrine and nowe that the knowledge of Gods word is brought to lyght, and many earnestelye studye and laboure to set it forth now almost no man healpeth to maynteyne them. Oh London, London, repente repente, for I thynke God is more displeased wyth London than euer he was with the citie of Nebo. Repente, therfore, repent London, and remembre that the same god liueth nowe yat punyshed Nebo, euen the same god and none other, and he wyl punyshe synne as well nowe as he dyd then, and he wyl punishe the iniquitie of London as well as he did then of Nebo. Amende therefore and ye that be prelatis loke well to your office, for right prelatynge is busye labourynge and not lordyng. Therefore preache and teach and let your ploughe be doynge, ye lordes I saye that liue lyke loyterers, loke well to your office, the plough is your office and change.

(From *A Sermon on the Plough.*)

Stephen Hawes

D. 1523 (?)

THE POET MEETS LA BELLE PUCELLE

And then right sone, with great solemnite
So forth we rode to the solempne mancion
Of La belle Pucelles, worthy dignite
Whiche was a toure, of maruaylous facion
Replete with joy, without suggestion
Walled with syluer, and many a story
Upon the wall, enameled ryally.

So at the last, we came unto the gate
Which all of syluer, was knotted proprely
Where was a lady, of ryght hye estate
Whiche us receyued, well and nobly
And than Perceveraunce, went full shortly
To La Belle Pucell, shewynge euery thyng
Of mine aduenture and sodayne comyng.

When she it knewe, then right incontynente
She called to her, Peace and dame Mercy
With Justice and Reason, the lady excellent
Pleasaunce, Grace wyth good dame Memory
To wayte upon her, full ententyfely
Me to receyve, with all solempne joye
Adowne her chamber, she went on her waye.

And in the meane while, the gentle porteres
Called Countenaunce, on my way then me lede
Into the basse courte, of greate widenes
Where al of golde, there was a conduyte hede
With many dragons, enameled with reede
Whiche dyde spoute out the dulcet lycoure
Lyke crystall clere, with aromatyke odoure.

Aloft the basse toure foure ymages stode
Which blewe the clarions, well and wonderly
Aloft the toures the golden fanes goode
Dyde with the wynde, make full swete armony
Them for to here, it uas great melody
The golden toures, with cristall clarefied
About were glased moost clerely purefyed.

And the gravell whereupon we wente
Ful lyke the gold, that is mooste pure and fyne
Withouten spotte, of blacke encombremente.
Aboute our fete, it dyde right clerely shyne
It semed more lyke a place celestyne,
Than an erthly mansion, whiche shall away
By longe tyme and proces, an other day.

And towarde me, I dyde se than comyng
La belle Pucell, the moost fayre creature
Of ony faire erthely person lyuyng,
Whiche with me mette, with chere so demure
Of the shynyng golde, was all her vesture
I did my duty, and ones or twyse ywys
Her lippes soft, I did full swetely kys

(From the *Pastime of Pleasure.*)

John Skelton

THE COMPLAINT OF COLIN CLOUT

And if ye stande in doubte
Who brought this ryme aboute,
My name is Colyn Cloute.
I purpose to shake oute
All my connyng bagge,
Lyke a clerkely hagge;

For though my ryme be ragged,
Tattered and jagged,
Rudely rayne beaten,
Rusty and moughte eaten,
If ye take well therwith,
It hath in it some pyth.
For, as farre as I can se,
It is wronge with eche degre:
For the temporalte
Accuseth the spiritualte;
The spirituall agayne
Dothe grudge and complayne
Upon the temporall men:
Thus eche of other blother
The tone agayng the tother:
Alas, they make me shoder!
For in hoder mader
The Churche is put in faute;
The prelates ben so haut,
They say, and loke so hy,
As though they wolde fly
Aboue the sterry skye.
Laye men say indede
How they take no hede
Theyr sely shepe to fede.
But plucke away and pull
The fleces of theyr wull,
Unethes they leue a locke
Of wull amonges theyr flocke;
And as for theyr connynge,
A glommynge and a mummynge,
And make therof a jape;
They gaspe and they gape
All to haue promocyon,
Thise is theyr hole deuocyon.

. . . .

What care they though Gil sweate,
Or Jacke of the Noke ?
The pore people they yoke
With sommons and citacyons
And excommunycacyons,
About churches and market :
The bysshop on his carpet
At home full softe dothe syt.
This is a farly fyt.
To here the people jangle,
Howe warely they wrangle :
Alas, who do ye not handle
And them all to-mangle ?

. . . . .

Thus I, Colyn Cloute,
As I go aboute,
And wandrynge as I walke,
I here the people talke.

(From *Colyn Cloute.*)

A PICTURE OF DISSIMULATION

Dysdayne I sawe with Dyssymulacyon
Standynge in sadde communicacion.

But there was poyntynge and noddynge with the hede,
And many wordes sayde in secrete wyse ;
They wandred ay, and stode styll in no stede :
Me thoughte, aluaye Dyscymular dyde deuyse ;
Me passynge sore myne herte than gan agryse
I dempte and drede theyr talkynge was not good.
Anone Dyscymular came wher I stode.

Than in his hode I sawe there faces tweyne ;
That one was lene and lyke a pyned goost,
That other loked as he wolde me haue slayne ;
And to mewarde as he gan for to coost,

Whan that he was euen at me almost,
I sawe a knyfe hyd in his one sleue,
Wheron was wryten this worde, Myscheue.

And in his other sleue, me thought, I sawe
A spone of golde, full of hony swete,
To fede a fole, and for to preue a dawe;
And on that sleue these wordes were wrete;
A false abstracte cometh from a fals concrete:
His hode was syde, his cope was roset graye:
Thyse were the wordes that he to me dyde saye.

(From the *Bowge of Courte.*)

A LAMENT FOR PHILIP SPARROW

This sorow that I make
For Phyllip Sparowes sake!
So feruently I shake,
I fele my body quake;
So urgently I am brought
Into carefull thought
Like Andromach, Hectors wyfe,
Was wery of her lyfe,
Whan she had lost her joye,
Noble Hector of Troye;
In like maner also
Encreaseth my dedly wo,
For my sparowe is go.

. . . . .

It had a veluet cap,
And wold syt upon my lap,
And seke after small wormes,
And somtyme white bred crommes;
And many tymes and ofte
Between my brestes softe
It wolde lye and rest;

It was propre and prest.
Somtyme he wolde gaspe
When he sawe a waspe;
A fly or a gnat,
He wolde flye at that;
And prytely he wold pant
When he saw an ant;
Lord, how he wolde pry
After the butterfly!
Lorde, how he wolde hop
After the gressop!
And whan I sayd, Phyp, Phyp,
Than he wold lepe and skyp,
And take me by the lyp.
Alas, it wyll me slo,
That Phillyp is gone me fro!

. . . . .

For it wold come and go,
And fly so to and fro;
And on me it wolde lepe
Whan I was aslepe,
And his fethers shake,
Wherewith he wolde make
Me often for to uake.

. . . . .

I toke my sampler ones,
Of purpose, for the nones,
To sowe with stytchis of sylke
My sparow whyte as mylke,
That by representacyon
Of his image and facyon,
To me it myght importe
Some pleasure and comforte
For my solas and sporte:
But when I was sowing his beke,
Methought my sparow did speke,

And opened his prety byll,
Saynge, Mayde, ye are in wyll
Agayne me for to kyll,
Ye prycke me in the head!
With that my nedle waxed red,
Methought, of Phyllyps blode;
Myne hear ryght upstode,
And uas in suche a fray,
My speche was taken away.
I kest downe that there was,
And sayd, Alas, alas,
How commeth this to pass?
My fyngers, dead and colde,
Coude not my sampler holde;
My nedle and threde
I threwe auay for drede.
The best now that I maye,
Is for his soule to pray:
A porta inferi,
Good Lorde, haue mercy
Upon my sparowes soule,
Wryten in my bederoule.

. . . . .

Kynge Phylyp of Macedony
Had no such Phylyp as I,
No, no, syr, hardely.
That vengeaunce I aske and crye,
By way of exclamacyon,
On all the hole nacyon,
Of cattes wylde and tame;
God send them sorowe and shame!
That cat specyally
That slew so cruelly
My lytell prety sparowe
That I brought up at Carowe.
O cat of carlyshe kynde,

The fynde was in thy mynde
Whan thou my byrde untwynde!
I wold thou haddest ben blynde!
The leopardes sauage,
The lyons in theyr rage,
Myght catche the in theyr pawes,
And gnawe the in theyr jawes!
The serpentes of Lybany
Myght stynge the venmously!
The dragones with theyr tonges
Might poyson thy lyueir and longes!
The mantycors of the mountaynes
Myght fede them on thy braynes!
. . . . .
To wepe with me loke that ye come,
All manner of byrdes in your kynd;
Se none be left behynde.
To mornynge loke that ye fall
With dolorous songes funerall.
Some to synge, and some to say,
Some to wepe, and some to pray,
Euery byrde in his laye.
The goldfynche, the wagtayle;
The janglyng jay to rayle,
The fleckyd pye to chatter
Of this dolorous mater;
And robyn redbrest,
He shall be the preest
The requiem masse to synge,
Softly warbelynge,
With helpe of the red sparow,
And the chattrynge swallow,
This herse for to halow.

(From *Phyllyp Sparowe.*)

John Barbour

1316–1395 ?

KING BRUCE A FUGITIVE

THE King, eftir that he wes gane,
To Lowchlomond the way has tane
And come thar on the thrid day.
Bot thar-about na bait fand thai
That mycht thaim our the water ber.
Than war thai wa on gret maner,
For it wes fer about to ga.
And thai war in to dout alsua
To meyt thair fayis that spred war wyd.
Tharfor endlang the louchhis syd
Sa besyly thai socht and fast,
Tyll Jamys of Dowglas at the last
Fand a litill sonkyn bate
And to the land it drew fut hate.
Bot it sa litill wes that it
Mycht our the watter bot thresum flyt.
Thai send tharoff word to the king,
That wes joyfull off that fynding;
And fyrst into the bate is gane,
With him Dowglas. The third wes ane
That rowyt thaim our deliuerly
And set thaim on the land all dry,
And rowyt sa oft-syss to and fra,
Fechand ay our twa and twa,
That in a nycht and in a day
Cummyn owt our the louch ar thai.
For sum off thaim couth swome full weill
And on his bak ber a fardele.
Swa with swymmyng and with rowyng
Thai brocht thaim our, and all thair thing.

(From *The Bruce*.)

Tane] taken. Bait] boat. Wa] woful. Endlang] along. Fut hate] foothot, forthwith. Bot . . flyt] only take three across. Deliverly] nimbly. Fardele] burden.

FREEDOM

A ! fredome is a noble thing !
Fredome mayss man to haiff liking
Fredome all solace to man giffis.
He levys at ers that frely levys !
A noble hart may haiff nane ess,
Na ellys nocht that may him pless,
Gyff fredome failyhe : for fre liking
Is yharnyt our all othir thing.
Na he that ay hass levyt fre
May nocht knaw weill the propyrte,
The angyr, na the wrechyt dome,
That is cowplyt to foule thyrldome
Bot gyff he had assayit it,
Than all perquer he suld it wyt ;
And suld think fredome mar to pryss
Than all the gold in warld that is.

(From *The Bruce.*)

James I of Scotland

1394–1437

THE KING FIRST SEES HIS FUTURE WIFE

BEWAILING in my chamber thus allone,
Despeired of all joye and remedye,
Fortirit of my thoght, and wo-begone,
Unto the wyndow gan I walk in hye,
To se the warld and folk that went forby ;
As for the tyme, though I of mirthis fude
Myght haue no more, to luke it did me gude.

Liking] pleasure. Yharnyt our] yearned for above. Propyrte] special condition. Angyr] grief. Perquer] by heart. Wyt] know. Pryss] praise, prize.

Fortirit] very weary. In hye] in haste.

Now was there maid fast by the touris wall
  A gardyn faire, and in the corneris set
Ane herbere grene, with wandis long and small
  Railit about ; and so with treis set
  Was all the place, and hawthorn hegis knet,
That lyf was none walking there forby,
That myght within scarse ony wight aspye.

So thik the bewis and the leues grene
  Beshadit all the aleyes that there were,
And myddis euery herbere myght be sene
  The scharp grenë suetë jenepere,
  Growing so faire with branchis here and there,
That, as it semyt to a lyf without,
The bewis spred the herbere all about ;

And on the small grenë twistis sat
  The lytill suetë nyghtingale, and song
So loud and clere, the ympnis consecrat
  Off lufis use, now soft, now lowd among,
  That all the gardyng and the wallis rong
Ryght of thaire song and of the copill next
Off thaire suete armony, and lo the text :

. . . . .

Quhen thai this song had song a lytill thrawe,
  Thai stent a quhile, and therewith unaffraid,
As I beheld and kest myn eyne alawe,
  From beugh to beugh thay hippit and thai plaid,
  And freschly in thaire birdis kynd arraid
Thaire fetheris new, and fret thame in the sonne,
And thankit Lufe, that had thaire makis wonne.

. . . . .

And therewith kest I doune myn eye ageyne,

Herbere] arbour, shrubbery. Lyf] person. Forby] past. Bewis] boughs. Twistis] twigs. Ympnis] hymns. Copill] couplet. Thrawe] space. Stent] stopped. Alawe] below. Makis] mates.

Quhare as I sawe, walking under the toure,
Full secretly, new cummyn hir to pleyne,
The fairest or the freschest yong floure
That euer I sawe, me-thoght, before that houre,
For quhich sodayn abate, anone astert
The blude of all my body to my hert.

And though I stude abaisit tho a lyte,
No wonder was; for quhy, my wittis all
Were so ouercome with plesance and delyte,
Onely throu latting of myn eyën fall,
That sudaynly my hert became hir thrall
For euer, of free wyll; for of manace
There was no takyn in hir suetë face.

And in my hede I drewe ryght hastily,
And eft sonës I lent it forth ageyne,
And sawe hir walk, that verray womanly,
With no wight mo, bot onely wommen tueyne,
Than gan I studye in my-self, and seyne,
"A! suete, ar ye a warldly creature,
Or hevinly thing in likenesse of nature?

(From *The Kingis Quair.*)

Robert Henryson

1430 ?–1506.

THE AUTHOR MEETS ÆSOP

In middis of June, that joly sweit seasoun,
Quhen that fair Phebus with his bemis bricht
Had dryit up the dew fra daill and doun,

Pleyne] play. Tho a lyte] then a little. Takyn] token. Eft sones] soon after.

And all the land maid with his lemis licht,
In ane mornyng, betuix mid-day and nicht,
I rais and put all sleuth and sleip asyde,
And to ane wod I went alone, but gyde.

. . . . .

Me to conserve then fra the sonnis heit,
Under the schadow of ane hawthorne grene
I lenit doun amang the flouris sweit,
Syne cled my heid and closit baith my ene.
On sleip I fell amang their bewis bene,
And, in my dreme, methocht come throw the schaw
The fairest man that euer befoir I saw.

His goune wes of ane claith als quhyte as milk,
His chymeris wes of chambelote purpour broun;
His hude of scarlet, bordourit weill with silk,
On hekillit wyis untill his girdill down;
His bonat round and of the auld fassoun;
His beird wes quhyte, his ene was greit and gray,
With lokkes hair, quhilk ouer his schulderis lay.

Ane roll of paper in his hand he bair,
Ane swannis pen stikkand under his eir,
Ane inkhorne with ane prettie gilt pennair,
Ane bag of silk, all at his belt can beir;
Thus was he gudelie graithit in his geir.
Of stature large and with ane feirfull face
Evin quhair I lay he come ane sturdie pace;

And said, "God speid, my sone": and I wes fane
Of that couth word and of his cumpanie.

Lemis] brightness. But gyde] without guide. Syne] then. Bewis bene] thick boughs; Schaw] covert. Chymeris] loose gown. Chambelote] camlet cloth. Hekillit wyis] in manner of a hood or "hekil." Lokker] curling. Pennair] pen-case. Graithit] clad. Fane] glad. Couth] well known.

With reverence I salusit him agane,
  "Welcome, father": and he sat doun me by.
  "Displeis you nocht, my gude maister, thocht I
Demand your birth, your facultie, and name,
Quhy ye come heir, or quhair ye dwell at hame?"

"My sone," said he, "I am of gentill blude.
  My native land is Rome, withouthin nay,
And in that towne first to the sculis I yude.
  In civile law studyit full mony ane day,
  And now my winning is in hevin for ay.
Esope I hecht; my wryting and my werk
Is couth and kend to mony cunning clerk."

'O Maister Esope, poet laureate,
  God wait ye ar full deir welcum to me.
Ar ye nocht he that all thir fabillis wrait
  Quhilk in effect, suppois they fenyeit be,
  Ar full of prudence and moralite?"
"Fair sone," said he, "I am the samin man."
God wait gif that my hert was merie then.
(From the Prologue to the *Moral Fables*.)

A LADY'S RAIMENT

Wald my gud Lady lufe me best
  And wirk efter my will,
I suld ane garmond gudliest
  Gar mak hir body till.
. . . . .
Hir gown suld be of gudliness,
  Weill ribband with renowne,

Thocht] though. Yude] went. Winning] dwelling. Hecht] am called
Wait] knows. Suppois . . . Be] though they be famed.

Gar . . . till] have made for her body.

Purfillit with plesour in ilk place
  Furrit with fyne fassoun.

Hir belt suld be of benignitee
  About hir middill meit;
Hir mantill of humilitie,
  To tholl bayth wind and weit.

Hir hat suld be of fair having,
  And hir tepat of trewth,
Hir patelet of gude pansing
  Hir hals-ribbane of rewth.

Hir slevis suld be of esperance
  To keip hir fra dispair;
Hir gluvis of the gud govirnance
  To hyd hir fyngearis fair.

Hir schone suld be of fickernes,
  In syne that scho nocht slyd;
Hir hois of honestie, I ges,
  I suld for hir provyd.

Wald scho put on this garmond gay,
  I durst sweir by my seill
That scho woir nevir grene nor gray
  That set hir half so weill.

(From the *Garmond of Gude Ladeis.*)

Purfillit] bordered. Fassoun] fashion. Tholl] endure. Tepat] tippet. Patelet] ruff (?). Pansing] thought. Hals-ribbane] neck-ribbon. Rewth] pity. Fickernes] certainty. Hois] hose. Seill] happiness.

William Dunbar

1465?–1530?

SUNRISE

Ryght as the stern of day beginth to schyne,
Quhen gone to bed war Vesper and Lucyne,
  I raise and by a rosere did me rest;
Up sprang the goldyn candill matutyne
With clere depurit bemes cristallyne,
  Glading the mirry foulis in thair nest;
  Or Phebus was in purpur kaip revest
Up sprang the lark, the hevinis menstrale fyne,
  In May, intill a morow myrthfullest.

Full angellike thir birdis sang thair houris
Within thair courtyns grene in-to thair bouris,
  Apparalit quhyte and red, wyth blumys suete;
Anamalit was the felde wyth all colouris,
The perly droppis schuke in silvir schouris,
  Quhill all in balme did branch and levis flete;
  Depairt fra Phebus, did Aurora grete,
Hir cristall teris I saw hyng on the flouris,
  Quhilk he for lufe all drank up with his hete.

For mirth of May, wyth skippis and wyth hoppis,
The birdis sang upon the tender croppis
  With courius note, as Venus chapell clerkis:
The rosis reid, now spreding of thair knoppis
War powderit brycht with hevinly beriall droppis,
  Throu bemes rede birnyng as ruby sperkis;
  The skyes rang for schoutyng of the larkis,
The purpur hevyn our-scailit in silvir sloppis,
  Our-gilt the treis, branchis, leivis and barkis.

Rosere] rose-tree. Or] ere. Morwe] morning. Houris] "hours," prayers. Flete] float. Grete] weep. Croppis] tree-tops. Knoppis] tufts. Beriall] beryl. Ourscailit] over-spilled.

Doun thrwch ryss ane ryuir ran wyth stremys,
So lustily agayn thai lykand lemys
  That all the lake as lamp did leme of licht,
Quhilk schadovit all about wyth twynkling glemis,
That bewis bathit war in secund bemys
  Throu the reflex of Phebus visage brycht.
  On every syde the hegeis raise on hicht,
The bank was grene, the bruke was full of bremys
  The stanneris clere as stern in frosty nycht.

The cristall air, the sapher firmament,
The ruby skyes of the orient,
  Kest beriall bemes on emerant bewis grene;
The rosy garth, depaynt and redolent
With purpur, azure, gold, and goulis gent,
  Arayed was by dame Fflora the quene
  So nobily that joy was for to sene:
The roch agayn the rywir resplendent
  As low enlumynit all the leues schene.

Quhat throu the mery foulys armony,
And throu the ryueris sounn that ran me by,
  On Fflorais mantill I slepit quhair I lay,
Quhare sone into my dremes fantasy
I saw approch agayn the orient sky
  Ane saill als quhite as blossom upon spray,
  Wyth mast of gold, brycht as the stern of day,
Quhilk tendit to the land full lustily,
  As falcoun swift desyrouse of hir pray.

(From *The Golden Targe.*)

Ryss] brushwood. Lustily] pleasantly. Lykand lemys] were like to flames. Bewis] branches. On hicht] on high. Stanneris] gravel. Garth] garden. Goulis gent] rose-red, delicate. Sene] see. Roch] rock. Low] flame.

THE DANCE

Off Februar the fyiftene nycht,
Full lang befoir the dayis lycht,
  I lay intil a trance;
And then I saw baith Hevin and Hell:
Methocht amangis the feyndis fell
  Mahoun gart cry ane dance
Off schrewis that wer nevir schrevin,
Aganis the feist of Fasternis evin
  To mak thair observance.
He bad gallandis ga graith a gyiss
And kast up gamountis in the skyiss
  As varlotis does in France.

. . . . .

Heilie harlottis on hawtane wyvis
Come in with mony sindrie gyiss
  Bot yit luche nevir Mahoun;
Quhill preistis come in with bair schevin nekkis,
Than all the feyndis, lewche and maid gekkis
  Blak-Belly and Bawsy-Brown.

. . . . .

"Lut se," quod he, "Now quha begynnis?"
  With that the fowll Sevin Deidly Synnis
  Begowth to leip at anis.
And first of all in dance wes Pryd,
With hair wyld bak and bonet on syd,
  Lyk to mak vaistie wanis;
And round abowt him, as a quheill,
Hang all in rumpillis to the heill
  His kethat for the nanis.

Mahoun] Mahomet (for the Devil). Gart] bade. Schrewis) evil folk. Schrevin] shriven. Fasternis evin] eve of Lent. Gallandis . . . gyis] gallants prepare a play. Gamountis] gambols. Heilie] proud. Hawtane] haughty. Luche] laughed. Quhill] still. Gekkis] gesture of derision. At anis] at once. Vaistre wanes] empty dwelling. Rumpillis] rumples. Kethat] cassock. Nanis] nonce.

Mony prowd trumpour with him trippit,
Throw skaldand fyre ay as thay skippit
  Thay gyrnd with hiddouss granis.

Than Yre come in with sturt and stryfe
His hand wes ay upoun his knyfe,
  He brandeist lyk a beir:
Bostaris, braggaris, and barganeris
Efter him passit, into pairis,
  All bodin in feir of weir
In jakkis and stryppis and bonettis of steill
Thair leggis wer chenyeit to the heill,
  Ffrawart wes thair affeir.
Sum upoun udir with brandis beft
Sum jaggit uthiris to the heft
With knyvis that scherp cowd scheir.

Nixt in the dance followit Invy,
Fild full of feid and fellony
  Hid malyce and dispyte:
Ffor pryvie hatrent that tratour trymlit
Him followit mony freik dissymlit,
  With fenyeit wirdis quhyte;
And flattereris in-to menis facis,
And bakbyttaris in secreit placis
  To ley that had delyte;
And rownaris of fals lesingis
Allace, that courtis of noble kyngis
  Of thame can nevir be quyte!

(From *The Dance of the Sevin deidly Synnis.*)

Trompour] deceiver. Gyrnd] grinned. Sturt] noise barganeris] quarrellers. Bodin . . weir] arrayed in war-gear. Jakkis] mail-coats. Chenyeit] covered in chain mail. Ffawart] rude. Affeir] bearing. Beft] buffetted. Jaggit] pricked Feid] feud. Freik] insolent folk. Fenyeit wirdis] feigned words. Ley] lie. Rownaris] whisperers. Lesingis] lies. Quyte] rid.

MEDITATIOUN IN WYNTER

Into thir dirk and drublie dayis
Quhone sabill all the hewin arrayis
  With mystie vapouris, cluddis, and skyis,
  Nature all curage me denyis
Of sangis, ballatis, and of playis.

Quhen that the nycht dois lenthin houris,
With wind, with haill, and havy schouris,
  My dule spreit dois lurk forschoir,
  My hairt for langour dois forloir
For laik of symmer with his flouris.

I walk, I turne, sleip may I nocht,
I vexit am with havy thocht;
  This warld all ouir I cast about,
  And ay the mair I am in dout
The mair that I remeid have socht.

I am assayit on euerie syde
Dispair sayis ay, "In tyme prowyde,
  And yet sum-thing quhairon to leif,
  Or with grit trouble and mischeif
Thou sall in-to this court abyde."

Than Patience sayis, "Be nocht agast;
Hald Hoip and Treuthe within the fast,
  And lat Fortoun wirk furthe hir rage,
  Quhen that no rasoun may assuage,
Quhill that hir glas be run and past."

And Prudence in my eir sayis ay,
"Quhy wald thou hald that will away?

Dirk] dark. Drublie] wet. Hewin] heaven. Dule] heavy. Lurk] become gloomy. Forschoir] dejected. Forloir] become weak. Remeid] Remedy. Assayit] assailed. Quhill] until. That] that which. Will away] will pass away.

Or craif that thou may have no space,
Thow tending to ane-uther place
A journay going everie day ? "

And than sayis Age, " My freind, cum neir,
And be nocht strange, I the requeir.
Cum, brodir by the hand me tak,
Remember thou hes compt to mak
Off all thi tyme thou spendit heir."

Syne Deid castis up his yettis wyd,
Saying, " Thir oppin sall ye abyd.
Albeid that thow were never sa stout,
Undir this lyntall sall thou bowt ;
Thair is nane uther way besyd."

For feir of this all day I drowp :
No gold in kist, nor wyne in cowp,
No ladeis bewtie, nor luiffis blys
May lat me to remember this,
How glaid that ever I dyne or sowp.

Yit, quhone the nycht begynnis to schort
It dois my spreit sum part confort
Off thocht oppressit with the schouris.
Cum, lustie symmer, with thy flouris
That I may leif in sum disport.

Schott] shorten. Syne] then. Yettis] gates. Thir . . . abyd] these open must ye submit to. Bowt] bow. Kist] chest. Lat] hinder.

TO THE MERCHANTS OF EDINBURGH

Quhy will ye, merchantis of renoun
Lat Edinburgh, your nobill toun
For laik of reformatioun
The commone proffeitt tyine and fame ?
    Think ye nocht schame,
That onie uther regioun
Sall with dishonour hurt your name !

May nane pas throw your principall gaittis,
For stink of haddockis and of scaittis ;
For cryis of carlingis and debaittis ;
For fensum flyttingis of defame :
    Think ye nocht schame,
Befoir strangeris of all estaittis
That sic dishonour hurt your name !

. . . . .

At your hie Croce, quhair gold and silk
Sould be, thair is bot crudis and milk
And at your Trone bot cokill and wilk
Pansches, puddingis of Jok and Jame :
    Think ye nocht schame,
Sen as the world sayis that ilk
In hurt and sclander of your name !

. . . . .

Tailyouris, soutteris, and craftis vyll,
The fairest of your stretis dois fyll ;
And merchandis at the stinkand Styll
As hamperit in ane hony came :
    Think ye nocht schame,
That ye haue nether witt nor wyll
To win your selff ane bettir name !

Tyine] lose. Carlingis] rough women. Fensum flyttingis] offensive quarrelling. Croce] the market cross. Trone] Tron, the public beam for weighing heavy wares. Pansches] tripe. Sen] since. Soutteris] cobblers. Styll] a well-known narrow passage near S. Giles's Church.

Your burgh of beggeris is ane nest,
To schout thai swengouris will nocht rest;
All honest folk they do molest,
Sa piteuslie thai cry and rame:
Think ye nocht schame,
That for the poore hes nothing drest,
In hurt and sclander of your name!

Your proffeit daylie dois incres
Your godlie workis less and les;
Through streittis nane may make progres,
For cry of cruikit, blind and lame:
Think ye nocht schame,
That ye sic substance dois posses,
And will nocht win ane better name.

. . . . .

Singular proffeit so dois yow blind,
The common proffeit gois behind:
I pray that Lord remeid to fynd
That deit into Jerusalem;
And gar yow schame!
That sum tyme ressonn may yow bind,
For to [win back to] yow guid name.

Gawin Douglas

1474–1522.

WINTER

THE frosty regioun ringis of the yeir,
The tyme and sessoune bitter cald and paill,
Thai schort days that clerkis clepe brumaill.
Quhen brym blastis of the northyne art,

Swengouris] lazy lubbers. Rame] shout. Cruikit] crooked, deformed. Singular] individual, personal. Remeid] remedy. Gar] cause. Win back to] this is inserted by the latest editor to fill a blank in the MS.

Ringis] reigns. Brym] fierce. Art] direction.

Ourquhelmit had Neptunus in his cart,
And all to schaik the levis of the treis,
The rageand storm ourwalterand wally seis
Reveris ran reid on spait with watteir broune
And burnis hurlis all thair bankis downe,
And landbrist rumland rudely wyth sic beir
So loud ne rummist wyld lioun or beir,
Fludis monstreis, sic as meirswyne or quhailis
For the tempest law in the deip devallyis.

. . . . .

The soill ysowpit into wattir wak,
The firmament ourkest with rokis blak,
The ground fadyt, and fauch wolx all the feildis,
Montayne toppis sleikit wyth snaw ourheildis
On raggit rolkis of hard harsk quhyne stane
With frosyne frontis cauld clynty clewis schane
Bewtie wes lost, and barrand schew the landis
With frostis haire ourfret the feildis standis.
Soure bittir bubbis and the schowris snell
Semyt on the sward ane similitude of hell,
Reducyng to our mynd, in every steid,
Goustly schaddois of eild and grisly deid,
Thik drumly scuggis dirknit so the hevyne.
Dym skyis oft furth warpit feirfull levyne,
Flaggis of fyir, and mony felloun flawe
Scharp soppis of sleit and of the snypand snawe.
The dowy dichis war all donk and wait
The law vaille flodderit all wyth spait,
The plane streits and every hie way

Ourwalterand . . . seis] over-riding tumbling seas. Spait] flood. Landbrist . . . beir] breakers rumbling with such noise. Meirswyne] sea swine, dolphins. Quhallis] whales. Devallyis] send down. Ysowpit] . . . wak] soaked in water, moist. Rokis] mists. Fauch wolx] dun grew. Sleikit] smooth. Ourheildis] covered. Clynty . . . schane] cliffs shone. Bubbis] blasts. Snell] sudden, Drumly scuggis dirknit] foggy shadows darkened. Warpit] threw. Felloun flawe] cruel blasts. Soppis] showers. Snypand] biting. Dowy] dreary. Flodderit . . . spait] flooded with torrents.

Full of fluschis, doubbis, myre, and clay.
Laggerit leys wallowit farnys schewe,
Broune muris kithit thair wysnit mossy hewe,
Bank, bra, and boddum blanschit wolx and bair,
For gurll weddir growyt bestis haire.
The wynd maid wayfe the reid weyd on the dyk;
Bedovin in donkis deyp wes every syk.
Our craggis and the front of rochis seyre
Hang gret isch-schoklis lang as ony spere.
The grund stude barrand, widderit, dosk and gray;
Herbis, flouris, and gersis wallouit auay.

(From the *Prologue to the Seventh Book of the Æneid.*)

Sir David Lyndsay

1490–1555.

A WINTER SCENE

EFTER that I the lang wynteris nycht
Had lyne walking, into my bed, allone,
Throuch hevy thocht, that no way sleip I mycht,
Rememberyng of divers thyngis gone:
So up I rose, and clethit me anone.
Be this, fair Tytane, with his lemis lycht,
Ouer all the land had spred his baner brycht.

With cloke and hude I dressit me belyve,
With dowbyll schone, and myttanis on my handis;
Howbeit the air was rycht penetratyve,
Yit fure I furth, lansing ouirthorte the landis
Toward the see, to schorte me on the sandis,
Because unblomit was baith bank and braye
And so, as I was passing be the waye,

Laggerit leys] muddy meadows. Kithit] show. Wysnit] withered. Boddum] bottom. Gurll] stormy. Wayfe] wave. Syk] rill. Seyr] many. Gersis] grasses. Wallowit] withered.

Lyne walking] lain waking. Be] by. Tytane] Titan, the sun. Lemis] beams. Belyve] quickly. Fure . . . ovirthorte] forth I fared speeding across. Schorte me] divert me. Braye] hillside.

I met dame Flora, in dule weid dissagysit,
  Quhilk in-to May wes dulce and delectabyll;
With stalwart stormis hir sweitnes wes supprisit;
  Hir hevynlie hewis war turnit in-to sabyll,
  Quhilkis umquhile was to luffaris amiabyll.
Fled from the froste, the tender flouris I saw
Under dame Naturis mantyll lurking law.

The small fowlis in flokkis saw I flee,
  To nature makand greit lamentatioun.
Thay lychtit doun besyde me on ane tree,
  Of thair complaynt I had compassioun;
  And with ane pieteous exclamatioun
Thay said, "Blyssit be Somer, with his flouris;
And waryit be thow, Wynter, with thy schouris!"

. . . . .

Pensyve in hart, passing full soberlie
  Unto the see, fordward I fure anone.
The see was furth, the sand wes smooth and drye;
  Then up and doun I musit myne allone
  Till that I spyit ane lyttill cave of stone
Heych in ane craig: upwart I did approche
But tarying, and clam up in the roche:

And purposit, for passing of the tyme,
  Me to defende from ociositie,
With pen and paper to register in ryme
  Sum mery mater of antiquitie:
  Bot Idelnes, ground of iniquitie,
Scho maid so dull my spreitis, me within,
That I wyste nocht at quhat end to begin,
But satt styll in that cove, quhare I mycht see
  The wolteryng of the wallis, up and down,
And this fals warldis instabilytie

Dule weid dissagysit] disguised in doleful clothing. Supprisit] surprised. Umquhile] formerly. Waryit] cursed. Myne allone] by myself. Heych] high. But tarying] without tarrying. Ociositie] idleness.

Unto that see makkand comparisoun,
And of this warldis wracheit variatioun
To thame that fixis all thair hole intent,
Consideryng quho most had suld most repent.

So, with my hude my hede I happit warme,
And in my cloke I fauldit boith my feit;
I thocht my corps with cauld suld tak no harme,
My mittanis held my handis weill in heit;
The skowland craig me coverit frome the sleit.
Thare styll I satt, my bonis for to rest,
Tyll Morpheus with sleip my spreit opprest.

(From *The Dreme.*)

THE POOR MAN'S MARE

Pauper Speaks

Marie! I lent my gossop my mear, to fetch hame coills,
And he heir drounit into the querrell hollis:
And I ran to the Consistorie, for to pleinze
And thair I happinit amang ane greidie meinȝe
Thay gave me first ane thing thay call *Citandum,*
Within aucht dayis I gat bot *Lybellandum,*
Within ane moneth I gat *ad Opponendum,*
In half ane yeir I gat *Interloquendum,*
And syne I gat, how call ye it? *ad Replicandum:*
Bot I could never ane word yit understand him.
And then they gart me cast out many plackis,
And gart me pay for four and twentie actis.
Bot or thay came half gait to *Concludendum*
The Feind ane plack nas left for to defend him.
Thus they postponit me twa yeir wiht thair traine,
Syne, *Hodie ad octo,* bad me cum againe;

Skowland] scowling.

Querrell] quarry. Pleinze] complain. Meinȝe] company. Aught] eight. Gart] bade. Plackis] small coins. Half-gait] half way. Traine] tricking. Syne] then.

And than, thir ruiks, thay roupit wonder fast
For sentence silver thay cryit at the last.
Of *Pronunciandum* thay maid me wonder faine;
Bot I got never my gude gray meir againe.

Alexander Scott[1]

1525?–1584?

LO, QUHAT IT IS TO LUFE

Lo, quhat it is to lufe,
  Lerne, ye that list to prufe,
Be me, I say, that no ways may
  The ground of greif remufe,
But still decay, both nycht and day;
Lo, quhat it is to lufe.

Lufe is ane fervent fyre
Kendillit without desyre,
Schort plesour, lang displesour,
  Repentance is the hyre.
Ane pure tressour, without mesour,
  Lufe is ane fervent fyre.

To lufe and to be wyiss
To rege with gud adwyiss.
Now thus, now than, so gois the game,
  Incertane is the dyiss.
Thair is no man, I say, that can
  Both lufe and to be wyiss

Ruiks] rooks. Roupit] croaked.

Pure] poor. Rege] dispute. Adwyiss] advice. Dyiss] dice.

[1] This poet and the following one, both of the 16th century, are given here instead of later on, so that this group of Scottish poets be kept together.

Fle alwayis from the snair
Lerne at me to be ware
It is ane pane, and dowbill trane
Of endles wo and cair.
For to refrane that denger plane
Fle alwayis from the snair.

Alexander Montgomerie

1556?–1610?

A MAY MORNING

About ane bank, quhair birdis on bewis
Ten thusand tymis thair notis renewis
Ilke houre into the day,
The merle and maveis micht be sene,
The progne and the phelomene,
Quhilk caussit me to stay.
I lay and leynit me to ane bus
To heir the birdis beir;
Thair mirth was sa melodius
Throw nature of the yeir:
Sum singing, sum springing
With wingis into the sky;
So trimlie and nimlie
Thir birdis thay flew me by.

. . . . .

The air was sa attemperate,
But ony myst immaculate,
Bot purefeit and cleir;
The flowris fair wer flurischit,
As Nature had them nurischit
Baith delicate and deir;

At] from. Progne] swallow. Phelomene] nightingale. Bus] bush. Beir] song. Attemperate] temperate. But] without. Deir] wild.

And every blome on branche and bewch
  So prettily wes spred,
And hang thair heidis out-ovir the hewch
  In Mayis colour cled;
    Sum knopping, sum dropping
      Of balmie liquor sweit,
    Distelling and smelling
      Throw Phœbus hailsum heit.

. . . . .

The dew as diamondis did hing
Upon the tender twistis and ying,
  Owir-twinkling all the treis;
And ay quhair flowris flourischit faire
Thair suddainly I saw repaire
  In swarmes the sounding beis.
Sum sweitly hes the hony socht,
  Quhil thay war cloggit soir:
Sum willingly the waxe hes wrocht,
  To heip it up in stoir.
    So heiping with keiping,
      Into thair hyvis they hyde it,
    Precyselie and wyselie
      For winter they provyde it.

(From *The Cherrie and the Slae.*)

THE NIGHT IS NEIR GONE

Hay! nou the day dauis;
Th jolie Cok crauis;
Nou shroudis the shauis
  Throu Natur anone.

Bewch] bough. Hewch] bank, cliff. Knopping] budding. Hailsum healthful. Twistis] twigs. Quhil] until. Cloggit soir] sorely encumbered. Keeping] carefulness.

Dauis] dawns. Shroudis] clothe (themselves). Shauis] groves, thickets.

The thissell-cok cryis
On lovers vha lyis
Nou skaillis the skyis:
  The nicht is neir gone.

The feildis overflouis
With gouans that grouis,
Quhair lilies lyk lou is,
  Als rid as the rone.
The turtill that treu is
With nots that reneuis
Hir pairtie perseuis;
  The night is neir gone.

Nou hairtis with hyndis
Conforme to thair kyndis
Hie tursis thair tyndis
  On grund vhair they grone.
Nou hurchonis with hairis
Ay passis in pairis;
Quhilk deuly declairis
  The night is neir gone.

The sesone excellis
Thrugh sueetnes that smellis;
Nou Cupid compellis
  Our hairtis echone
On Venus vha vaikis,
To muse on our maikis,
Syn sing for thair saikis—
  The night is neir gone.

All curageous knichtis
Aganis the day dichtis

Skaillis] disperse. Lou] flame. Rid] red. Rone] rowan, mountain ash. Pairtie] mate. Tursis] toss. Tyndis] antlers. Hurchonis] hedgehogs. Echone] each one. Raikis] watches. Maikis] mates. Syn] then. Dichtis] prepare.

The breist-plate that bright is
  To feght with thair fone.
The stoned steed stampis
Throu curage and crampis,
Syn on the land lampis.
  The night is neir gone.

The freikis on feildis,
That wight wapins weildis,
With shyning bright sheildis,
  As Titan in trone;
Stiff speiris in reistis
Ouer cursoris cristis
Ar brok on thair breistis:
  The night is neir gone.

So hard ar thair hittis,
Some sueyes, some sittis,
And some perforce flittis
  On grund vhill they grone.
Syn groomis that gay is
On blonkis that brayis
With snordis assayis:
  The night is neir gone.

Fone] foes. Lampis] gallops. Freikis] men, warriors. Wight] strong. Cursoris] coursers. Cristis] crests. Hittis] strokes. Syn] then. Blonkis] white horses.

BOOK III

ELIZABETHAN LITERATURE

Thomas Wilson

OUTLANDISH ENGLISH 1520–1581.

AMONG all other lessons this should first be learned that we never affect any strange inkhorn terms, but so speak as is commonly received, neither seeking to be over fine nor yet living overcareless, using our speech as most men do, and ordering our wits as the fewest have done. Some seek so far for outlandish English, that they forget altogether their mother's language. And I dare swear this, if some of their mothers were alive they were not able to tell what they say. And yet these fine English clerks will say they speak in their mother tongue, if a man should charge them for counterfeiting the King's English. Some far journeyed gentlemen at their return home like as they love to go in foreign apparell so they will powder their talk with oversea language. He that cometh lately out of France will talke French English and never blush at the matter; and other chops in with English Italianated, and applieth the Italian phrase to our English speaking, the which is as if an orator that professeth to utter his mind in plain Latin would needs speak Poetry, and far fetched colours of strange antiquity. The lawyer will store his stomack with the prating of pedlers; the auditor in making his account and reckoning cometh in with *sise so uld* and *cater denere* for vis. iiijd.[1] The fine courtier will talk nothing but Chaucer. The mysticall wiseman and poetical clerks will speak nothing but quaint proverbs and blind allegories, delighting much in their own darkness, especially when none can tell what they do say. The unlearned or foolish fantastical that smells but of learning (such fellows as have seen learned men in their days) will so Latin their tongues that the simple can not but wonder at their talk and think surely they speak by some revelation. I know them that think *Rhetorique* to stand wholly upon dark words,

and he that can catch an inkhorn term by the tail him they count to be a fine Englishman and a good rhetorician.

(From *The Art of Rhetoric.*)

Thomas Tusser

? 1526–1580.

A LESSON OF HOP-YARD

WHERE hops will grow,
Here learn to know;
Hops many will come,
In a rood of room.
Hops hate the land,
With gravel and sand.
The rotten mould,
For hop is worth gold.
The sun south-west,
For hop-yard is best.
Hop-plot once found,
Now dig the ground.
Hops favoureth malt,
Hops, thrift doth exalt.
Of hops more read
As time shall need.

(From *Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry.*)

A SONNET AGAINST A SLANDEROUS TONGUE

Doth darnell good, among the flow'ry wheat?
Do thistles good, so thick in fallows syp'd?
Do taint worms good, that lurk where ox should eat?
Or sucking drones, in hives where bees abide?
Do hornets good, or these same biting gnats?
Foul swelling toads, what good by them is seen?
In house well deckt, what good do gnawing rats?

Syp'd] set.

Or casting moles, among the meadows green ?
Doth heavy news make glad the heart of man ?
Or noisome smells, what good doth that to health ?
Now once for all, what good (shew who so can ?)
Do stinging snakes to this our commonwealth ?
No more doth good, a peevish slanderous tongue,
But hurts itself, and 'noys both old and young.

(From *The Same.*)

Sir Thomas Wyatt

1503–1542

A RENOUNCING OF LOVE

FAREWELL, Love, and all thy laws for ever.
Thy baited hooks shall tangle me no more.
Senec, and Plato call me from thy lore :
To perfect wealth my wit for to endeavour.
In blind error when I did persevere :
Thy sharp repulse, that pricketh aye so sore :
Taught me in trifles that I set no store :
But scape forth thence : since libertie is lever.
Therefore, farewell : go trouble younger hearts :
And in me claim no more authority.
With idle youth go use thy property :
And thereon spend thy many brittle darts.
For, hitherto though I have lost my time :
Me list no longer rotten boughs to climb.

(From Tottel's *Miscellany of Uncertain Authors.*

The Earl of Surrey

1516–1547.

DESCRIPTION OF SPRING, WHEREIN EACH THING RENEWS, SAVE ONLY THE LOVER

THE sweet season, that bud and bloom forth brings,
With green hath clad the hill and eke the vale :
The nightingale with feathers new she sings :

The turtle to her mate hath tolde her tale:
Summer is come, for every spray now springs,
The hart hath hung his old head on the pale:
The buck in brake his winter coat he flings:
The fishes float with new repaired scale:
The adder all her slough away she flings:
The swift swallow pursueth the flies small:
The busy bee her honey now she mings:
Winter is worn that was the flowers bale:
And thus I see among these pleasant things
Each care decays, and yet my sorrow springs.

(From *The Same.*)

PYRRHUS ATTACKS THE PALACE OF PRIAM

Before the gate stood Pyrrhus, in the porch,
Rejoicing in his darts, with glittering arms,
Like to the adder with venomous herbes fed,
Whom cold winter all bolne hid under ground,
And shining bright when she her slough had slong.
Her slipper back doth rowle with forked tongue
And raised breast lift up against the sun.
With that together came great Periphas
Automedon eke, that guided had sometime
Achilles' horse, now Pyrrhus armour bare,
And eke with him the warlike Scyrian youth
Assayled the house, and threw flame to the top.
And he an axe before the foremost raught
Wherewith he gan the strong gates hew and break,
From whence he bet the staples out of brass.
He brake the bars, and through the timber pierc'd
So large a hole, whereby they might discern
The house, the court, and secret chambers eke
Of Priamus and ancient Kings of Troy,
And armed foes in th'entry of the gate.

(From *Translation of the Aeneid*, Bk. II.)

Bolne] swollen. Slong] cast off.

By an Unknown Author

THAT EACH THING IS HURT OF ITSELF

WHY fearest thou thy outward foe,
When thou thy self thy harm dost feed,
Of grief, or hurt, of pain, of woe,
Within each thing is sown a seed,
So fine was never yet the cloth,
No smith so hard his iron did beat:
But th'one consumed was with moth.
Th'other with canker all to fret.
The knotty oak and wainscot old,
Within doth eat the silly worm;
Even so a mind in envy roll'd,
Always within itself doth burn.
Thus every thing that nature wrought,
Within itself his hurt doth bear:
No outward harm need to be sought,
Where enemies be within so near.

(From Tottel's *Miscellany*.)

Thomas Sackville

1536–1608.

THE AUTHOR IS LED BY SORROW TO HADES

THE wrathful Winter, 'proaching on apace,
With blustering blasts had all ybar'd the treen,
And old Saturnus, with his frosty face,
With chilling cold had pierc'd the tender green;
The mantles rent, wherein enwrapped been
The gladsome groves that now lay overthrown,
The tapets torn, and every bloom down blown.

Tapets] foliage; lit., tapestry.

The soil, that erst so seemly was to seen,
Was all despoiled of her beauty's hue;
And soote fresh flowers, wherewith the summer's queen
Had clad the earth, now Boreas' blasts down blew;
And small fowls flocking, in their song did rue
The winter's wrath, wherewith each thing defac'd
In woeful wise bewail'd the summer past.

Hawthorn had lost his motley livery,
The naked twigs were shivering all for cold,
And dropping down the tears abundantly;
Each thing, methought, with weeping eye me told
The cruel season, bidding me withhold
Myself within; for I was gotten out
Into the fields, whereas I walk'd about.

. . . . .

And straight forth stalking with redoubled pace,
For that I saw the night drew on so fast.
In black all clad, there fell before my face
A piteous wight, whom woe had all forwaste;
Forth from her eyen the crystal tears out brast,
And sighing sore, her hands she wrung and fold,
Tare all her hair, that ruth was to behold.

Her body small, forewither'd, and forespent,
As is the stalk that summer's drought oppress'd
Her welked face with woeful tears besprent;
Her colour pale; and, as it seem'd her best,
In woe and plaint reposed was her rest;
And, as the stone that drops of water wears,
So dented were her cheeks with fall of tears.

Her eyes swollen with flowing streams afloat;
Wherewith her looks thrown up full piteously
Her forceless hands together oft she smote,

Soote] sweet. Brast] burst.

With doleful shrieks, that echo'd in the sky;
Whose plaint such sighs did straight accompany,
That, in my doom, was never man did see
A wight but half so woebegone as she.

I stood aghast, beholding all her plight,
'Tween dread and dolour, so distrain'd in heart,
That, while my hairs upstarted with the sight,
The tears outstream'd for sorrow of her smart:
But, when I saw no end that could apart
The deadly dewle which she so sore did make,
With doleful voice then thus to her I spake:

Unwrap thy woes, whatever wight thou be,
And stint in time to spill thyself with plaint:
Tell what thou art, and whence, for well I see
Thou canst not dure, with sorrow thus attaint:
And, with that word of sorrow, all forfaint
She looked up, and, prostrate as she lay,
With piteous sound, lo, thus she 'gan to say:

Alas, I wretch, whom thus thou seest distrain'd
With wasting woes, that never shall aslake,
Sorrow I am, in endless torments pain'd
Among the Furies in the infernal lake.

. . . . . .

With plaining voice these words to me she shright.
I shall thee guide first to the grisly lake,
And thence unto the blissful place of rest,
Where thou shalt see, and hear, the plaint they make
That whilom here bare swing among the best:
This shalt thou see; but great is the unrest
That thou must bide, before thou canst attain
Unto the dreadful place where these remain.

. . . . .

And first, within the porch and jaws of hell,
Sat deep *Remorse of Conscience*, all besprent

Dewle] lamentation. Stent] stop.

With tears; and to herself oft would she tell
Her wretchedness, and cursing never stent
To sob and sigh; but ever thus lament,
With thoughtful care, as she that all in vain,
Would wear and waste continually in pain.

. . . . .

And next, within the entry of this lake,
Sat fell *Revenge*, gnashing her teeth for ire,
Devising means how she may vengeance take,
Never in rest, till she have her desire;
But frets within so far forth with the fire
Of wreaking flames, that now determines she
To die by death or veng'd by death to be.

. . . . .

Lastly, stood *War*, in glittering arms yclad,
With visage grim, stern looks, and blackly hued;
In his right hand a naked sword he had,
That to the hilts was all with blood imbued;
And in his left (that kings and kingdoms rued)
Famine and fire he held, and therewithal
He razed towns, and threw down towers and all.

Cities he sack'd, and realms (that whilom flower'd
In honour, glory, and rule, above the best)
He overwhelm'd, and all their fame devour'd,
Consum'd, destroy'd, wasted and never ceas'd,
Till he their wealth, their name, and all oppress'd.
His face forhew'd with wounds, and by his side
There hung his targe, with gashes deep and wide.

In midst of which, depainted there, we found
Deadly *Debate*, all full of snaky hair,
That with a bloody fillet was ybound,
Out breathing nought but discord everywhere.
We stay'd us straight, and with a rueful fear,
Beheld this heavy sight.

. . . . .

To here, quote Sorrow, princes of renown,
That whilom sat on top of Fortune's wheel,
Now laid full low ; like wretches whirled down,
Ev'n with one frown, that stay'd but with a smile :
And now behold the thing that thou, erewhile,
Saw only in thought, and, what thou now shalt hear,
Recount the same to kesar, king, and peer.

Then first came Henry, duke of Buckingham,
His cloak of black all pill'd, and quite forworn,
Wringing his hands, and fortune oft doth blame,
Which of a duke hath made him now her scorn :
With ghastly looks, as one in manner lorn,
Oft spread his arms, stretch'd hands he joins as fast
With rueful cheer, and vapour'd eyes upcast.

Thrice he began to tell his doleful tale,
And thrice the sighs did swallow up his voice,
At each of which he shrieked so withal,
As though the heavens rived with the noise :
Till at the last, recovering his voice,
Supping the tears that all his breast berain'd,
On cruel Fortune, weeping, thus he plain'd.

(From *The Induction to the Mirror for Magistrates.*)

George Gascoigne

? 1525–1577.

THE AUTHOR'S ADVICE TO THE SOCIETY OF HIS TIME

Words of worth, and worthy to be weighed,
I have presumed my Lord for to present
With this poor glass, which is of trusty steel,
And come to me by will and testament
Of one that was a Glassmaker indeed.

. . . . .

But in my glass, which is of trusty steel,
I can perceive how Kingdoms breed but care,
How Lordship lives, with lots of less delight,
(Though cap and knee do seem a reverence,
And courtlike life, is thought another heaven)
Than common people find in every coast.

The gentleman, which might in country keep
A plenteous board, and feed the fatherless,
With pig and goose, with mutton, beef and veal,
(Yea, now and then a capon and a chick)
Will break up house, and dwell in market towns,
A loitering life, and like an Epicure.

But who (meanwhile) defends the commonwealth ?
Who rules the flock, when shepherds are so fled ?
Who stays the staff, which should uphold the State ?
Forsooth, good Sir, the Lawyer leapeth in,
Nay, rather leaps both over hedge and ditch,
And rules the rost, but few men rule by right.

O Knights, O Squires, O gentle bloods yborn,
You were not born, all only for yourselves :
Your country claims some part of all your pains.
There should you live, and therein should you toil,
To hold up right, and banish cruel wrong,
To help the poor, to bridle back the rich,
To punish vice, and virtue to advance,
To see God served, and Beelzebub supprest,
You should not trust lieutenants in your room,
And let them sway the sceptre of your charge,
Whiles you (meanwhile) know scarcely what is done,
Nor yet can yield account, if you were called.

. . . . .

Art thou a Gentle ? live with gentle friends,
Which will be glad thy company to have,

If manhood may with manners well agree.
Art thou a serving-man ? then serve again,
And stint to steal as common soldiers do.
Art thou a craftsman ? take thee to thine art,
And cast off sloth which loitereth in the camps.
Art thou a plowman pressed for a shift ?
Then learn to clout thine old cast cobbled shoes,
And rather bide at home with barley bread,
Than learn to spoil, as thou hast seen some do.

THE PLOUGHMAN

Behold him, priests, and though he stink of sweat,
Disdain him not, for shall I tell you what ?
Such climb to heaven before the shaven crowns :
But how ? forsooth with true humility.
Not that they hoard their grain when it is cheap,
Nor that they kill the calf to have the milk,
Nor that they set debate between their lords,
By earing up the balks that part their bounds :
Nor for because they can both crouch and creep
(The guileful'st men that ever God yet made)
When as they mean most mischief and deceit,
Nor that they can cry out on landlords loud,
And say they rack their rents an ace too high
When they themselves do sell their landlord's lamb
For greater price than ewe was wont be worth.
(I see you Piers, my glass was lately scoured.)
But for they feed with fruits of their great pains
Both King and Knight and Priests in cloister pent
Therefore I say that sooner some of them
Shall scale the walls which lead us up to heaven,
Than cornfed beasts, whose belly is their God,
Although they preach of more perfection.

(From *The Steele Glass.*)

Barnabe Googe

1540–1594.

HARPALUS' COMPLAINT OF PHILLIDA'S LOVE

BESTOWED ON CORIN, WHO LOVED HER NOT

PHILLIDA was a fair maid,
  And fresh as any flower,
Whom Harpalus the herdman pray'd
  To be his paramour.

Harpalus and eke Corin
  Were herdmen, both y-fere;
And Phillida could twist and spin,
  And thereto sing full clear.

But Phillida was all too coy
  For Harpalus to win;
For Corin was her only joy,
  Who loved her not a pin.

How often would she flowers twine,
  How often garlands make,
Of cowslips and of columbine,
  And all for Corin's sake!

But Corin, he had hawks to lure,
  And loved more the field;
Of lovers' law he took no cure,
  For once he was beguiled.

Harpalus prevailed enought;
  His labour all was lost;
For he was farthest from her thought,
  And yet he loved her most.

Therefore wax'd he both pale and lean,
  And dry as clod of clay:
His flesh it was consumed clean,
  His colour gone away.

His beard it had not long be shave,
  His hair hung all unkempt:
A man most fit e'en for the grave,
  Whom spiteful love had spent.

His eyes were red, and all for-watch'd;
  His face besprent with tears:
It seemed unhap had him long hatch'd,
  In midst of his despairs.

His clothes were black and also bare;
  As one forlorn was he;
Upon his head always he ware
  A wreath of willow tree.

His beasts he kept upon the hill,
  And he sat in the dale;
And thus, with sighs and sorrows shrill,
  He 'gan to tell his tale.

O Harpalus—thus would he say—
  Unhappiest under sun!
The cause of thine unhappy day
  By love was first begun!

For thou went'st first by suit to seek
  A tiger to make tame,
That sets not by thy love a leek,
  But makes thy grief her game.

As easy 'twere for to convert
  The frost into a flame,
As for to turn a froward heart,
  Whom thou so fain would'st frame.

Corin he liveth careless,
  He leaps among the leaves;
He eats the fruits of thy redress,
  Thou reap'st, he takes the sheaves.

My beasts, awhile your food refrain,
  And heark'n your herdsman's sound;
Whom spiteful love, alas! hath slain,
  Through girt with many a wound.

. . . . .

But, well-a-way! that nature wrought
  Thee, Phillida, so fair:
For I may say that I have bought
  Thy beauty all too dear.

What reason is that cruelty
  With beauty should have part?
Or else that such great tyranny
  Should dwell in woman's heart?

I see therefore to shape my death
  She cruelly is prest;
To th' end that I may want my breath,
  My days be at the best.

O Cupid, grant this my request,
  And do not stop thine ears;
That she may feel within her breast
  The pains of my despairs!

"Of Corin that is carèless,
  That she may crave her fee;
As I have done in great distress,
  That loved her faithfully!

But since that I shall die her slave,
  Her slave, and eke her thrall,
Write you, my friends, upon my grave
  This chance that is befall:

"Here lieth unhappy Harpalus,
  Whom cruel love hath slain:
Whom Phillida unjustly thus
  Hath murder'd with disdain."

(From *Tottel's Miscellany.*)

THE CRUEL SHEPHERD.[1]

This Coridon come from the Cart,
  In honour chief doth sit,
And governs us, because he hath
  A crabbed, clownish wit.
Now see the churlish cruelty
  That in his heart remains.
The silly sheep that shepherds good,
  Have fostered up with pains,
And brought away, from stinking dales
  On pleasant hills to feed;
O cruel, clownish Coridon,
  O cursed, carlish seed.
The simple sheep constrained he
  Their pasture sweet to leave,
And to their old corrupted grass
  Enforceth them to cleave.
Such sheep, as would not them obey
  But in their pasture bide,
With (cruel flames) they did consume
  And vex on every side.
And with the sheep, ye shepherds good,
  (O hateful Hounds of Hell)
They did torment, and drive them out
  In places far to dwell.
There died Daphnes for his sheep,
  The chiefest of them all
And fair Alexis flamed in fire,

[1] A pastoral allegory of the persecution of the Protestants.

Who never perish shall.
O shepherds wail for Daphnes' death,
Alexis' hap lament,
And curse the force of cruel hearts
That them to death have sent.

Edmund Spenser

1552–1599.

THE SHEPHERDS PRAISE THE FAIR ELISA

Thenot. TELL me, good Hobbinoll, what garres thee greete?
What? hath some Wolfe thy tender Lambes ytorne?
Or is thy Bagpype broke, that soundes so sweete?
Or art thou of thy loved lasse forlorne?

Or bene thine eyes attempred to the yeare,
Quenching the gasping furrowes thirst with rayne?
Like April shoure so stremes the trickling teares
Adowne thy cheeke, to quenche thy thristye payne.

Hob. Nor thys, nor that, so muche doeth make me mourne,
But for the ladde, whome long I loved so deare,
Nowe loves a lasse that all his love doth scorne,
He, plung'd in payne, his tressed locks dooth teare.

Shepheards delights he dooth them all forsweare;
Hys pleasaunt Pipe, whych made us meriment,
He wylfully hath broke, and doth forbeare
His wonted songs, wherein he all outwent.

The. What is he for a Ladde you so lament?
Ys love such pinching payne to them that prove?
And hath he skill to make so excellent,
Yet hath so little skill to brydle love.

Hob. Colin thou kenst, the Southerne shepheardes boye;
Him Love hath wounded with a deadly darte;
Whilome on him was all my care and joye,
Forcing with gyfts to winne his wanton heart,

But now from me hys madding mynd is starte,
And woes the Widdowes daughter of the glenne;
So nowe fayre Rosalind hath bredde hys smart,
So now his frend is changed for a frenne.

The. But if hys ditties bene so trimly dight,
I pray thee, Hobbinoll, recorde some one,
The whiles our flockes do graze about in sight,
And we close shrowded in thys shade alone.

Hob. Contented I: then, will I singe his laye
Of fayre Elisa, Queene of shepheardes all,
Which once he made as by a spring he laye,
And tuned it unto the Waters fall.

. . . . .

Tell me, have ye seene her angelick face,
Like Phœbe fayre?
Her heavenly haveour, her princely grace,
Can you well compare?
The Redde rose medled with the White yfere,
In either cheeke depeincten lively chere:
Her modest eye,
Her Majestie,
Where have you seene the like but there?

I sawe Phœbus thrust out his golden hedde,
Upon her to gaze:
But, when he sawe how broade her beames did spredde,
It did him amaze.
He blusht to see another Sunne belowe,
He durst again his fyrye face out showe:
Let him, if he dare,
His brightnesse compare
With hers, to have the overthrowe.

(From *The Shepheards Calender: April.*)

Frenne] stranger. Medled] mixed.

UNA AND THE RED CROSS KNIGHT

A gentle Knight was pricking on the plaine,
Yeladd in mightie armes and silver shielde,
Wherein old dints of deepe woundes did remaine,
The cruell markes of many a bloody fielde;
Yet armes till that time did he never wield.
His angry steede did chide his foming bitt,
As much disdayning to the curbe to yield:
Full jolly knight he seemd, and faire did sitt,
As one for knightly giusts and fierce encounters fitt.

And on his brest a bloodie Crosse he bore,
The deare remembrance of his dying Lord,
For whose sweete sake that glorious badge he wore,
And dead, as living, ever him ador'd:
Upon his shield the like was also scor'd,
For soveraine hope which in his helpe he had.
Right faithfull true he was in deede and word,
But of his cheere did seeme too solemne sad;
Yet nothing did he dread, but ever was ydrad.

Upon a great adventure he was bond,
That greatest Gloriana to him gave,
(That greatest Glorious Queene of Faery lond)
To winne him worshippe, and her grace to have,
Which of all earthly thinges he most did crave:
And ever as he rode his hart did earne
To prove his puissance in battell brave
Upon his foe, and his new force to learne,
Upon his foe, a Dragon horrible and stearne.

A lovely Ladie rode him faire beside,
Upon a lowly Asse more white then snow,
Yet she much whiter; but the same did hide
Under a vele, that wimpled was full low;

Pricking] riding swiftly. Jolly] handsome. Ydrad] feared.

And over all a blacke stole shee did throw:
As one that inly mournd, so was she sad,
And heavie sate upon her palfrey slow;
Seemed in heart some hidden care she had,
And by her, in a line, a milkewhite lambe she lad.

So pure and innocent, as that same lambe,
She was in life and every vertuous lore;
And by descent from Royall lynage came
Of ancient Kinges and Queenes, that had of yore
Their scepters stretcht from East to Westerne shore,
And all the world in their subjection held;
Till that infernall feend with foule uprore
Forwasted all their land, and them expeld;
Whom to avenge she had this Knight from far compeld.

Behind her farre away a Dwarfe did lag,
That lasie seemd, in being ever last,
Or wearied with bearing of her bag
Of needments at his backe. Thus as they past,
The day with cloudes was suddeine overcast,
And angry Jove an hideous storme of raine
Did poure into his Lemans lap so fast,
That everie wight to shrowd it did constrain;
And this faire couple eke to shroud themselves were fain.

Enforst to seeke some covert nigh at hand,
A shadie grove not farr away they spide,
That promist ayde the tempest to withstand;
Whose loftie trees, yclad with sommers pride,
Did spred so broad, that heavens light did hide,
Not perceable with power of any starr:
And all within were pathes and alleies wide,
With footing worne, and leading inward farr.
Faire harbour that them seems, so in they entred ar.

And foorth they passe, with pleasure forward led,
Joying to heare the birdes sweete harmony,

Which, therein shrouded from the tempest dred,
Seemd in their song to scorne the cruell sky.
Much can they praise the trees so straight and hy,
The sayling Pine; the Cedar proud and tall;
The vine-propp Elme; the Poplar never dry;
The builder Oake, sole king of forrests all;
The Aspine good for staves; the Cypresse funerale;

The Laurell, meed of mightie Conquerours
And Poets sage; the Firre that weepeth still:
The Willow, worne of forlorne Paramours;
The Eugh, obedient to the benders will;
The Birch for shaftes; the Sallow for the mill;
The Mirrhe sweet-bleeding in the bitter wound;
The warlike Beech; the Ash for nothing ill;
The fruitfull Olive; and the Platane round;
The carver Holme; the Maple seeldom inward sound.

Led with delight, they thus beguile the way,
Untill the blustring storme is overblowne;
When, weening to returne whence they did stray,
They cannot finde that path, which first was showne,
But wander too and fro in waies unknowne,
Furthest from end then, when they neerest weene:
That makes them doubt their wits be not their owne,
So many pathes, so many turnings seene,
That which of them to take in diverse doubt they been.

(From *The Faerie Queene, Book I.*)

PHÆDRIA AND THE IDLE LAKE

Whom bold Cymochles traveiling to finde,
With cruell purpose bent to wreake on him
The wrath which Atin kindled in his mind,
Came to a river, by whose utmost brim
Wayting to passe, he saw whereas did swim

been] are.

Along the shore, as swift as glaunce of eye,
A litle Gondelay, bedecked trim
With boughes and arbours woven cunningly,
That like a litle forrest seemed outwardly.

And therein sate a Lady fresh and fayre,
Making sweet solace to herselfe alone:
Sometimes she song as lowd as larke in ayre,
Sometimes she laught, as merry as Pope Jone;
Yet was there not with her else any one,
That to her might move cause of meriment:
Matter of merth enough, though there were none,
She could devise; and thousand waies invent
To feede her foolish humour and vaine jolliment.

Which when far off Cymochles heard and saw,
He lowdly cald to such as were abord
The little barke unto the shore to draw,
And him to ferry over that deepe ford.
The merry mariner unto his word
Soone hearkned, and her painted bote streightway
Turnd to the shore, where that same warlike Lord
She in receiv'd; but Atin by no way
She would admit, albe the knight her much did pray.

Eftsoones her shallow ship away did slide,
More swift then swallow sheres the liquid skye,
Withouten care or Pilot it to guide,
Or winged canvas with the wind to fly:
Onely she turnd a pin, and by and by
It cut away upon the yielding wave,
Ne cared she her course for to apply;
For it was taught the way which she would have,
And both from rocks and flats it selfe could wisely save.

And all the way the wanton Damsell found
New merth her passenger to entertaine;
For she in pleasaunt purpose did abound,

And greatly joyed merry tales to faine,
Of which a store-house did with her remaine:
Yet seemed, nothing well they her became;
For all her wordes she drownd with laughter vaine,
And wanted grace in utt'ring of the same,
That turned all her pleasaunce to a scoffing game.

And other whiles vaine toyes she would devize,
As her fantasticke wit did most delight:
Sometimes her head she fondly would aguize
With gaudy girlonds, or fresh flowrets dight
About her necke, or rings of rushes plight:
Sometimes, to do him laugh, she would assay
To laugh at shaking of the leaves light
Or to behold the water worke and play
About her little frigot, therein making way.

Her light behaviour and loose dalliaunce
Gave wondrous great contentment to the knight,
That of his way he had no sovenaunce,
Nor care of vow'd revenge and cruell fight,
But to weake wench did yield his martiall might:
So easie was to quench his flamed minde
With one sweete drop of sensuall delight.
So easie is t'appease the stormy winde
Of malice in the calme of pleasaunt woman kind.

Diverse discourses in their way they spent;
Mongst which Cymochles of her questioned
Both what she was, and what that usage ment,
Which in her cott she daily practized?
'Vaine man,' (saide she) 'that wouldst be reckoned
A straunger in thy home, and ignoraunt
Of Phædria, (for so my name is red)
Of Phædria, thine owne fellow servaunt;
For thou to serve Acrasia thy selfe doest vaunt.

Aguize] adorn. Sovenaunce] remembrance. Red] called.

'In this wide Inland sea, that hight by name
The Idle lake, my wandring ship I row,
That knowes her port, and thither sayles by ayme,
Ne care, ne feare I how the wind do blow,
Or whether swift I wend, or whether slow;
Both slow and swift alike do serve my tourne;
Ne swelling Neptune ne lowd thundring Jove
Can chaunge my cheare, or make me ever mourne:
My little boat can safely passe this perilous bourne.'

Whiles thus she talked, and whiles thus she toyd,
They were far past the passage which he spake,
And come unto an Island waste and voyd,
That floted in the midst of that great lake;
There her small Gondelay her port did make,
And that gay payre, issewing on the shore,
Disburdned her. Their way they forward take
Into the land that lay them faire before,
Whose pleasaunce she him shewd, and plentifull great store.

It was a chosen plott of fertile land,
Emongst wide waves sett, like a litle nest,
As if it had by Natures cunning hand
Bene choycely picked out from all the rest,
And laid forth for ensample of the best:
No daintie flowre or herbe that growes on grownd,
No arborett with painted blossomes drest
And smelling sweete, but there it might be fownd
To bud out faire, and throwe her sweete smels al arownd.

No tree whose braunches did not bravely spring;
No braunch whereon a fine bird did not sitt;
No bird but did her shrill notes sweetely sing;
No song but did containe a lovely ditt.
Trees, braunches, birds, and songs, were framed fitt
For to allure fraile mind to carelesse ease:

Carelesse the man soone woxe, and his weake witt
Was overcome of thing that did him please;
So pleased did his wrathfull purpose faire appease.

Thus when shee had his eyes and sences fed
With false delights, and fild with pleasures vayn,
Into a shady dale she soft him led,
And layd him downe upon a grassy playn;
And her sweete selfe without dread or disdayn
She sett beside, laying his head disarmed
In her loose lap, it softly to sustayn,
Where soone he slumbred fearing not be harmd:
The whiles with a love lay she thus him sweetly charmd.

'Behold, O man! that toilesome paines doest take,
The flowrs, the fields, and all that pleasaunt growes,
How they them selves doe thine ensample make,
Whiles nothing envious nature them forth throwes
Out of her fruitfull lap; how no man knowes,
They spring, they bud, they blossome fresh and faire,
And decke the world with their rich pompous showes;
Yet no man for them taketh paines or care,
Yet no man to them can his carefull paines compare.

'The lilly, Lady of the flowring field,
The flowre-deluce, her lovely Paramoure,
Bid thee to them thy fruitlesse labors yield,
And soone leave off this toylsome weary stoure:
Loe, loe! how brave she decks her bounteous boure,
With silken curtens and gold coverletts,
Therein to shrowd her sumptuous Belamoure;
Yet nether spinnes nor cards, ne cares nor fretts,
But to her mother Nature all her care she letts.

'Why then doest thou, O man! that of them all
Art Lord, and eke of nature Soveraine,
Wilfully make thyselfe a wretched thrall,

Woxe] because. Stoure] struggle.

And waste thy joyous howres in needelesse paine,
Seeking for daunger and adventures vaine ?
What bootes it al to have, and nothing use ?
Who shall him rew that swimming in the maine
Will die for thrist, and water doth refuse ?
Refuse such fruitlesse toile, and present pleasures chuse.'

By this she had him lulled fast asleepe,
That of no worldly thing he care did take :
Then she with liquors strong his eies did steepe,
That nothing should him hastily awake.
So she him lefte, and did her selfe betake
Unto her boat again, with which she clefte
The slouthfull wave of that great griesy lake :
Soone shee that Island far behind her lefte,
And now is come to that same place where first she wefte.

(From *The Same, Book II.*)

GUARDIAN ANGELS

And is there care in heaven ? And is there love
In heavenly spirits to these creatures bace,
That may compassion of their evils move ?
There is : else much more wretched were the cace
Of men then beasts. But O th' exceeding grace
Of highest God, that loves his creatures so,
And all his workes with mercy doth embrace,
That blessed angels he sends to and fro,
To serve to wicked man, to serve his wicked foe.

How oft do they their silver bowers leave
To come to succour us, that succour want,
How oft do they with golden pineons cleave
The flitting skyes, like flying Pursuivant,
Against foule fiendes to aide us millitant :

They for us fight, they watch and dewly ward,
And their bright Squadrons round about us plant;
And all for love, and nothing for reward:
O why should heavenly God to men have such regard?

(From *The Same, Book II.*)

BRITOMART, THE KNIGHT OF CHASTITY, THROWS OFF HER DISGUISE AND APPEARS AS A MAIDEN

And eke that straunger knight emongst the rest;
Was for like need enforst to disaray:
Tho wheneas vailed was her loftie crest,
Her golden locks, that were in tramels gay
Upbounden, did themselves adowne display,
And raught unto her heeles; like sunny beames,
That in a cloud their light did long time stay,
Their vapour vaded, shew their golden gleames,
And through the persant aire shoote forth their azure streames.

She also dofte her heavy haberjeon,
Which the faire feature of her limbs did hyde,
And her well plighted frock, which she did won
To tucke about her short, when she did ryde,
She low let fall, that flowd from her lanck syde
Downe to her foot, with carelesse modestee.
Then of them all she plainly was espyde
To be a woman wight, unwist to bee,
The fairest woman wight that ever eye did see.

• • • • •

(From *The Same, Book III.*)

Vailed] lowered. Raught] reached. Won] wont. Lanck] slim

THE MASK OF CUPID

The whiles a most delitious harmony,
  In full straunge notes was sweetly heard to sound,
  That the rare sweetnesse of the melody
  The feeble senses wholy did confound,
  And the fraile soule in deepe delight nigh dround;
  And when it ceast, shrill trompets loud did bray,
  That their report did farre away rebound,
  And when they ceast, it gan againe to play,
The whiles the maskers marched forth in trim aray.

The first was Fansy, like a lovely boy,
  Of rare aspect and beautie without peare;
  Matchable either to that ympe of Troy,
  Whom Jove did love, and chose his cup to beare,
  Or that same daintie lad, which was so deare
  To great Alcides, that whenas he dyde,
  He wailed womanlike with many a teare,
  And every wood, and every valley wyde
He filld with Hylas name; the Nymphes eke Hylas cryde.

His garment nether was of silke nor say,
  But painted plumes in goodly order dight,
  Like as the sunburnt Indians do aray
  Their tawney bodies in their proudest plight:
  As those same plumes, so seemd he vaine and light,
  That by his gate might easily appeare;
  For still he far'd as dauncing in delight,
  And in his hand a windy fan did beare,
That in the ydle aire he mov'd still here and theare.

And him beside marcht amorous Desyre,
  Who seemed of riper yeares then th'other swaine,
  Yet was that other swayne, this elders syre,
  And gave him being, commune to them twaine:
  His garment was disguised very vaine,

And his embrodered Bonet sat awry;
Twixt both his hands few sparkes he close did straine,
Which still he blew and kindled busily,
That soone they life conceiv'd, and forth in flames did fly.

Next after him went Doubt, who was yclad
In a discolour'd cote of straunge disguyse,
That at his backe a brode Capuccio had,
And sleeves dependant Albanese-wyse:
He lookt askew with his mistrustfull eyes,
And nycely trode, as thornes lay in his way,
Or that the flore to shrinke he did avyse;
And on a broken reed he still did stay
His feeble steps, which shrunke, when hard thereon he lay.

With him went Daunger, cloth'd in ragged weed,
Made of Beares skin, that him more dreadfull made,
Yet his owne face was dreadfull, ne did need
Straunge horrour to deforme his griesly shade;
A net in th' one hand, and a rustic blade
In th' other was, this Mischiefe, that Mishap;
With th' one his foes he threatened to invade,
With th' other he his friends ment to enwrap:
For whom he could not kill, he practizd to entrap.

Next him was Feare, all arm'd from top to toe,
Yet thought himselfe not safe enough thereby,
But feard each shadow moving to and fro;
And his owne armes when glittering he did spy,
Or clashing heard, he fast away did fly,
As ashes pale of hew, and wingy heeld;
And evermore on Daunger fixt his eye,
Gainst whom he alwaies bent a brazen shield,
Which his right hand unarmed fearefully did wield.

Capuccio] hood. avyse] expect.

With him went Hope in rancke, a handsome Mayd,
Of chearefull looke and lovely to behold;
In silken samite she was light arayd,
And her faire lockes were woven up in gold;
She alway smyld, and in her hand did hold
An holy-water-Sprinckle, dipt in deowe,
With which she sprinckled favours manifold,
On whom she list, and did great liking sheowe,
Great liking unto many, but true love to feowe.

And after them Dissemblance, and Suspect
Marcht in one rancke, yet an unequall paire;
For she was gentle and of milde aspect,
Courteous to all, and seeming debonaire,
Goodly adorned, and exceeding faire:
Yet was that all but painted, and purloynd,
And her bright browes were deckt with borrowed haire:
Her deeds were forged, and her words false coynd,
And alwaies in her hand two clewes of silke she twynd.

But he was foule, ill favoured, and grim,
Under his eyebrowes looking still askaunce;
And ever as Dissemblance laught on him,
He lowrd on her with daungerous eye glaunce;
Shewing his nature in his countenaunce;
His rolling eyes did never rest in place,
But walkt each where, for feare of hid mischaunce,
Holding a lattice still before his face,
Through which he still did peepe as forward he did pace.

Next him went Griefe, and Fury, matcht yfere;
Griefe all in sable sorrowfully clad.
Downe hanging his dull head, with heavy chere,
Yet inly being more then seeming sad:
A paire of Pincers in his hand he had,
With which he pinched people to the hart,

Yfere] together.

That from thenceforth a wretched life they lad,
In wilfull languor and consuming smart,
Dying each day with inward wounds of dolours dart.

But Fury was full ill appareiled
In rags, that naked nigh she did appeare,
With ghastly looks and dreadfull drerihed;
For from her backe her garments she did teare,
And from her head ofte rent her snarled heare:
In her right hand a firebrand she did tosse
About her head, still roaming here and there:
As a dismayed Deare in chace embost,
Forgetfull of his safety, hath his right way lost.

After them went Displeasure and Pleasance,
He looking lompish and full sullein sad,
And hanging downe his heavy countenance;
She cheàrefull, fresh, and full of joyance glad,
As if no sorrow she ne felt ne drad;
That evill matched paire they seemd to bee;
An angry Waspe th' one in a viall had,
Th' other in hers an hony-lady Bee;
Thus marched these sixe couples forth in faire degree.

(From *The Same, Book III.*)

AN ALLEGORY OF CARE

So as they travelled, the drouping night
Covered with cloudie storme and bitter showre,
That dreadfull seem'd to every living wight,
Upon them fell, before her timely howre;
That forced them to seeke some covert bowre,
Where they might hide their heads in quiet rest,
And shrowd their persons from that stormie stowre.
Not farre away, not meete for any guest,
They spide a little cottage, like some poore mans nest.

Drerihed] misery. Embost] hard-hunted. Drad] dreaded.

Under a steepe hilles side it placed was,
  There where the mouldred earth had cav'd the banke;
  And fast beside a little brooke did pas
  Of muddie water, that like puddle stanke,
  By which few crooked sallowes grew in ranke:
  Whereto approaching nigh, they heard the sound
  Of many yron hammers beating ranke,
  And answering their wearie turnes around,
That seemed some blacksmith dwelt in that desert ground.

There entring in, they found the goodman selfe
  Full busily unto his worke ybent;
  Who was to weet a wretched wearish elfe,
  With hollow eyes and rawbone cheekes forspent,
  As if he had in prison long bene pent:
  Full blacke and griesly did his face appeare,
  Besmeard with smoke that nigh his eyesight blent;
  With rugged beard, and hoarie shagged heare,
The which he never wont to comb, or comely sheare.

Rude was his garment, and to rags all rent,
  Ne better had he, ne for better cared:
  With blistred hands emongst the cinders brent,
  And fingers filthie with long nayles unpared,
  Right fit to rend the food on which he fared.
  His name was Care; a blacksmith by his trade,
  That neither day nor night from working spared,
  But to small purpose yron wedges made;
Those be unquiet thoughts that carefull minds invade.

In which his worke he had sixe servants prest,
  About the Andvile standing evermore,
  With huge great hammers, that did never rest
  From heaping stroakes, which thereon soused sore:
  All sixe strong groomes, but one then other more;
  For by degrees they all were disagreed;
  So likewise did the hammers which they bore,

Like belles in greatnesse orderly succeed,
That he which was the last, the first did farre exceede.

. . . . .

Sir Scudamour there entring much admired
The manner of their worke and wearie paine;
And having long beheld, at last enquired
The cause and end thereof, but all in vaine;
For they for nought would from their worke refraine,
Ne let his speeches come unto their eare.
And eke the breathfull bellows blew amaine,
Like to the Northern winde, that none could heare;
Those Pensivenesse did move; and Sighes the bellows weare.

Which when that warriour saw, he said no more,
But in his armour layd him downe to rest:
To rest he layd him downe upon the flore,
(Whylome for ventrous Knights the bedding best)
And thought his wearie limbs to have redrest.
And that old aged Dame, his faithfull Squire,
Her feeble joynts layd eke adowne to rest;
That needed much her weake age to desire,
After so long a travell, which them both did tire.

There lay Sir Scudamour long while expecting
When gentle sleepe his heavie eyes would close;
Oft chaunging sides, and oft new place electing,
Where better seem'd he mote himselfe repose;
And oft in wrath he thence again uprose
And oft in wrath he layd him downe againe
But wheresoere he did himselfe dispose,
He by no meanes could wished ease obtaine:
So every place seem'd painefull, and ech changing vaine.

And evermore, when he to sleepe did thinke,
The hammers sound his senses did molest;
And evermore, when he began to winke,
The bellowes noyse disturb'd his quiet rest,

Ne suffred sleepe to settle in his brest.
And all the night the dogs did barke and howle
About the house, at sent of stranger guest:
And now the crowing Cocke, and now the owle
Lowde shriking, him afflicted to the very sowle.

And if by fortune any little nap
Upon his heavie eyelids chaunst to fall,
Eftsoones one of those villeins him did rap
Upon his head-peece with his yron mall;
That he was soone awaked therewithall,
And lightly started up as one affrayd;
Or as if one him suddenly did call.
So oftentimes he out of sleepe abrayd,
And then lay musing long on that him ill apayd.

So long he muzed, and so long he lay,
That at the last his wearie sprite opprest
With fleshly weaknesse, which no creature may
Long time resist, gave place to kindly rest,
That all his senses did full soone arrest:
Yet in his soundest sleepe, his dayly feare
His ydle braine gan busily molest,
And made him dreame those two disloyall were:
The things that day most minds at night doe most appeare.

With that, the wicked carle, the maister Smith,
A paire of red-whot yron tongs did take
Out of the burning cinders, and therewith
Under his side him nipt, that forst to wake,
He felt his hart for very paine to quake,
And started up avenged for to be
On him, the which his quiet slomber brake:
Yet looking round about him none could see;
Yet did the smart remaine, though he himselfe did flee.

In such disquiet and hart-fretting payne,
  He all that night, that too long night did passe,
  And now the day out of the Ocean mayne
  Began to peepe above this earthly masse,
  With pearly dew sprinkling the morning grasse;
  Then up he rose like heavie lumpe of lead,
  That in his face, as in a looking glasse,
  The signes of anguish one mote plainely read,
And ghesse the man to be dismayd with gealous dread.

(From *The Same, Book IV.*)

A KNIGHT HAVING LOST THE FAVOUR OF BELPHŒBE RECOVERS IT THROUGH A DOVE

Till on a day, as in his wonted wise
  His doole he made, there chaunst a turtle Dove.
  To come, where he his dolors did devise,
  That likewise late had lost her dearest love,
  Which losse her made like passion also prove.
  Who seeing his sad plight, her tender heart
  With deare compassion deeply did emmove,
  Than she gan more his undeserved smart,
And with her dolefull accent beare with him a part.

Shee sitting by him as on ground he lay,
  Her mournefull notes full piteously did frame,
  And thereof made a lamentable lay,
  So sensibly compyld, that in the same
  Him seemed oft he heard his owne right name.
  With that he forth would poure so plenteous teares,
  And beat his breast unworthy of such blame,
  And knocke his head, and rend his rugged heares.
That could have perst the hearts of Tigres and of Beares.

Thus long this gentle bird to him did use
  Withouten dread of perill to repaire
  Unto his wonne, and with her mourneful muse

Wonne] dwelling.

Him to recomfort in his greatest care,
That much did ease his mourning and misfare:
And every day for guerdon of her song,
He part of his small feast to her would share;
That at the last, of all his woe and wrong
Companion she became, and so continued long.

Upon a day as she him sate beside
By chance he certaine miniments forthdrew,
Which yet with him as relickes did abide
Of all the bounty which Belphebe threw
On him whilst goodly grace she did him shew:
Amongst the rest a jewell rich he found,
That was a Ruby of right perfect hew,
Shap'd like a heart yet bleeding of the wound,
And with a little golden chaine about it bound.

The same he tooke, and with a riband new,
In which his Ladies colours were, did bind
About the turtles necke, that with the vew
Did greatly solace his engrieved mind.
All unawares the bird, when she did find
Herselfe so dekt, her nimble wings displaid,
And flew away as lightly as the wind:
Which sodaine accident him much dismaid,
And looking after long, did marke which way she straid.

But whenas long he looked had in vaine,
Yet saw her forward still to make her flight,
His wearie eie returned to him againe,
Full of discomfort and disquiet plight,
That both his juell he had lost so light
And eke his deare companion of his care.
But that sweet bird departing, flew forthright,
Through the wide region of the wastfull aire,
Untill she came where wonned his Belphebe faire.

Miniments] memorials. Wonned] dwelt.

There found she her (as then it did betide)
  Sitting in covert shade of arbors sweet,
  After late wearie toile, which she had tride
  In salvage chase, to rest as seem'd her meet.
  There she alighting, fell before her feet,
  And gan to her her mournfull plaint to make,
  As was her wont, thinking to let her weet
  The great tormenting griefe, that for her sake
Her gentle Squire through her displeasure did partake.

She her beholding with attentive eye,
  At length did marke about her purple brest
  That precious juell, which she formerly
  Had knowne right well, with colourd ribbands drest:
  Therewith she rose in hast, and her addrest
  With ready hand it to have reft away.
  But the swift bird obayd not her behest,
  But swarv'd aside, and there againe did stay;
She follow'd her, and thought againe it to assay.

And ever, when she nigh approcht, the Dove
  Would flit a little forward, and then stay
  Till she drew neare and then againe remove:
  So tempting her still to pursue the pray,
  And still from her escaping soft away:
  Till that at length into that forrest wide,
  She drew her far, and led with slow delay:
  In th' end she her unto that place did guide,
Whereas that woful man in languor did abide.

Eftsoones she flew unto his fearelesse hand,
  And there a piteous ditty new deviz'd,
  As if she would have made him understand
  His sorrowes cause, to be of her despis'd:
  Whom when she saw in wretched weeds disguiz'd
  With heary glib deform'd, and meiger face,

Weet] know. Glib] mass of matted hair.

Like ghost late risen from his grave agryz'd,
She knew him not, but pittied much his case,
And wisht it were in her to doe him any grace.

. . . . .

[His] sory words her mighty heart did mate
With mild regard to see his ruefull plight
That her inburning wrath she gan abate,
And him received againe to former favours state.

(From *The Same, Book IV.*)

THE MARRIAGE PROCESSION OF THE THAMES AND THE MEDWAY

Then was there heard a most celestiall sound
Of dainty musicke, which did next ensew
Before the spouse : that was Arion crownd ;
Who, playing on his harpe, unto him drew
The eares and hearts of all that goodly crew,
That even yet the Dolphin, which him bore
Through the Agæan seas from Pirates vew,
Stood still by him, astonisht at his lore,
And all the raging seas for joy forgot to rore.

So went he playing on the watery plaine,
Soone after whom the lovely Bridegroome came,
The noble Thamis, with all his goodly traine ;
But him before there went, as best became,
His auncient parents, namely th' auncient Thame.
But much more aged was his wife then he,
The Ouse, whom men doe Isis rightly name ;
Full weake and crooked creature seemed shee,
And almost blind through eld, that scarce her way could see.

Therefore on either side she was sustained
Of two smal grooms which by their names were hight
The Churne and Charwell, two small streames which pained
Themselves her footing to direct aright,

Which fayled oft through faint and feeble plight;
But Thame was stronger, and of better stay;
Yet seem'd full aged by his outward sight,
With head all hoary, and his beard all gray,
Deawed with silver drops that trickled downe alway.

And eke he somewhat seem'd to stoupe afore
With bowed backe, by reason of the lode
And auncient heavy burden which he bore
Of that fair City, wherein make abode
So many learned impes, that shoote abrode,
And with their braunches spred all Britany,
No lesse then do her elder sisters broode.
Joy to you both, ye double noursery
Of Arts! but Oxford, thine doth Thame most glorify.

But he their sonne full fresh and jolly was,
All decked in a robe of watchet hew,
Of which the waves, glittering like Christall glas,
So cunningly enwoven were, that few
Could weenen whether they were false or trew:
And on his head like to a Coronet
He wore, that seemed strange to common vew,
In which were many towres and castels set,
That it encompast round as with a golden fret.

Like as the mother of the Gods, they say,
In her great iron charet wonts to ride,
When to Joves pallace she doth take her way,
Old Cybele, arayd with pompous pride,
Wearing a Diademe embattild wide
With hundred turrets, like a Turribant;
With such an one was Thamis beautifide;
That was to weet the famous Troynovant,
In which her kingdomes throne is chiefly resiant.

Watchet] light blue. Turribant] turban

And round about him many a pretty Page
  Attended duely, ready to obay;
  All little Rivers which owe vassallage
  To him, as to their Lord, and tribute pay:
  The chaulky Kenet and the Thetis gray,
  The morish Cole, and the soft sliding Breane,
  The wanton Lee, that oft doth loose his way;
  And the still Darent, in whose waters cleane
Ten thousand fishes play and decke his pleasant streame.

Then came his neighbour flouds which nigh him dwell,
  And water all the English soile throughout:
  They all on him this day attended well,
  And with meet service waited him about,
  Ne none disdained low to him to lout:
  No, not the stately Severne grudg'd at all,
  Ne storming Humber, though he looked stout;
  But both him honor'd as their principall,
And let their swelling waters low before him fall.

(From *The Same, Book IV.*)

CALIDORE PURSUING THE BLATANT BEAST, COMES UPON PASTORELLA

Great travell hath the gentle Calidore
  And toyle endured, sith I left him last
  Sewing the Blatant Beast, which I forbore
  To finish then, for other present hast.
  Full many pathes and perils he hath past,
  Through hils, through dales, through forests, and through plaines,
  In that same quest which fortune on him cast,
  Which he atchieved to his owne great gaines,
Reaping eternall glorie of his restlesse paines.

Sewing] pursuing

So sharply he the Monster did pursew,
  That day nor night he suffred him to rest,
  Ne rested he himselfe but natures dew,
  For dread of daunger, not to be redrest,
  If he for slouth forslackt so famous quest.
  Him first from court he to the citties coursed,
  And from the citties to the townes him prest,
  And from the townes into the countrie forsed,
And from the countrie back to private farmes he scorsed.

From thence into the open fields he fled,
  Whereas the Heardes were keeping of their neat,
  And shepheards singing to their flockes (that fed)
  Layes of sweet love and youthes delightfull heat:
  Him thither eke for all his fearefull threat
  He followed fast, and chaced him so nie,
  That to the folds, where sheepe at night doe seat,
  And to the little cots, where shepherds lie
In winters wrathfull time, he forced him to flie.

There on a day, as he pursew'd the chace,
  He chaunst to spy a sort of shepheard groomes
  Playing on pypes, and caroling apace,
  The whyles their beasts there in the budded broomes
  Beside them fed, and nipt the tender bloomes:
  For other worldly wealth they cared nought,
  To whom Sir Calidore yet sweating comes,
  And them to tell him courteously besought,
If such a beast they saw, which he had thether brought.

They answer'd him, that no such beast they saw,
  Nor any wicked feend, that mote offend
  Their happie flockes, nor daunger to them draw:
  But if that such there were (as none they kend),
  They prayd high God them farre from them to send.
  Then one of them him seeing so to sweat,
  After his rusticke wise, that well he weend,

Offred him drinke, to quenche his thirstie heat,
And if he hungry were, him offred eke to eat.

The Knight was nothing nice, where was no need,
And tooke their gentle offer; so adowne
They prayd him sit, and gave him for to feed
Such homely what as serves the simple clowne,
That doth despise the dainties of the towne.
Tho having fed his fill, he there besyde
Saw a faire damzell, which did weare a crowne
Of sundry floures, with silken ribbands tyde,
Yclad in home-made greene that her owne hands had dyde.

Upon a little hillocke she was placed
Higher then all the rest, and round about,
Environ'd with a girland, goodly graced,
Of lovely lasses; and them all without
The lustie shepheard swaynes sate in a rout,
The which did pype and sing her prayses dew,
And oft rejoyce, and oft for wonder shout,
As if some miracle of heavenly hew
Were downe to them descended in that earthly vew.

And soothly sure she was full fayre of face,
And perfectly well shapt in every lim,
Which she did more augment with modest grace,
And comely carriage of her count'nance trim,
That all the rest like lesser lamps did dim;
Who, her admiring as some heavenly wight,
Did for their soveraine goddesse her esteeme,
And caroling her name both day and night,
The fayrest Pastorella her by name did hight.

(From *The Same, Book VI.*)

Tho] then.

MUTABILITY AND ETERNITY

When I bethinke me on that speech why-leare
  Of Mutabilitie, and well it way!
  Me seemes, that though she all unworthy were
  Of the Heav'ns Rule, yet, very sooth to say,
  In all things else she beares the greatest sway:
  Which makes me loath this state of life so tickle,
  And love of things so vaine to cast away;
  Whose flowring pride, so fading and so fickle
Short time shall soon cut down with his consuming sickle.

Then gin I thinke on that which Nature sayd,
  Of that same time when no more Change shall be,
  But stedfast rest of all things, firmely stayd
  Upon the pillours of Eternity,
  That is contrayr to Mutabilitie;
  For all that moveth doth in Change delight;
  But thence-forth all shall rest eternally
  With Him that is the God of Sabaoth hight:
O! that great Sabaoth God, grant me that Sabaoths sight.

(From *The Same, Book VII.*)

A SONNET

One day I wrote her name upon the strand;
But came the waves, and washed it away:
Agayne, I wrote it with a second hand;
But came the tyde, and made my paynes his pray.
Vayne man, sayd she, that doest in vaine assay
A mortall thing so to immortalize;
For I my selve shall lyke to this decay,
And eek my name bee wyped out lykewize.
Not so, quod I, let baser things devize
To dy in dust, but you shall live by fame:

Tickle] restless.

My verse your vertues rare shall eternize,
And in the hevens wryte your glorious name.
Where whenas death shall all the world subdew,
Our love shall live, and later life renew.

(From the *Amoretti*.)

ON HIS MARRIAGE

Now is my love all ready forth to come:
Let all the virgins therefore well awayt:
And ye fresh boyes, that tend upon her groome,
Prepare your selves; for he is comming strayt.
Let all your things in seemely good aray,
Fit for so joyfull day:
The joyfulst day that ever sunne did see.
Faire Sun! shew forth thy favourable ray,
And let thy lifull heat not fervent be,
For feare of burning her sunshyny face,
Her beauty to disgrace.
O fayrest Phœbus! father of the Muse!
If ever I did honour thee aright,
Or sing the thing that mote thy mind delight,
Doe not thy servants simple boone refuse,
But let this day, let this one day, be myne;
Let all the rest be thine.
Then I thy soverayne prayses loud will sing,
That all the woods shall answer, and theyr eccho ring.

. . . . .

Behold, whiles she before the altar stands,
Hearing the holy priest that to her speakes,
And blesseth her with his two happy hands,
How the red roses flush up in her cheekes,
And the pure snow, with goodly vermill stayne
Like crimson dyde in grayne:
That even th' Angels, which continually
About the sacred Altare doe remaine,

Forget their service and about her fly,
Ofte peeping in her face, that seems more fayre,
The more they on it stare.
But her sad eyes, still fastened on the ground,
Are governed with goodly modesty,
That suffers not one looke to glance awry,
Which may let in a little thought unsownd.
Why blush ye, love, to give to me your hand,
The pledge of all our band!
Sing, ye sweet Angels, Alleluya sing,
That all the woods may answere, and your eccho ring.

(From the *Epithalamium.*)

THE FOX AND THE APE MEET THE MULE WHO SENDS THEM TO COURT

So passing through the Countrey in disguize,
They fled farre off, where none might them surprize;
And after that long straied here and there,
Through everie field and forrest farre and nere,
Yet never found occasion for their tourne,
But almost sterv'd did much lament and mourne.
At last they chaunst to meete upon the way
The Mule all deckt in goodly rich aray,
With bells and bosses that full lowdly rung,
And costly trappings that to ground downe hung.
Lowly they him saluted in meeke wise;
But he through pride and fatnes gan despise
Their meanesse; scarce vouchsafte them to requite
Whereat the Foxe, deep groning in his sprite,
Said; 'Ah! sir Mule, now blessed be the day,
That I see you so goodly and so gay
In your attyres, and eke your silken hyde
Fil'd with round flesh, that everie bone doth hide.
Seemes that in fruitfull pastures ye doo live,
Or fortune doth you secret favour give.'

'Foolish Foxe (said the Mule) thy wretched need
Praiseth the thing that doth thy sorrow breed:
For well I weene, thou canst not but envie
My wealth, compar'd to thine owne miserie,
That art so leane and meagre waxen late,
That scarse thy legs uphold thy feeble gate.'
'Ay me! (said then the Foxe) whom evill hap
Unworthy in such wretchedness doth wrap,
And makes the scorne of other beasts to bee:
But read (faire Sir, of grace) from whence come yee;
Or what of tidings you abroad doo heare?
Newes may perhaps some good unweeting beare.'
'From royall Court I lately came (said he)
Where all the braverie that eye may see,
And all the happinesse that heart desire,
Is to be found: he nothing can admire,
That hath not seene that heavens portracture.
But tidings there is none, I you assure,
Save that which common is, and knowne to all,
That Courtiers, as the tide, doo rise and fall.'
'But tell us (said the Ape) we doo you pray,
Who now in Court doth beare the greatest sway,
That, if such fortune doo to us befall,
We make seeke favour of the best of all?'
'Marie, (said he) the highest now in grace
Be the wilde beasts, that swiftest are in chase;
For in their speedie course and nimble flight
The Lyon now doth take the most delight;
But chieflie joyes on foote them to beholde,
Enchaste with chaine and circulet of golde.
So wilde a beast so tame ytaught to bee,
And buxome to his bands, is joy to see;
So well his golden Circlet him beseemeth.
But his late chayne his Liege unmeete esteemeth;
For so brave beasts she loveth best to see
In the wilde forrest raunging fresh and free.

Therefore if fortune thee in Court to live,
In case thou ever there wilt hope to thrive,
To some of these thou must thy selfe apply;
Els as a thistle-downe in th' ayre doth flie,
So vainly shalt thou too and fro be tost,
And loose thy labour and thy fruitles cost.
And yet full few which follow them, I see,
For vertues bare regard advaunced bee,
But either for some gainfull benefit,
Or that they may for their owne turnes be fit.
Nath'les perhaps ye things may handle soe,
That ye may better thrive than thousands moe.'
'But (said the Ape) how shall we first come in,
That after we may favour seeke to win?'
How els (said he) but with a good bold face,
And with big words, and with a stately pace,
That men may thinke of you in generall,
That to be in you which is not at all:
For not by that which is, the world now deemeth,
(As it was wont) but by that same that seemeth.
Ne do I doubt but that ye well can fashion
Your selves theretoo, according to occasion.
So fare ye well; good Courtiers may ye bee!'
So, proudlie neighing, from them parted hee.
Then gan this craftie couple to devize,
How for the Court themselves they might aguize;
For thither they themselves meant to addresse,
In hope to finde there happier successe.
So well they shifted, that the Ape anon
Himselfe had cloathed like a Gentleman,
And the slie Foxe, as like to be his groome,
That to the Court in seemly sort they come;
Where the fond Ape, himselfe uprearing hy
Upon his tiptoes, stalketh stately by,

Aguize] clothe.

As if he were some great Magnifico,
And boldlie doth amongst the boldest go;
And his man Reynold, with fine counterfesaunce,
Supports his credite and his countenaunce.

(From *Mother Hubberd's Tale.*)

THE POET'S AIM

Rapt with the rage of mine own ravisht thought,
Through contemplation of those goodly sights
And glorious images in heaven wrought,
Whose wondrous beauty, breathing sweet delights,
Do kindle love in high conceipted sprights;
I faine to tell the things that I behold,
But feele my wits to faile, and tongue to fold.

Vouchsafe, then, O thou most Almightie Spright!
From whom all guifts of wit and knowledge flow,
To shed into my breast some sparkling light
Of thine eternall Truth, that I may show
Some little beames to mortall eyes below
Of that immortall beautie, there with thee,
Which in my weake distraughted mynd I see;

That with the glorie of so goodly sight
The hearts of men, which fondly here admyre
Faire seeming shewes, and feed on vaine delight,
Transported with celestiall desyre
Of those faire formes, may lift themselves up hyer,
And learne to loue, with zealous humble dewty,
Th' eternall fountaine of that heavenly beauty.

(From *An Hymne of Heavenly Beautie.*)

Sir Philip Sidney

(See also p. 448) 1554–1586.

SONNETS

LOVING in truth, and fain in verse my love to show,
That She, dear She, might take some pleasure of my pain,
Pleasure might cause her read, reading might make her know,
Knowledge might pity win, and pity grace obtain,
I sought fit words to paint the blackest face of woe;
Studying inventions fine, her wits to entertain,
Oft turning others' leaves, to see if thence would flow
Some fresh and fruitful showers upon my sun-burn'd brain.
But words came halting forth, wanting Invention's stay;
Invention, Nature's child, fled step-dame Study's blows;
And others' feet still seem'd but strangers in my way.
Thus, great with child to speak, and helpless in my throws,
Biting my truant pen, beating myself for spite;
Fool, said my Muse to me, look in thy heart, and write.

With how sad steps, O Moon, thou climb'st the skies!
How silently, and with how wan a face!
What, may it be that even in heav'nly place
That busy archer his sharp arrows tries!
Sure, if that long-with-love-acquainted eyes
Can judge of love, thou feel'st a lover's case,
I read it in thy looks; thy languisht grace,
To me, that feel the like, thy state descries.
Then, ev'n of fellowship, O Moon, tell me,
Is constant love deem'd there but want of wit?
Are beauties there as proud as here they be?
Do they above love to be lov'd, and yet
Those lovers scorn whom that love doth possess?
Do they call virtue there ungratefulness?

(From *Astrophel and Stella.*)

Leave me, O Love, which reachest but to dust;
And thou, my mind, aspire to higher things;
Grow rich in that which never taketh rust;
Whatever fades, but fading pleasure brings.
Draw in thy beams, and humble all thy might
To that sweet yoke where lasting freedoms be;
Which breaks the clouds, and opens forth the light,
That doth both shine, and give us sight to see,
O take fast hold; let that light be thy guide
In this small course which birth draws out to death,
And think how evil becometh him to slide,
Who seeketh heav'n, and comes of heav'nly breath.
Then farewell, world; thy uttermost I see:
Eternall Love, maintaine thy life in me.

(From *Certain Sonnets*:—the last one of the series.)

SONG

Who hath his fancy pleased
With fruits of happy sight,
Let here his eyes be raised
On Nature's sweetest light;
A light which doth dissever,
And yet unite the eyes;
A light which, dying never,
Is cause the looker dies.

She never dies, but lasteth
In life of lover's heart;
He ever dies that wasteth
In love his chiefest part.
Thus is her life still guarded
In never-dying faith;
Thus is his death rewarded,
Since she lives in his death.

Look then, and die; the pleasure
Doth answer well the pain;
Small loss of mortal treasure,
Who may immortal gain.
Immortal be her graces,
Immortal is her mind:
They, fit for heavenly places,
This heaven in it doth bind.

But eyes these beauties see not,
Nor sense that grace descries;
Yet eyes deprived be not
From sight of her fair eyes,
Which, as of inward glory
They are the outward seal,
So may they live still sorry
Which die not in that weal.

But who hath fancies pleasèd
With fruits of happy sight,
Let here his eyes be raisèd
On Nature's sweetest light.

LOVE IS DEAD

Ring out your bells, let mourning shows be spread;
For Love is dead.
All Love is dead, infected
With plague of deep disdain:
Worth, as nought worth, rejected,
And Faith fair scorn doth gain.
From so ungrateful fancy,
From such a female frenzy,
From them that use men thus,
Good Lord, deliver us.

Weep, neighbours, weep; do you not hear it said
That Love is dead?
His death-bed, peacock's folly;
His winding sheet is shame,
His will, false-seeming wholly;
His sole executor, blame.
From so ungrateful fancy,
From such a female frenzy,
From them that use men thus,
Good Lord, deliver us!

Let dirge be sung, and trentals rightly read,
For Love is dead;
Sir Wrong his tomb ordaineth
My mistress' marble heart;
Which epitaph containeth,
'Her eyes were once his dart.'
From so ungrateful fancy,
From such a female frenzy,
From them that use men thus,
Good Lord, deliver us!

Alas, I lie: rage hath this error bred:
Love is not dead;
Love is not dead, but sleepeth
In her unmatchèd mind,
Where she his counsel keepeth,
Till due deserts she find.
Therefore from so vile fancy,
To call such wit a frenzy,
Who Love can temper thus,
Good Lord, deliver us!

George Peele

1558 ?–1597 ?

A SONG

SUNG BY PARIS AND ŒNONE.

Œn. FAIR and fair, and twice so fair,
As fair as any may be;
The fairest shepherd on our green,
A love for any lady.
Par. Fair and fair, and twice so fair,
As fair as any may be;
Thy love is fair for thee alone,
And for no other lady.
Œn. My love is fair, my love is gay,
As fresh as bin the flowers in May,
And of my love my roundelay,
My merry merry merry roundelay,
Concludes with Cupid's curse,—
They that do change old love for new,
Pray gods they change for worse!
Both They that do change, etc.
Œn. Fair and fair, etc.
Par. Fair and fair, etc.
Thy love is fair, etc.
Œn. My love can pipe, my love can sing,
My love can many a pretty thing,
And of his lovely praises ring
My merry merry roundelays,
Amen to Cupid's curse,—
They that do change old love for new,
Pray gods they change for worse!
Par. They that do change, etc.
Both Fair and fair, etc.

(From *The Arraignment of Paris.*)

Thomas Lodge

1558–1625.

ROSALIND'S MADRIGAL

"Love in my bosom like a bee
Doth suck his sweet:
Now with his wings he plays with me,
Now with his feet.
Within mine eyes he makes his nest,
His bed amidst my tender breast;
My kisses are his daily feast,
And yet he robs me of my rest.
Ah, wanton, will ye?

"And if I sleep, then percheth he,
With pretty flight,
And makes his pillow of my knee
The livelong night.
Strike I my lute, he tunes the string,
He music plays if so I sing,
He lends me every lovely thing:
Yet cruel he my heart doth sting;
Whist, wanton, will ye!

"Else I with roses every day
Will whip you hence:
And bind you when you long to play,
For your offence.
I'll shut mine eyes to keep you in,
I'll make you fast it for your sin,
I'll count your power not worth a pin:
Alas, what hereby shall I win,
If he gainsay me?

"What if I beat the wanton boy
With many a rod?

He will repay me with annoy,
  Because a god.
Then sit thou safely on my knee,
Then let thy bower my bosom be;
Lurk in my eyes, I like of thee:
  O Cupid, so thou pity me,
  Spare not, but play thee."

(From *Rosalynde.*)

Christopher Marlowe

1564–1593.

HERO WATCHING FOR LEANDER FOR THE LAST TIME

But the curst Fates sat spinning of his death
On every wave, and with the servile winds
Tumbled them on him. And now Hero finds,
By that she felt, her dear Leander's state:
She wept and pray'd for him to every Fate;
And every wind that whipp'd her with her hair
About the face, she kiss'd and spake it fair,
Kneel'd to it, gave it drink out of her eyes
To quench his thirst: but still their cruelties
Even her poor torch envi'd, and rudely beat
The baiting flame from that dear food it eat;
Dear, for it nourish'd her Leander's life;
Which with her robe she rescu'd from their strife:
But silk too soft was such hard hearts to break;
And she, dear soul, even as her silk, faint, weak,
Could not preserve it; out, O, out it went!
She bowed herself so low out of her tower,
That wonder 'twas she fell not ere her hour,
With searching the lamenting waves for him:
Like a poor snail her gentle supple limb
Hung on her turret's top, so most downright,

As she would dive beneath the darkness quite,
To find her jewel;—jewel!—her Leander,
A name of all earth's jewels pleas'd not her
Like his dear name: "Leander, still my choice,
Come naught but my Leander! O my voice,
Turn to Leander! henceforth be all sounds,
Accents and phrases, that shew all griefs' wounds,
Analyz'd in Leander! O black change!
Trumpets, do you, with thunder in your clange
Drive out this change's horror! My voice faints:
Where all joy was, now shriek out all complaints!"
Thus cried she: for her mixéd soul could tell
Her love was dead.

(From *Hero and Leander*.)

THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE

Come live with me, and be my love;
And we will all the pleasures prove
That hills and valleys, dales and fields,
Woods or steepy mountain yields.

And we will sit upon the rocks,
Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies;
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle;

A gown made of the finest wool
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Fair-linéd slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold;

A belt of straw and ivy-buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs :
An if these pleasures may thee move
Come live with me, and be my love.

The shepherd-swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight each May morning :
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my love.

THE SOUL'S ASPIRATION

Nature, that fram'd us of four elements
Warring within our breasts for regiment,
Doth teach us all to have aspiring minds :
Our souls, whose faculties can comprehend
The wondrous architecture of the world,
And measure every wandering planet's course.
Still climbing after knowledge infinite,
And always moving as the restless spheres,
Will us to wear ourselves, and never rest,
Until we reach the ripest fruit of all,
That perfect bliss and sole felicity,
The sweet fruition of an earthly crown.

(From *Tamburlaine the Great.*)

BEAUTY

Tamb. What is beauty, saith my sufferings, then ?
If all the pens that ever poets held
Had fed the feeling of their masters' thoughts,
And every sweetness that inspir'd their hearts,
Their minds, and muses on admiréd themes ;
If all the heavenly quintessence they still
From their immortal flowers of poesy,
Wherein, as in a mirror, we perceive
The highest reaches of a human wit ;

If these had made one poem's period,
And all combin'd in beauty's worthiness,
Yet should there hover in their restless heads
One thought, one grace, one wonder, at the least,
Which into words no virtue can digest.

(From *The Same.*)

TAMBURLAINE'S LAMENT OVER HIS DYING WIFE ZENOCRATE

Black is the beauty of the brightest day;
The golden ball of heaven's eternal fire,
That danc'd with glory on the silver waves,
Now wants the fuel that inflam'd his beams;
And all with faintness, and for foul disgrace,
He binds his temples with a frowning cloud,
Ready to darken earth with endless night.
Zenocrate, that gave him light and life,
Whose eyes shot fire from their ivory bowers,
And temper'd every soul with lively heat,
Now by the malice of the angry skies,
Whose jealousy admits no second mate,
Draws in the comfort of her latest breath,
All dazzled with the hellish mists of death.
Now walk the angels on the walls of heaven,
As sentinels to warn th' immortal souls
To entertain divine Zenocrate:
Apollo, Cynthia, and the ceaseless lamps
That gently look'd upon this loathsome earth,
Shine downward now no more, but deck the heavens
To entertain divine Zenocrate:
The crystal springs whose taste illuminates
Refinéd eyes with an eternal sight,
Like triéd silver run through Paradise
To entertain divine Zenocrate:
The cherubins and holy seraphins,

That sing and play before the King of Kings
Use all their voices and their instruments
To entertain divine Zenocrate;
And, in this sweet and curious harmony,
The god that tunes this music to our souls
Holds out his hand in highest majesty
To entertain divine Zenocrate.
Then let some holy trance convey my thoughts
Up to the palace of th'empyreal heaven,
That this my life may be as short to me
As are the days of sweet Zenocrate.

(From *The Same.*,

Henry Constable

1562–1613.

TO MY LADY RICH

Sonnet

O THAT my song like to a ship might be,
To bear about the world my Lady's fame;
That charged with the riches of her name,
The Indians might our country's treasure see.
No treasure, they would say, is rich but she;
Of all their golden parts they would have shame,
And haply, that they might but see the same,
To give their gold for nought they would agree.
This wished voyage, though it I begin,
Without your beauty's help cannot prevail;
For as a ship doth bear the men therein,
And yet the men do make the ship to sail,
Your beauties so, which in my verse appear,
Do move my verse, and it your beauties bear.

Thomas Campion

1567–1619.

CHERRY RIPE

THERE is a garden in her face
  Where roses and white lilies blow;
A heavenly paradise is that place,
  Wherein all pleasant fruits do flow.
    There cherries grow which none may buy
    Till "Cherry-ripe" themselves do cry.

Those cherries fairly do enclose
  Of orient pearl a double row,
Which when her lovely laughter shows,
  They look like rose-buds fill'd with snow,
    Yet them nor peer nor prince can buy
    Till "Cherry-ripe" themselves do cry.

Her eyes like angels watch them still;
  Her brows like bended bows do stand,
Threatning with piercing frowns to kill
  All that attempt with eye or hand
    Those sacred cherries to come nigh,
    Till "Cherry-ripe" themselves do cry.

NEVER LOVE UNLESS YOU CAN

Never love unless you can
Bear with all the faults of man:
Men sometimes will jealous be,
Though but little cause they see;
And hang the head as discontent,
And speak what straight they will repent.

Men that but one saint adore,
Make a show of love to more:
Beauty must be scorned in none,

Though but truly served in one:
For what is courtship but disguise?
True hearts may have dissembling eyes.

Men when their affairs require
Must awhile themselves retire:
Sometimes hunt and sometimes hawk,
And not ever sit and talk.
If these, and such-like you can bear,
Then like, and love, and never fear.

IN PRAISE OF NEPTUNE

Of Neptune's empire let us sing,
At whose command the waves obey;
To whom the rivers tribute pay,
Down the high mountains sliding:
To whom the scaly nation yields
Homage for the crystal fields
Wherein they dwell:
And every sea-god pays a gem
Yearly out of his wat'ry cell
To deck great Neptune's diadem.

The Tritons dancing in a ring
Before his palace gates do make
The water with their echoes quake,
Like the great thunder sounding:
The sea-nymphs chant their accents shrill,
And the sirens, taught to kill
With their sweet voice,
Make every echoing rock reply
Unto their gentle murmuring noise
The praise of Neptune's empery.

TUNE THY MUSIC TO THY HEART

Tune thy music to thy heart,
Sing thy joy with thanks and so thy sorrow:
Though Devotion needs not Art,
Something of the poor the rich may borrow.

Strive not yet for curious ways:
Concord pleaseth more, the less 'tis strained;
Zeal affects not outward praise
Only strives to show a love unfeigned.

Love can wondrous things effect,
Sweetest sacrifice all wrath appeasing;
Love the Highest doth respect;
Love alone to Him is ever pleasing.

Poems from England's Helicon

First Edition 1600.

A PALINODE

As withereth the primrose by the river,
As fadeth summer's sun from gliding fountains,
As vanisheth the light-blown bubble ever,
As melteth snow upon the mossy mountains;
So melts, so vanisheth, so fades, so withers,
The rose, the shine, the bubble, and the snow,
Of praise, pomp, glory, joy (which short life gathers),
Fair praise, vain pomp, sweet glory, brittle joy.
The withered primrose by the mourning river,
The faded summer sun from weeping fountains,
The light-blown bubble vanished for ever,
The molten snow upon the naked mountains,
Are emblems that the treasures we uplay
Soon wither, vanish, fade, and melt away.

For as the snow, whose lawn did over-spread
Th' ambitious hills, which giant-like did threat
To pierce the heaven with their aspiring head,
Naked and bare doth leave their craggy seat;
Whenas the bubble, which did empty fly
The dalliance of the undiscerned wind,
On whose calm rolling waves it did rely,
Hath shipwreck made where it did dalliance find;
And when the sunshine which dissolv'd the snow,
Colour'd the bubble with a pleasant vary,
And made the rathe and timely primrose grow,
Swarth clouds withdrawn (which longer time do tarry)—
Oh what is praise, pomp, glory, joy, but so
As shine by fountains, bubbles, flowers, or snow?

(*E. B.*—EDMUND BOLTON ?)

THE UNKNOWN SHEPHERD'S COMPLAINT

As it fell upon a day,
In the merry month of May,
Sitting in a pleasant shade,
Which a grove of myrtles made,
Beasts did leap and birds did sing,
Trees did grow and plants did spring.
Everything did banish moan
Save the nightingale alone.
She, poor bird, as all forlorn,
Lean'd her breast against a thorn,
And there sung the dolefull'st ditty,
That to hear it was great pity.
Fie, fie, fie, now would she cry;
Teru, Teru, by-and-by,
That to hear her so complain,
Scarce I could from tears refrain,
For her griefs so lively shown
Made me think upon mine own.

Ah, thought I, thou mourn'st in vain,
None takes pity on thy pain.
Senseless trees, they cannot hear thee;
Ruthless beasts, they will not cheer thee;
King Pandion he is dead,
All thy friends are lapp'd in lead;
All thy fellow birds do sing,
Careless of thy sorrowing;
Even so, poor bird, like thee
None alive will pity me.

(*Ignoto*—RICHARD BARNFIELD.)

MONTANA THE SHEPHERD, HIS LOVE TO AMINTA.

I serve Aminta, whiter than the snow,
Straighter than cedar, brighter than the glass;
More fine in trip than foot of running roe,
More pleasant than the field of flow'ring grass.
More gladsome to my withering joys that fade,
Than winter's sun or summer's cooling shade.

Sweeter than swelling grape of ripest wine,
Softer than feathers of the fairest swan;
Smoother than jet, more stately than the pine,
Fresher than poplar, smaller than my span;
Clearer than Phœbus' fiery-pointed beam,
Or icy crust of crystal's frozen stream.

Yet is she curster than the bear by kind,
And harder hearted than the aged oak;
More glib than oil, more fickle than the wind,
More stiff than steel, no sooner bent than broke.
Lo! thus my service is a lasting sore,
Yet will I serve, although I die therefore.

(*Shepherd Tony*—ANTHONY MUNDAY.)

THE NYMPHS, MEETING THEIR MAY QUEEN, ENTERTAIN HER WITH THIS DITTY

With fragrant flowers we strew the way,
And make this our chief holiday;
For though this clime were blest of yore,
Yet was it never proud before:
O beauteous Queen of second Troy,
Accept of our unfeigned joy.

Now th' air is sweeter than sweet balm
And satyrs dance about the palm;
Now earth with verdure newly dight,
Gives perfect signs of her delight.
O beauteous Queen of second Troy,
Accept of our unfeigned joy.

Now birds record new harmony,
And trees do whistle melody;
Now everything that Nature breeds
Doth clad itself in pleasant weeds.
O beauteous Queen of second Troy,
Accept of our unfeigned joy.

(THOS. WATSON.)

MENAPHON'S ROUNDELAY

When tender ewes brought home with evening sun
Wend to their folds,
And to their holds
The shepherds trudge when light of day is done:
Upon a tree,
The eagle, Jove's fair bird, did perch,
There resteth he.
A little fly his harbour then did search,
And did presume (though others laugh'd thereat),
To perch whereas the princely eagle sat.

The eagle frown'd and shook his royal wings,
And charg'd the fly
From hence to hie.
Afraid, in haste the little creature flings,
Yet seeks again,
Fearful, to perk him by the eagle's side.
With moody vein
The speedy post of Ganemede replied:
"Vassal, avaunt, or with my wings you die!
Is't fit an eagle seat him with a fly?"

The fly crav'd pity, still the eagle frown'd:
The silly fly,
Ready to die,
Disgrac'd, displac'd, fell grovelling to the ground.
The eagle saw,
And with a royal mind said to the fly:
"Be not in awe,
I scorn by me the meanest creature die;
Then seat thee here": the joyful fly upflings,
And sat safe shadow'd with the eagle's wings.

(ROBERT GREENE.)

From the Paradise of Dainty Devices

First Edition 1576.

AMANTIUM IRÆ

IN going to my naked bed, as one that would have slept,
I heard a wife sing to her child that long before had wept:
She sighèd sore, and sang full sweet, to bring the babe to rest,
That would not cease, but crièd still, in sucking at her breast.
She was full weary of her watch, and grievèd with her child;
She rocked it and rated it, until on her it smiled:
Then did she say, "Now have I found the proverb true to prove
The falling out of faithful friends renewing is of love."

Then took I paper, pen, and ink, this proverb for to write,
In register for to remain of such a worthy wight;

As she proceeded thus in song, unto her little brat
Much matter utter'd she of weight, in place whereas she sat;
And provèd plain there was no beast nor creature bearing life,
Could well be known to live in love without discord and strife:
Then kissèd she her little babe, and swore by God above
"The falling out of faithful friends renewing is of love."

"I marvel much, pardie," quoth she, "for to behold the rout
To see man, woman, boy, and beast, to toss the world about;
Some kneel, some crouch, some beck, some check, and some can smoothly smile,
And some embrace others in arms, and there think many a wile;
Some stand aloof at cap and knee, some humble and some stout,
Yet are they never friends indeed until they once fall out."
Thus ended she her song, and said, before she did remove,
"The falling out of faithful friends renewing is of love."

(R. EDWARDS.)

William Shakspere

1564–1616

THE SEARCH OF VENUS FOR ADONIS

Lo, here the gentle lark, weary of rest,
From his moist cabinet mounts up on high,
And wakes the morning, from whose silver breast
The sun ariseth in his majesty;
Who doth the world so gloriously behold
That cedar-tops and hills seem burnish'd gold.

Venus salutes him with this fair good-morrow:
'O thou clear god, and patron of all light,
From whom each lamp and shining star doth borrow
The beauteous influence that makes him bright,
There lives a son that suck'd an earthly mother
May lend thee light, as thou dost lend to other.'

This said, she hasteth to a myrtle grove,
Musing the morning is so much o'erworn,

And yet she hears no tidings of her love:
She hearkens for his hounds and for his horn:
Anon she hears them chant it lustily,
And all in haste she coasteth to the cry.

And as she runs, the bushes in the way
Some catch her by the neck, some kiss her face,
Some twine about her thigh to make her stay:
She wildly breaketh from their strict embrace,
Like a milch doe, whose swelling dugs do ache,
Hasting to feed her fawn hid in some brake.

By this, she hears the hounds are at a bay;
Whereat she starts, like one that spies an adder
Wreathed up in fatal folds just in his way,
The fear whereof doth make him shake and shudder;
Even so the timorous yelping of the hounds
Appals her senses and her spirit confounds.

For now she knows it is no gentle chase,
But the blunt boar, rough bear, or lion proud,
Because the cry remaineth in one place,
Where fearfully the dogs exclaim aloud:
Finding their enemy to be so curst,
They all strain courtesy who shall cope him first.

This dismal cry rings sadly in her ear,
Through which it enters to surprise her heart;
Who, overcome by doubt and bloodless fear,
With cold-pale weakness numbs each feeling part:
Like soldiers, when their captain once doth yield,
They basely fly and dare not stay the field.

Thus stands she in a trembling ecstasy;
Till, cheering up her senses all dismay'd,
She tells them 'tis a causeless fantasy,
And childish error, that they are afraid;
Bids them leave quaking, bids them fear no more:—
And with that word she spied the hunted boar,

Whose frothy mouth, bepainted all with red,
Like milk and blood being mingled both together,
A second fear through all her sinews spread,
Which madly hurries her she knows not whither:
This way she runs, and now she will no further,
But back retires to rate the boar for murther.

A thousand spleens bear her a thousand ways;
She treads the path that she untreads again;
Her more than haste is mated with delays,
Like the proceedings of a drunken brain,
Full of respects, yet nought at all respecting;
In hand with all things, nought at all effecting.

Here kennell'd in a brake she finds a hound,
And asks the weary caitiff for his master,
And there another licking of his wound,
'Gainst venom'd sores the only sovereign plaster;
And here she meets another sadly scowling,
To whom she speaks, and he replies with howling.

. . . . .

By this, far off she hears some huntsman hollo;
A nurse's song ne'er pleased her babe so well:
The dire imagination she did follow
This sound of hope doth labour to expel;
For now reviving joy bids her rejoice,
And flatters her it is Adonis' voice.

Whereat her tears began to turn their tide,
Being prison'd in her eye like pearls in glass;
Yet sometimes falls an orient drop beside,
Which her cheek melts, as scorning it should pass,
To wash the foul face of the sluttish ground,
Who is but drunken when she seemeth drown'd.

O hard-believing love, how strange it seems
Not to believe, and yet too credulous!
Thy weal and woe are both of them extremes;

Despair and hope makes thee ridiculous:
    The one doth flatter thee in thoughts unlikely,
    In likely thoughts the other kills thee quickly.

Now she unweaves the web that she hath wrought;
Adonis lives, and Death is not to blame;
It was not she that call'd him all-to naught:
Now she adds honours to his hateful name;
    She clepes him king of graves and grave for kings,
    Imperious supreme of all mortal things.

'No, no,' quoth she, 'sweet Death, I did but jest;
Yet pardon me I felt a kind of fear
When as I met the boar, that bloody beast,
Which knows no pity, but is still severe;
    Then, gentle shadow,—truth I must confess,—
    I rail'd on thee, fearing my love's decease.

''Tis not my fault: the boar provoked my tongue;
Be wreak'd on him, invisible commander;
'Tis he, foul creature, that hath done thee wrong;
I did but act, he's author of thy slander:
    Grief hath two tongues, and never woman yet
    Could rule them both without ten women's wit.'

Thus hoping that Adonis is alive,
Her rash suspect she doth extenuate;
And that his beauty may the better thrive,
With Death she humbly doth insinuate;
    Tells him of trophies, statues, tombs, and stories
    His victories, his triumphs and his glories.

'O Jove,' quoth she, 'how much a fool was I
To be of such a weak and silly mind
To wail his death who lives and must not die
Till mutual overthrow of mortal kind!
    For he being dead, with him is beauty slain,
    And, beauty dead, black chaos comes again.

'Fie, fie, fond love, thou art so full of fear
As one with treasure laden, hemm'd with thieves;
Trifles unwitnessed with eye or ear,
Thy coward heart with false bethinking grieves.'
Even at this word she hears a merry horn,
Whereat she leaps that was but late forlorn.

As falcon to the lure, away she flies;
The grass stoops not, she treads on it so light;
And in her haste unfortunately spies
The foul boar's conquest on her fair delight;
Which seen, her eyes, as murder'd with the view,
Like stars ashamed of day, themselves withdrew;

Or, as the snail, whose tender horns being hit,
Shrinks backward in his shelly cave with pain,
And there, all smother'd up, in shade doth sit,
Long after fearing to creep forth again;
So, at his bloody view, her eyes are fled
Into the deep dark cabins of her head:

Where they resign their office and their light
To the disposing of her troubled brain;
Who bids them still consort with ugly night,
And never wound the heart with looks again;
Who, like a king perplexed in his throne,
By their suggestion gives deadly groan,

Whereat each tributary subject quakes;
As when the wind, imprison'd in the ground,
Struggling for passage, earth's foundation shakes,
Which with cold terror doth men's minds confound.
This mutiny each part doth so surprise
That from their dark beds once more leap her eyes;

And, being open'd, threw unwilling light
Upon the wide wound that the boar had trench'd
In his soft flank; whose wonted lily white

With purple tears, that his wound wept, was drench'd:
No flower was nigh, no grass, herb, leaf, or weed,
But stole his blood and seem'd with him to bleed.

This solemn sympathy poor Venus noteth;
Over one shoulder doth she hang her head;
Dumbly she passions, franticly she doteth;
She thinks he could not die, he is not dead:
Her voice is stopt, her joints forget to bow;
Her eyes are mad that they have wept till now.

Upon his hurt she looks so steadfastly,
That her sight dazzling makes the wound seem three;
And then she reprehends her mangling eye,
That makes more gashes where no breach should be:
His face seems twain, each several limb is doubled;
For oft the eye mistakes, the brain being troubled.

'My tongue cannot express my grief for one,
And yet,' quoth she, 'behold two Adons dead!
My sighs are blown away, my salt tears gone,
Mine eyes are turn'd to fire, my heart to lead:
Heavy heart's lead, melt at mine eyes' red fire!
So shall I die by drops of hot desire.

'Alas, poor world, what treasure hast thou lost!
What face remains alive that's worth the viewing?
Whose tongue is music now? what canst thou boast
Of things long since, or any thing ensuing?
The flowers are sweet, their colours fresh and trim;
But true-sweet beauty lived and died with him.

'Bonnet nor veil henceforth no creature wear!
Nor sun nor wind will ever strive to kiss you:
Having no fair to lose, you need not fear;
The sun doth scorn you and the wind doth hiss you:
But when Adonis lived, sun and sharp air
Lurk'd like two thieves, to rob him of his fair:

'And therefore would he put his bonnet on,
Under whose brim the gaudy sun would peep;
The wind would blow it off and, being gone,
Play with his locks: then would Adonis weep;
And straight, in pity of his tender years,
They both would strive who first should dry his tears.

'To see his face the lion walk'd along
Behind some hedge, because he would not fear him;
To recreate himself when he hath sung,
The tiger would be tame and gently hear him;
If he had spoke, the wolf would leave his prey
And never fright the silly lamb that day.

'When he beheld his shadow in the brook,
The fishes spread on it their golden gills;
When he was by, the birds such pleasure took,
That some would sing, some other in their bills
Would bring him mulberries and ripe-red cherries;
He fed them with his sight, they him with berries.

'But this foul, grim, and urchin-snouted boar,
Whose downward eye still looketh for a grave,
Ne'er saw the beauteous livery that he wore;
Witness the entertainment that he gave:
If he did see his face, why then I know
He thought to kiss him, and hath killed him so

''Tis true, 'tis true; thus was Adonis slain:
He ran upon the boar with his sharp spear,
Who did not whet his teeth at him again,
But by a kiss thought to persuade him there;
And nuzzling in his flank, the loving swine
Sheathed unaware the tusk in his soft groin.

'Had I been tooth'd like him, I must confess,
With kissing him I should have kill'd him first;
But he is dead, and never did he bless

My youth with his; the more am I accurst.'
With this, she falleth in the place she stood,
And stains her face with his congealed blood.

She looks upon his lips, and they are pale;
She takes him by the hand, and that is cold;
She whispers in his ears a heavy tale,
As if they heard the woeful words she told;
She lifts the coffer-lids that close his eyes,
Where, lo, two lamps, burnt out, in darkness lies;

Two glasses, where herself herself beheld
A thousand times, and now no more reflect;
Their virtue lost, wherein they late excell'd,
And every beauty robb'd of his effect:
'Wonder of time,' quoth she, 'this is my spite,
That thou being dead, the day should yet be light.

'Since thou art dead, lo, here I prophesy:
Sorrow on love hereafter shall attend:
It shall be waited on with jealousy,
Find sweet beginning, but unsavoury end,
Ne'er settled equally, but high or low,
That all love's pleasure shall not match his woe.

'It shall be fickle, false, and full of fraud,
Bud and be blasted in a breathing-while;
The bottom poison, and the top o'erstraw'd
With sweets that shall the truest sight beguile:
The strongest body shall it make most weak,
Strike the wise dumb and teach the fool to speak.

'It shall be sparing and too full of riot,
Teaching decrepit age to tread the measures;
The staring ruffian shall it keep in quiet,
Pluck down the rich, enrich the poor with treasures;
It shall be raging-mad and silly-mild,
Make the young old, the old become a child.

'It shall suspect where is no cause of fear;
It shall not fear where it should most mistrust;
It shall be merciful and too severe,
And most deceiving when it seems most just;
Perverse it shall be where it shows most toward,
Put fear to valour, courage to the coward.

'It shall be cause of war and dire events,
And set dissension 'twixt the son and sire;
Subject and servile to all discontents,
As dry combustious matter is to fire:
Sith in his prime Death doth my love destroy,
They that love best their loves shall not enjoy.'

(From *Venus and Adonis*.)

SONGS FROM THE PLAYS

ORPHEUS WITH HIS LUTE

Orpheus with his lute made trees,
And the mountain tops that freeze,
Bow themselves when he did sing:
To his music plants and flowers
Ever sprung; as sun and showers
There had made a lasting spring.

Everything that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea,
Hung their heads, and then lay by.
In sweet music is such art,
Killing care and grief of heart
Fall asleep, or hearing, die.

FANCY

Tell me where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart or in the head?
How begot, how nourished?
Reply, reply.

It is engendered in the eyes,
With gazing fed; and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies.
Let us all ring fancy's knell:
I'll begin it,—Ding, dong, bell.

UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE

Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats
And pleased with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

BLOW, BLOW, THOU WINTER WIND

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen.
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:
Then heigh-ho, the holly
This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot.
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remembered not.
Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:
Then, heigh-ho, the holly!
This life is most jolly.

ARIEL'S SONG

(1)

Come unto these yellow sands
And there take hands:
Courtsied when you have and kissed
The wild waves whist,
Foot it featly here and there;
And, sweet sprites, the burthen bear.
Hark, hark
Bow, wow,
The watch-dogs bark:
Bow-wow.

Full fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell;
Ding-dong.
Hark! now I hear them,—Ding-dong, bell.

(2)

Where the bee sucks, there suck I :
In a cowslip's bell I lie ;
There I couch when owls do cry,
On a bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily.
Merrily, merrily shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

O MISTRESS MINE

O Mistress mine, where are you roaming ?
O stay and hear ; your true love's coming,
That can sing both high and low ;
Trip no further, pretty sweeting ;
Journeys end in lovers meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know.

What is love ? 'tis not hereafter ;
Present mirth hath present laughter ;
What's to come is still unsure :
In delay there lies no plenty ;
Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty,
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

TAKE, O TAKE

Take, O take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn ;
And those eyes the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn :
But my kisses bring again, bring again :
Seals of love, but sealed in vain, sealed in vain.

COME AWAY, DEATH

Come away, come away, Death,
  And in sad cypress let me be laid
Fly away, fly away, breath;
  I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, struck all with yew,
    O, prepare it!
My part of death, no one so true
    Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
  On my black coffin let there be strown;
Not a friend, not a friend greet
  My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown:
A thousand thousand sighs to save,
        Lay me, O, where
Sad true lover never find my grave,
        To weep there.

HARK, HARK! THE LARK

Hark, hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
  And Phoebus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
  On chaliced flowers that lies;
And winking mary-buds begin
  To ope their golden eyes:
With everything that pretty is,
  My lady sweet, arise:
      Arise, arise.

FIDELE'S BURIAL SONG

Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
  Nor the furious winter's rages;

Thou thy worldly task hast done,
  Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:
Golden lads and girls all must
As chimney sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' the great;
  Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to clothe and eat;
  To thee the reed is as the oak:
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning-flash,
  Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;
Fear not slander, censure rash;
  Thou hast finished joy and moan:
All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

No exorciser harm thee!
  Nor no witchcraft charm thee!
Ghost unlaid forbear thee!
  Nothing ill come near thee!
Quiet consummation have;
And renownéd be thy grave!

SONNETS

I

When, in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
I all alone beweep my outcast state
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries
And look upon myself and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featured like him, like him with friends possess'd,
Desiring this man's art and that man's scope,

With what I most enjoy contented least;
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
Haply I think on thee, and then my state,
Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate;
  For thy sweet love remember'd such wealth brings
  That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

II

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste;
Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow,
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
And weep afresh love's long since cancell'd woe,
And moan the expense of many a vanish'd sight:
Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan,
Which I new pay as if not paid before.
  But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
  All losses are restored and sorrows end.

III

Against that time, if ever that time come,
When I shall see thee frown on my defects,
When as thy love has cast his utmost sum,
Call'd to that audit by advised respects;
Against that time when thou shalt strangely pass
And scarcely greet me with that sun, thine eye,
When love, converted from the thing it was,
Shall reasons find of settled gravity,—
Against that time do I ensconce me here
Within the knowledge of mine own desert,

And this my hand against myself uprear,
To guard the lawful reasons on thy part:
  To leave poor me thou hast the strength of laws,
  Since why to love I can allege no cause.

IV

O how much more doth beauty beauteous seem
By that sweet ornament which truth doth give!
The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem
For that sweet odour which doth in it live.
The canker-blooms have full as deep a dye
As the perfumed tincture of the roses,
Hang on such thorns and play as wantonly
When summer's breath their masked buds discloses:
But, for their virtue only is their show,
They live unwoo'd and unrespected fade,
Die to themselves. Sweet roses do not so;
Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odours made:
  And so of you, beauteous and lovely youth,
  When that shall fade, my verse distils your truth.

V

Being your slave what should I do but tend
Upon the hours and times of your desire?
I have no precious time at all to spend,
Nor services to do, till you require.
Nor dare I chide the world-without-end hour
Whilst I, my sovereign, watch the clock for you,
Nor think the bitterness of absence sour
When you have bid your servant once adieu;
Nor dare I question with my jealous thought
Where you may be, or your affairs suppose,
But, like a sad slave, stay and think of nought
Save where you are how happy you make those.
  So true a fool is love that in your will,
  Though you do anything, he thinks no ill.

VI

Against my love shall be, as I am now,
With Time's injurious hand crush'd and o'erworn;
When hours have drain'd his blood and fill'd his brow
With lines and wrinkles; when his youthful morn
Hath travell'd on to age's steepy night,
And all those beauties whereof now he's king
Are vanishing or vanish'd out of sight,
Stealing away the treasure of his spring;
For such a time do I now fortify
Against confounding age's cruel knife,
That he shall never cut from memory
My sweet love's beauty, though my lover's life:
  His beauty shall in these black lines be seen,
  And they shall live, and he in them still green.

VII

When I have seen by Time's fell hand defaced
The rich proud cost of outworn buried age;
When sometime lofty towers I see down-razed
And brass eternal slave to mortal rage;
When I have seen the hungry ocean gain
Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,
And the firm soil win of the watery main,
Increasing store with loss and loss with store;
When I have seen such interchange of state,
Or state itself confounded to decay;
Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminate,
That Time will come and take my love away.
  This thought is as a death, which cannot choose
  But weep to have that which it fears to lose.

VIII

Since brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless sea,
But sad mortality o'er-sways their power,

How with this rage shall beauty hold a plea,
Whose action is no stronger than a flower ?
O, how shall summer's honey breath hold out
Against the wreckful siege of battering days,
When rocks impregnable are not so stout,
Nor gates of steel so strong, but Time decays ?
O fearful meditation ! where, alack,
Shall Time's best jewel from Time's chest lie hid ?
Or what strong hand can hold his swift foot back ?
Or who his spoil of beauty can forbid ?
  O, none, unless this miracle have might,
  That in black ink my love may still shine bright.

IX

Tired with all these, for restful death I cry,
As, to behold desert a beggar born,
And needy nothing trimmed in jollity,
And purest faith unhappily forsworn,
And gilded honour shamefully misplaced,
And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted,
And right perfection wrongfully disgraced,
And strength by limping sway disabled,
And art made tongue-tied by authority,
And folly doctor-like controlling skill,
And simple truth miscall'd simplicity,
And captive good attending captain ill :
  Tired with all these, from these would I be gone,
  Save that, to die, I leave my love alone.

X

O, lest the world should task you to recite
What merit lived in me, that you should love
After my death, dear love, forget me quite,
For you in me can nothing worthy prove ;
Unless you would devise some virtuous lie,

To do more for me than mine own desert,
And hang more praise upon deceased I
Than niggard truth would willingly impart:
O, lest your true love may seem false in this,
That you for love speak well of me untrue,
My name be buried where my body is,
And live no more to shame nor me nor you.
  For I am shamed by that which I bring forth,
  And so should you, to love things nothing worth.

XI

Farewell! thou art too dear for my possessing,
And like enough thou know'st thy estimate:
The charter of thy worth gives thee releasing;
My bonds in thee are all determinate.
For how do I hold thee but by thy granting?
And for that riches where is my deserving?
The cause of this fair gift in me is wanting,
And so my patent back again is swerving,
Thyself thou gavest, thy own worth then not knowing,
Or me, to whom thou gavest it, else mistaking;
So thy great gift, upon misprision growing,
Comes home again, on better judgement making.
  Thus have I had thee, as a dream doth flatter,
  In sleep a king, but waking no such matter.

XII

When thou shalt be disposed to set me light
And place my merit in the eye of scorn,
Upon thy side against myself I'll fight
And prove thee virtuous, though thou art forsworn.
With mine own weakness being best acquainted,
Upon thy part I can set down a story
Of faults conceal'd, wherein I am attainted,
That thou in losing me shalt win much glory:

And I by this will be a gainer too;
For bending all my loving thoughts on thee,
The injuries that to myself I do,
Doing thee vantage, double-vantage me.
Such is my love, to thee I so belong,
That for thy right myself will bear all wrong.

XIII

Say that thou didst forsake me for some fault,
And I will comment upon that offence;
Speak of my lameness, and I straight will halt,
Against thy reasons making no defence.
Thou canst not, love, disgrace me half so ill,
To set a form upon desired change,
As I'll myself disgrace: knowing thy will,
I will acquaintance strangle and look strange,
Be absent from thy walks, and in my tongue
Thy sweet beloved name no more shall dwell,
Lest I, too much profane, should do it wrong
And haply of our old acquaintance tell.
For thee against myself I'll vow debate,
For I must ne'er love him whom thou dost hate.

XIV

Then hate me when thou wilt; if ever, now;
Now, while the world is bent my deeds to cross,
Join with the spite of fortune, make me bow,
And do not drop in for an after-loss:
Ah, do not, when my heart hath 'scaped this sorrow,
Come in the rearward of a conquer'd woe;
Give not a windy night a rainy morrow,
To linger out a purposed overthrow.
If thou wilt leave me, do not leave me last,
When other petty griefs have done their spite,

But in the onset come; so shall I taste
At first the very worst of fortune's might,
And other strains of woe, which now seem woe,
Compared with loss of thee will not seem so.

XV

Some glory in their birth, some in their skill,
Some in their wealth, some in their bodies' force,
Some in their garments, though new-fangled ill,
Some in their hawks and hounds, some in their horse;
And every humour hath his adjunct pleasure,
Wherein it finds a joy above the rest:
But these particulars are not my measure;
All these I better in one general best.
Thy love is better than high birth to me,
Richer than wealth, prouder than garments' cost,
Of more delight than hawks or horses be;
And having thee, of all men's pride I boast:
Wretched in this alone, that thou mayst take
All this away and me most wretched make.

XVI

How like a winter hath my absence been
From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting year!
What freezings have I felt, what dark days seen!
What old December's bareness everywhere!
And yet this time removed was summer's time,
The teeming autumn, big with rich increase,
Bearing the wanton burthen of the prime,
Like widow'd wombs after their lords' decease;
Yet this abundant issue seem'd to me
But hope of orphans and unfather'd fruit;
For summer and his pleasures wait on thee,
And thou away, the very birds are mute;
Or, if they sing, 'tis with so dull a cheer
That leaves look pale, dreading the winter's near.

XVII

To me, fair friend, you never can be old,
For as you were when first your eye I eyed,
Such seems your beauty still. Three winters cold
Have from the forests shook three summers' pride,
Three beauteous springs to yellow autumn turn'd
In process of the seasons I have seen,
Three April perfumes in three hot Junes burn'd,
Since first I saw you fresh, which yet are green.
Ah! yet doth beauty, like a dial-hand,
Steal from his figure and no pace perceived;
So your sweet hue, which methinks still doth stand,
Hath motion and mine eye may be deceived:
  For fear of which, hear this, thou age unbred;
  Ere you were born was beauty's summer dead.

XVIII

O, never say that I was false of heart,
Though absence seem'd my flame to qualify.
As easy might I from myself depart
As from my soul, which in thy breast doth lie;
That is my home of love: if I have ranged,
Like him that travels I return again,
Just to the time, not with the time exchanged,
So that myself bring water for my stain.
Never believe, though in my nature reign'd
All frailties that besiege all kinds of blood,
That it could so preposterously be stain'd,
To leave for nothing all thy sum of good;
  For nothing this wide universe I call,
  Save thou, my rose; in it thou art my all.

Michael Drayton

1463–1631.

THE POET INVOKES THE GENIUS OF ENGLAND

Of Albion's glorious isle the wonders whilst I write,
The sundry varying soils, the pleasures infinite,
(Where heat kills not the cold, nor cold expels the heat,
The calms too mildly small, nor winds too roughly great,
Nor night doth hinder day, nor day the night doth wrong,
The summer not too short, the winter not too long;)
What help shall I invoke to aid my Muse the while?
Thou genius of the place (this most renowned isle),
Which lived'st long before the all-earth-drowning flood,
Whilst yet the world did swarm with her gigantic brood,
Go thou before me still thy circling shores about,
And in this wand'ring maze help to conduct me out:
Direct my course so right, as with thy hand to show
Which way thy forests range, which way thy rivers flow;
Wise genius, by thy help that so I may descry
How thy fair mountains stand, and how thy valleys lie.

(From *Polyolbion*.)

THE SITUATION OF LONDON

When Thames his either banks adorn'd with buildings fair,
The city to salute doth bid the Muse prepare;
Whose turrets, fanes, and spires when wistly she beholds,
Her wonder at the site thus strangely she unfolds:
"At thy great builder's wit, who's he but wonder may?
Nay, of his wisdom thus ensuing times shall say:
'O more than mortal man, that did this town begin!
Whose knowledge found the plot, so fit to set it in.
What god, or heavenly power, was harbour'd in thy breast
From whom with such success thy labours should be blest?
Built on a rising bank, within a vale to stand,
And for thy healthful soil, chose gravel mix'd with sand.
And where fair Thames his course into a crescent casts

(That, forced by his tides, as still by her he hastes,
He might his surging waves into her bosom send),
Because too far in length his town should not extend.'
And to the north and south, upon an equal reach,
Two hills their even banks do somewhat seem to stretch,
Those two extremer winds from hurting it to let;
And only level lies upon the rise and set.
Of all this goodly isle, where breathes most cheerful air,
And every way thereto the ways most smooth and fair;
As in the fittest place by man that could be thought,
To which, by land or sea, provision might be brought.
And such a road for ships scarce all the world commands,
As is the goodly Thames, near where Brute's city stands,
Nor any haven lies to which is more resort,
Commodities to bring, as also to transport."

(From *The Same.*)

TO THE CAMBRO-BRITONS AND THEIR HARP, HIS BALLAD OF AGINCOURT

Fair stood the wind for France,
When we our sails advance,
Nor now to prove our chance
Longer will tarry;
But putting to the main,
At Caux, the mouth of Seine,
With all his martial train,
Landed King Harry.

And taking many a fort,
Furnished in warlike sort,
Marcheth tow'rds Agincourt
In happy hour;
Skirmishing day by day,
With those that stopped his way,
Where the French general lay
With all his power.

Which in his height of pride,
King Henry to deride,
His ransom to provide
    To the King sending.
Which he neglects the while,
As from a nation vile,
Yet with an angry smile
    Their fall portending.

And turning to his men
Quoth our brave Henry then.
Though they to one be ten,
    Be not amazed.
Yet have we well begun,
Battles so bravely won,
Have ever to the sun
    By fame been raised.

And for myself (quoth he),
This my full rest shall be,
England ne'er mourn for me
    Nor more esteem me.
Victor I will remain,
Or on this earth be slain,
Never shall she sustain
    Loss to redeem me.

Poitiers and Cressy tell,
When most their pride did swell,
Under our swords they fell,
    No less our skill is,
Than when our grandsire-great,
Claiming the regal seat,
By many a warlike feat
    Lopped the French lilies.

The Duke of York so dread
The eager vaward led
With the main, Henry sped,
    Amongst his henchmen.
Exeter had the rear,
A braver man not there,
O Lord, how hot they were,
    On the false Frenchmen!

They now to fight are gone,
Armour on armour shone,
Drum now to drum did groan,
    To hear, was wonder;
That with the cries they make,
The very earth did shake,
Trumpet to trumpet spake,
    Thunder to thunder.

Well it thine age became,
O noble Erpingham,
Which didst the signal aim
    To our hid forces;
When from a meadow by,
Like a storm suddenly,
The English archery
    Struck the French horses.

With Spanish yew so strong,
Arrows a cloth-yard long,
That like to serpents stung,
    Piercing the weather;
None from his fellow starts,
But playing manly parts,
And like true English hearts,
    Stuck close together.

When down their bows they threw,
And forth their bilbos drew,
And on the French they flew,
Not one was tardy:
Arms were from shoulders sent,
Scalps to the teeth were rent,
Down the French peasants went,
Our men were hardy.

This while our noble King,
His broad sword brandishing,
Down the French host did ding,
As to o'erwhelm it,
And many a deep wound lent
His arms with blood besprent,
And many a cruel dent
Bruisèd his helmet.

Gloucester, that duke so good,
Next of the royal blood,
For famous England stood,
With his brave brother;
Clarence, in steel so bright,
Though but a maiden knight,
Yet in that furious fight,
Scarce such another.

Warwick in blood did wade,
Oxford the foe invade,
And cruel slaughter made,
Still as they ran up;
Suffolk his axe did ply,
Beaumont and Willoughby,
Bare them right doughtily
Ferrers and Fanhope.

Upon Saint Crispin's day
Fought was this noble fray,
Which fame did not delay
To England to carry;
O when shall English men,
With such acts fill a pen,
Or England breed again
Such a King Harry?

QUEEN MAB SETTING FORTH ON A JOURNEY

Her chariot ready straight is made,
Each thing therein is fitting laid,
That she by nothing might be stay'd,
For nought must be her letting;
Four nimble gnats the horses were,
Their harnesses of gossamere,
Fly Cranion the charioteer
Upon the coach-box getting.

Her chariot of a snail's fine shell,
Which for the colours did excel,
The fair Queen Mab becoming well,
So lively was the limning;
The seat the soft wool of the bee,
The cover, gallantly to see,
The wing of a pied butterfly;
I trow 'twas simple trimming.

The wheels composed of cricket's bones,
And daintily made for the nonce,
For fear of rattling on the stones
With thistle-down they shod it;
For all her maidens much did fear
If Oberon had chance to hear
That Mab his Queen should have been there,
He would not have abode it.

She mounts her chariot with a trice,
Nor would she stay, for no advice,
Until her maids that were so nice
    To wait on her were fitted ;
But ran herself away alone,
Which when they heard, there was not one
But hasted after to be gone,
    As he had been diswitted.

Hop and Mop and Drop so clear,
Pip and Trip and Skip that were
To Mab, their sovereign, ever dear,
    Her special maids of honour ;
Fib and Tib and Pink and Pin,
Tick and Quick and Jill and Jin,
Tit and Nit and Wap and Win,
    The train that wait upon her.

Upon a grasshopper they got
And, what with amble what with trot,
For hedge and ditch they sparèd not,
    But after her they hie them ;
A cobweb over them they throw,
To shield the wind if it should blow,
Themselves they wisely could bestow
    Lest any should espy them.

(From *Nymphidia*.)

PIGWINNIN ARMS HIMSELF

And quickly arms him for the field,
A little cockle shell his shield,
Which he could very bravely wield ;
    Yet could it not be piercèd.
His spear a bent both stiff and strong,
And well near of two inches long
The pile was of a horse-fly's tongue,
    Whose sharpness nought reversèd.

And puts him on a coat of mail
Which was of a fish's scale,
That when his foe should him assail,
No point should be prevailing:
His rapier was a hornet's sting;
It was a very dangerous thing,
For if he chanc'd to hurt the King,
It would be long in healing.

His helmet was a beetle's head,
Most horrible and full of dread,
That able was to strike one dead,
Yet did it well become him.
And for a plume a horse's hair
Which, being tossèd with the air,
Had force to strike his foe with fear,
And turn his weapon from him.

Himself he on an earwig set,
Yet scarce he on his back could get,
So oft and high he did curvét,
Ere he himself could settle:
He made him turn, and stop, and bound,
To gallop and to trot the round,
He scarce could stand on any ground,
He was so full of mettle.

(From *The Same.*)

SIRENA

Near to the silver Trent
Sirena dwelleth:
She to whom Nature lent
All that excelleth:
By which the Muses late,
And the neat Graces,
Have for their greater state

Taken their places:
Twisting an anadem,
Wherewith to crown her,
As it belonged to them
Most to renown her.
On thy bank
In a rank
Let thy swans sing her,
And with their music
Along let them bring her.

Tagus and Pactolus
Are to thee debtor,
Not for their gold to us
Are they the better;
Henceforth of all the rest
Be thou the river,
Which as the daintiest,
Puts them down ever.
For as my precious one
O'er thee doth travel,
She to pearl paragon
Turneth the gravel.
On thy bank
In a rank, etc.

. . . . .

The verdant meads are seen,
When she doth view them,
In fresh and gallant green
Straight to renew them,
And every little grass
Broad itself spreadeth,
Proud that this bonny lass
Upon it treadeth:
Not flower is so sweet
In this large cincture

But it upon her feet
  Leaveth some tincture.
    On thy bank
    In a rank, etc.

The fishes in the flood,
  When she doth angle,
For the hook strive a good
  Them to entangle;
And leaping on the land
  From the clear water,
Their scales upon the sand
  Lavishly scatter,
Therewith to pave the mould
  Whereon she passes,
So herself to behold,
  As in her glasses.
    On thy bank
    In a rank, etc.

. . . .

In all our Brittany
  There's not a fairer,
Nor can you fit any,
  Should you compare her.
Angels her eyelids keep,
  All hearts surprising,
Which look whilst she doth sleep
  Like the sun's rising:
She alone of her kind
  Knoweth true measure,
And her unmatched mind
  Is Heaven's treasure.
    On thy bank
    In a rank
      Let thy swans sing her,
    And with their music
      Along let them bring her.

(From the *Shepherd's Sirena.*)

SONNETS

Love, banish'd Heaven, in Earth was held in scorn,
  Wand'ring abroad in need and beggary;
And wanting friends, though of a goddess born,
  Yet crav'd the alms of such as passed by:
I, like a man devout and charitable,
  Clothed the naked, lodg'd this wand'ring guest,
With sighs and tears still furnishing his table,
  With what might make the miserable blest;
But this ungrateful, for my good desert,
  Entic'd my thoughts against me to conspire,
Who gave consent to steal away my heart
  And set my breast, his lodging, on a fire.
    Well, well, my friends, when beggars grow thus bold,
    No marvel then tho' charity grow cold.

———

Calling to mind since first my love begun,
  Th' uncertain times oft varying in their course,
How things still unexpectedly have run,
  As't please the fates by their resistless force:
Lastly, mine eyes amazedly have seen
  Essex' great fall, Tyrone his peace to gain,
The quiet end of that long-living Queen,
  This King's fair entrance, and our peace with Spain,
We and the Dutch at length ourselves to sever;
  Thus the world doth, and ever more shall reel:
Yet to my goddess am I constant ever,
  Howe'er blind Fortune turn her giddy wheel:
    Though Heaven and Earth prove both to me untrue,
    Yet am I still inviolate to you.

———

Since there's no help, come let us kiss and part,
  Nay, I have done, you get no more of me;

And I am glad, yea, glad with all my heart,
  That thus so cleanly I myself can free;
Shake hands for ever, cancel all our vows,
  And when we meet at any time again,
Be it not seen in either of our brows
  That we one jot of former love retain.
Now at the last gasp of Love's latest breath,
  When, his pulse failing, Passion speechless lies,
When Faith is kneeling by his bed of death,
  And Innocence is closing up his eyes:
Now, if thou wouldst, when all have given him over,
From death to life thou might'st him yet recover.

(From *Idea.*)

Samuel Daniel

1562–1619.

THE AUTHOR'S PROLOGUE TO THE CIVIL WARS

I SING the civil wars, tumultuous broils,
  And bloody factions of a mighty land;
Whose people haughty, proud with foreign spoils,
  Upon themselves turn back their conqu'ring hand:
Whilst kin their kin, brother the brother foils;
  Like ensigns all, against like ensigns band:
    Bows against bows, the crown against the crown;
    Whilst all pretending right, all right's thrown down.

What fury, O what madness held thee so,
  Dear England (too, too prodigal of blood)
To waste so much, and war without a foe;
  Whilst France, to see thy spoils, at pleasure stood!
How much might'st thou have purchas'd with less woe,
  T' have done thee honour, and thy people good?
    Thine might have been whatever lies between
    The Alps and us, the Pyrenees and Rhene.

Yet now what reason have we to complain,
  Since hereby came the calm we did enjoy,
The bliss of thee, Eliza? Happy gain
  For all our losses; when as no other way
The Heav'ns could find, but to unite again
  The fatal sever'd families, that they
    Might bring forth thee: that in thy peace might grow
    That glory, which few times could ever show.

Come, sacred Virtue; I no Muse, but thee,
  Invoke, in this great labour I intend.
Do thou inspire my thoughts: infuse in me
  A power to bring the same to happy end.
Raise up a work for later times to see,
  That may thy glory and my pains commend:
    Make me these tumults rightly to rehearse;
    And give peace to my life, life to my verse.

And thou, Charles Montjoy, who did'st once afford
  Rest for my fortunes on thy quiet shore,
And cheered'st me on these measures to record
  In graver tones than I had us'd before;
Behold, my gratitude makes good my word
  Engag'd to thee, although thou be no more;
    That I, who heretofore have liv'd by thee,
    Do give thee now a room to live with me.

And Memory, preserv'ress of things done,
  Come thou, unfold the wounds, the wrack, the waste;
Reveal to me how all the strife begun
  'Twixt Lancaster and York, in ages past:
How causes, counsels, and events did run,
  So long as these unhappy times did last;
    Unintermix'd with fictions, fantasies:
    I versify the truth, not poetize.

And to the end we may with better ease
  Discern the true discourse, vouchsafe to show
What were the times foregoing, near to these,
  That these we may with better profit know.
Tell how the world fell into this disease;
  And how so great distemperature did grow:
    So shall we see by what degrees it came;
    How things at full do soon wax out of frame.

(From *The Civil Wars of York and Lancaster.*)

SONNET TO DELIA

Care-charmer Sleep, son of the sable Night;
Brother to Death, in silent darkness born:
Relieve my languish, and restore the light;
With dark forgetting of my care, return.
And let the day be time enough to mourn
The shipwreck of my ill-adventur'd youth:
Let waking eyes suffice to wail their scorn,
Without the torment of the night's untruth.
Cease, dreams, the images of day-desires,
To model forth the passions of the morrow;
Never let rising Sun approve you liars,
To add more grief to aggravate my sorrow.
Still let me sleep, embracing clouds in vain;
And never wake to feel the day's disdain.

THE POWER OF WOMAN'S BEAUTY

(*Rosamund speaks.*)

Look how a comet, at the first appearing,
  Draws all men's eyes with wonder to behold it;
Or as the saddest tale, at sudden hearing,
  Takes silent, listening unto him that told it;
  So did my speech, when rubies did unfold it;
    So did the blazing of my blush appear,
    To amaze the world that holds such sights so dear.

Ah, Beauty! syren, fair enchanting good,
  Sweet silent rhetoric of persuading eyes;
Dumb eloquence, whose power doth move the blood,
  More than the words or wisdom of the wise;
  Still harmony, whose diapason lies
    Within a brow; the key which passions move
    To ravish sense, and play a world in love.

What might I then not do, whose power is such?
  What cannot women do that know their power?
What women know it not (I fear too much)
  How bliss or bale lies in their laugh or lour?
  Whilst they enjoy their happy blooming flower,
    Whilst Nature decks them in their best attires
    Of youth and beauty which the world admires.

(From *The Complaint of Rosamund.*)

SONG

Whoever saw so fair a sight,
Love and Virtue met aright:
    And that wonder Constancy,
    Like a comet to the eye
Seldom ever seen so bright?
    Sound out aloud so rare a thing,
    That all the hills and vales may ring.

Look, lovers, look, with passion see,
If that any such there be:
    As there cannot but be such
    Who do feel that noble touch
In this glorious company,
    Sound out aloud so rare a thing,
    That all the hills and vales may ring.

(From *Hymen's Triumph.*)

William Warner

? 1551–? 1609.

CAESAR'S INVASION OF BRITAIN

THIS conqueror of Gallia found his victory prolong'd
By British succours, and for it, pretending to be wrong'd,
Did send for tribute ; threatening else to bring the Britons war.
The latter going forward first the Albinests to bar,
A common foe concur as friends ; and now was come the spring
When Caesar out of war-won France victorious troops did bring.
But easier won the Grecians land at Pergama by much,
Than got the Latins footing here, their contraries were such.
Ye might have seen of Hector's race ten thousand Hectors here
With policy on either part, the Romans buying dear
The bloody shore ; the water yet less dearer than the land
To them, whom valiantly to proof the islanders withstand.
Oft battle they, the Britons still victorious, and in vain.
Their foes were valiant : only here was Caesar's force in vain.
And as our men unto his men were as tempestuous thunder,
So did his anchor'd ships in seas by tempest dash in sunder.
"But twice," quoth Caesar, "Fortune, thou wert opposite to mine,
But thirdly here to Caesar's self thou (wontless) dost decline."
Conveying then his weary men into his wasted ships,
To Gallia, there to winter them, he miscontented slips.
Of this same victory did spring security and strife,
The Scots and Picts did sunder hence, the Britons, over-rife
In largesse, making frolic cheer, a quarrel then arose
Betwixt the King and Lud's false son, and they disjoin as foes :
That Caesar slips advantage such were error to suppose.
Even of the Britons some there were recalling back the foe,
And winter past, with doubled power he back again did row.
The Romans more, the Britons they far fewer than before,
Offend, defend, fight for, fence from, to win, and ward the shore.
But Caesar landed, and ensued continual cruel fight :

Thrice put the fierce Cassivelanes the Caesarines to flight,
And still the King encouraging in every wing appears,
So giving needless spurs to fight, his soldiers brook not fears,
Nor little did the Cornish bells offend the Roman ears.
When Caesar's oft-successless fight had tired him and his,
Inringed with his maimed camp, the Roman speaketh this :
" Are these same bands, those self-same bands that never fought in vain ?
And ye the men, that following still, my standard still did gain ?
' Even these, and ye, are very those ; nor can I discommend
Your manhoods, that with lesser work brought greater wars to end.
But not, as was my wont to write, the senate now shall read,
I came : I saw : I overcame : such foes forbid such speed.
Nor let the senate muse, for Troy with Troy doth here contend :
This warlike people (fame is so) from whence sprung we descend.
Yea, if Aeneas had not left the Phrygian gods to us,
And Greeks' Palladium shipt to Greece, this fortune foiling thus,
I would have thought those very gods had followed our annoy
But them have we, these only have undaunted hearts from Troy
But what ! shall Caesar doubt to fight against so brave a foe ?
No, Caesar's triumphs, with their spoils, shall give the braver show.
Ye gods that guide our Capitol, Mount Palatine, thou throne
Of stately Rome, ye followers too of her affairs each one,
Delay not, but deprive me quite my triumphs now in hand,
Nor let me live, if so I leave unconquered this land.
This land, the last of western isles, an isle unknown ere this,
Which famous now through Caesar's fight and our misfortune is.
Enough, my fellow-friends in arms, enough we Romans have
To seek revenge : your conquest, lo, a country rich and brave.
And (which persuadeth victory) in Troynovant there be
That hold that city to our use : the Britons disagree,
No Scot or Pict assisting them in these our wars, I see.
Their civil strife will prove their scourge how stout so e'er they seem,

And perpetuity doth fail in everything extreme.
Not Fortune still is good or bad, and now let be our day:
Too long we live, if that so long we shall on trifles stay."
Said Caesar, and with such his words did so inflame his men,
That with less patience did they live, than linger battle then.
The Romans bid the base, and then did cruel war begin
And little wanted that the Brutes the better did not win.
But Caesar so foresaw supplies and succours here and there,
Persuading this, dissuading that, controlling flight and fear,
That, after many Romans slain, the Britons took their flight
To southern shores: whereas to proof Cassivelan did fight
With oft eruptions out of woods, until the traitorous knight,
The earl of London, yields his charge and city to the foe,
Through which disloyal precedent did other cities so;
And then with hard-won tribute hence the conqueror did go.
But he, that won in every war, at Rome in civil robe
Was stabb'd to death: no certainty is underneath the globe.
The good are envied of the bad, and glory finds disdain,
And people are in constancy as April is in rain:
Whereof, amidst our serious pen this fable entertain.
An ass, an old man, and a boy, did through a city pass,
And whil'st the wanton boy did ride, the old man led the ass:
"See yonder doting fool," said folk, "that crawleth scarce for age,
Doth set the boy upon his ass, and makes himself his page."
Anon the blamed boy alights, and lets the old man ride,
And, as the old man did before, the boy the ass did guide:
But, passing so, the people then did much the old man blame,
And told him, "Churl, thy limbs be tough, the boy should ride, for shame!"
The fault thus found, both man and boy did back the ass and ride,
Then that the ass was over-charg'd, each man that met them cried.
Now both alight, and go on foot, and lead the empty beast,
But then the people laugh, and say that one might ride at least.

With it they both did undershore the ass on either side,
But then the wond'ring people did that witless prank deride.
The old man seeing by no ways he could the people please,
Not blameless then, did drive the ass and drown him in the seas.
Thus whil'st we be, it will not be that any pleaseth all,
Else had been wanting, worthily, the noble Caesar's fall.

(From *Albion's England.*)

Sir John Davies

1569–1626.

THE UNREST OF THE SOUL ON EARTH

At first her mother earth she holdeth dear,
  And doth embrace the world, and worldly things;
She flies close by the ground, and hovers here,
  And mounts not up with her celestial wings:

Yet under heaven she cannot light on aught
  That with her heavenly nature doth agree;
She cannot rest, she cannot fix her thought,
  She cannot in this world contented be.

For who did ever yet, in honour, wealth,
  Or pleasure of the sense, contentment find?
Who ever ceas'd to wish, when he had health?
  Or, having wisdom, was not vex'd in mind?

Then, as a bee which among weeds doth fall,
  Which seem sweet flow'rs, with lustre fresh and gay;
She lights on that, and this, and tasteth all;
  But pleas'd with none, doth rise and soar away:

So, when the soul finds here no true content,
  And, like Noah's dove, can no sure footing take.
She doth return from whence she first was sent,
  And flies to him that first her wings did make.

. . . . .

Since then her heavenly kind she doth display,
  In that to God she doth directly move;
And on no mortal thing can make her stay,
  She cannot be from hence, but from above.

And yet this first true cause, and last good end,
  She cannot here so well and truly see;
For this perfection she must yet attend,
  Till to her Maker she espoused be.

As a King's daughter, being in person sought
  Of divers princes, who do neighbour near,
On none of them can fix a constant thought,
  Though she to all do lend a gentle ear:

Yet can she love a foreign emperor,
  Whom of great worth and pow'r she hears to be,
If she be woo'd but by ambassador
  Or but his letters, or his pictures see:

For well she knows, that when she shall be brought
  Into the Kingdom where her spouse doth reign;
Her eyes shall see what she conceiv'd in thought,
  Himself, his state, his glory, and his train.

So while the virgin soul on earth doth stay,
  She woo'd and tempted is ten thousand ways,
By these great pow'rs, which on the earth bear sway;
  The wisdom of the world, wealth, pleasure, praise:

With these sometimes she doth her time beguile,
  These do by fits her fantasy possess;
But she distastes them all within a while,
  And in the sweetest finds a tediousness;

But if upon the world's Almighty King
  She once doth fix her humble loving thought,
Who by his picture drawn in everything,
  And sacred messages, her love hath sought;

Of him she thinks she cannot think too much ;
  This honey tasted still, is ever sweet ;
The pleasure of her ravish'd thought is such,
  As almost here she with her bliss doth meet :

But when in heaven she shall his essence see,
  This is her sovereign good, and perfect bliss ;
Her longings, wishings, hopes, all finish'd be ;
  Her joys are full, her motions rest in this.

(From *The Immortality of the Soul.*)

THE DANCING OF NATURE

For lo ! the Sea that fleets about the land,
And like a girdle clips her solid waist,
Music and measure both doth understand ;
For his great crystal eye is always cast
Up to the moon, and on her fixed fast :
And as she danceth in her pallid sphere,
So danceth he about the centre here.

. . . . .

Only the Earth doth stand for ever still,
Her rocks remove not, nor her mountains meet,
(Although some wits, enrich'd with learning's skill
Say Heaven stands firm, and that the Earth doth fleet,
And swiftly turneth underneath their feet)
Yet, though the Earth is ever steadfast seen,
On her broad breast hath dancing ever been.

. . . . .

See how those flowers that have sweet beauty too,
(The only jewels that the earth doth wear,
When the young Sun in bravery her doth woo)
As oft as they the whistling wind do hear,
Do wave their tender bodies here and there ;
And though their dance no perfect measure is,
Yet oftentimes their music makes them kiss.

. . . . .

Hark how the birds do sing, and mark them how
Jump with the modulation of their lays,
They lightly leap, and skip from bough to bough.

. . . . .

But why relate I every singular ?
Since all the world's great fortune and affairs
Forward and backward rapped and whirled are,
According to the music of the spheres :
And Change herself, her nimble feet upbears
On a round slippery wheel that rolleth ay,
And turns all states with her imperious sway.

Learn then to dance, you that are princes born,
And lawful lords of earthly creatures all ;
Imitate them, and therefore take no scorn
For this new art to them is natural,
And imitate the stars celestial :
For when pale Death your vital twist shall sever,
Your better parts must dance with them forever.

(From *The Orchestra.*)

Fulk Greville, Lord Brooke

1554–1628.

WAR

PEACE is the harvest of man's rich creation,
Where wit and pain have scope to sow and reap
The mind, by arts, to work her elevation ;
Care is sold dear, and sloth is never cheap,
Beyond the intent of Nature it proves
The earth, and fruitful industry it loves.

. . . . .

If Peace be such, what must we think of War
But horror from above, below confusion
Where the unhappy only happy are

As making mischief ever her conclusion ?
    Scourges of God, figures of Hell to come
    Of vanity, a vain infamous tomb

Where neither throne nor crown have reverence,
Sentence, nor writ, nor sergeant be in fashion,
All terror scorn'd, of guiltiness no sense ;
A discipline whereof the rule is passion :
    And as men's vices beasts' chief virtues are,
    So be the shames of Peace the pride of War.

. . . . .

And when the reins of human hope and fear
Are thus laid on our necks, and order chang'd,
Pride will no more the yoke of Heaven bear,
Nor our desires in any bounds be rang'd ;
    The world must take new forms of wrong and right,
    For War never did love things definite.

Here books are burnt, fair monuments of mind ;
Here Ignorance doth on all Arts tyrannise ;
Virtue no other mould but courage finds ;
All other beings in her being dyes :
    Wisdom ofttimes grows infancy again,
    Beasts rule in man, and men do beastly reign.

Audit the end : how can humanity
Preserved be in ruin of mankind ?
Both Fear and Courage feel her cruelty,
The good and bad like fatal ruin find.
    Her enemies do still provide her food,
    From those she ruins she receives her good.

. . . . .

The ground which makes most States thus fond of War,
Is, that with arms all empires do increase :
But mark what's next, with arms they ruin'd are ;
For when men feel the health and bliss of Peace,
    They cannot rest, nor know they other art,
    But that wherein themselves and others smart.

Now when the policies of great Estates
Do Mars profess, Religion then to war
Itself must fashion, and endure such rates,
As to the ends of conquest proper are.
    This made the Greeks paint all their gods in arms,
    As friends of man's self-hazard, to do harms.

. . . . .

Thus see we how these ugly furious spirits
Of War are clothed, colour'd and disguis'd
With styles of Virtue, Honour, Zeal and Merits;
Whose own complexion, well anatomis'd,
    A mixture is of pride, rage, avarice,
    Ambition, lust, and every tragic vice.

. . . . .

And as when winds among themselves do jar,
Seas there are tost, and wave with wave must fight,
So when Power's restless humours bring forth War
Their people bear the faults and wounds of Might;
    The errors and diseases of the head
    Descending still until the limbs be dead.

Yet are not people's errors ever free
From guilt of wounds they suffer by the War,
Never did any public misery
Rise of itself; God's plagues still grounded are
On common stains of our humanity.
    And to the flame which ruineth mankind
    Man gives the matter or at least gives wind.

. . . . .

Let us then thus conclude, that only they
Whose end in this world is the world to come,
Whose heart's desire is that their desires may
Measure themselves by Truth's eternal doom,
    Can in the War find nothing that they prize
    Who in the world would not be great or wise.

. . . . .

Where all States else that stand on power, not grace,
And gauge desire by no such spiritual measure,
Make it their end to reign in every place,
To war for honour, for revenge and pleasure;
Thinking the strong should keep the weak in awe,
And every inequality give law.

(From *A Treatise of Wars.*)

SONNET

Fie, foolish earth; think you the heaven wants glory
Because your shadows do yourself benight?
All's dark unto the blind; let them be sorry;
The heavens in themselves are ever bright.
Fie, fond Desire, think you that Love wants glory,
Because your shadows do yourself benight?
The hopes and fears of lust may make men sorry,
But Love still in herself finds her delight.
Then Earth, stand fast; the sky that you benight
Will turn again and so restore your glory;
Desire, be steady, hope is your delight,
An orb wherein no creature can be sorry,
Love being plac'd above these middle regions,
Where every passion wars itself with legions.

(From *Cœlica.*)

Sir Henry Wotton

1568–1639.

(*See also* p. 501.)

THE CHARACTER OF A HAPPY LIFE

How happy is he born and taught,
That serveth not another's will;
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill.

Whose passions not his masters are;
  Whose soul is still prepared for death,
Untied unto the world by care
  Of public fame or private breath.

Who envies none that chance doth raise,
  Nor vice; hath ever understood
How deepest wounds are given by praise
  Nor rules of state, but rules of good.

Who hath his life from rumours freed,
  Whose conscience is his strong retreat,
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
  Nor ruin make oppressors great.

Who God doth late and early pray
  More of His grace than gifts to lend,
And entertains the harmless day
  With a well-chosen book or friend.

This man is freed from servile bands
  Of hope to rise or fear to fall;
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
  And having nothing, yet hath all.

Sir Francis Bacon

1561–1626.

(*See also* p. 475.)

THE WORLD'S A BUBBLE.

The world's a bubble, and the life of man
  less than a span;
In his conception wretched, from the womb
  so to the tomb:

Curst from the cradle, and brought up to years
with care and fears.
Who then to frail mortality shall trust,
But limns the water, or but writes in dust.

Yet since with sorrow here we live oppprest,
What life is best ?
Courts are but only superficial schools
to dandle fools.
The rural parts are turn'd into a den
of savage men.
And where's the city from all vice so free,
But may be term'd the worst of all the three ?

Domestic cares afflict the husband's bed,
or pains his head.
Those that live single take it for a curse
or do things worse.
Some would have children ; those that have them moan,
or wish them gone.
What is it then to have or have no wife,
But single thraldom, or a double strife ?

Our own affections still at home to please
is a disease :
To cross the seas to any foreign soil,
perils and toil.
Wars with their noise affright us : when they cease,
we are worse in peace.
What then remains, but that we still should cry
Not to be born, or being born, to die.

Robert Southwell

? 1560–1595.

ST. PETER'S COMPLAINT

LAUNCH forth, my soul, into a main of tears,
  Full fraught with grief, the traffic of thy mind;
Torn sails will serve, thoughts rent with guilty fears,
  Give Care the stern, use sighs in lieu of wind.
Remorse thy pilot; thy misdeed the card;
Torment thy haven, shipwrack thy best reward.

. . . . .

Ah, life! the maze of countless straying ways,
  Open to erring steps and strew'd with baits,
To wind weak senses into endless strays,
  Aloof from Virtue's rough unbeaten straits;
A flower, a play, a blast, a shade, a dream,
A living death, a never-turning stream.

And could I rate so high a life so base?
  Did fear with love cast so uneven account,
That for this goal I should run Judas' race,
  And Caiphas' rage in cruelty surmount?
Yet they esteemèd thirty pence His price;
I, worse than both, for nought denied Him thrice.

The mother sea, from overflowing deeps,
  Sends forth her issue by divided veins,
Yet back her offspring to their mother creeps
  To pay their purest streams with added gains;
But I that drunk the drops of heavenly flood,
Bemir'd the Giver with returning mud.

. . . . .

Was this for best deserts the duest meed?
  Are highest worths well wag'd with spiteful hire?
Are stoutest vows repeal'd in greatest need?
  Should friendship at the first affront retire?

Blush, craven sot, lurk in eternal night,
Crouch in the darkest caves from loathed light.

. . . . .

Why did the yielding sea, like marble way,
  Support a wretch more wavering than the waves ?
Whom doubt did plunge, why did the waters stay ?
  Unkind in kindness, murdering while it saves,
Oh, that this tongue had then been fishes' food,
And I devour'd, before this cursing mood.

There surges, depths, and seas, unfirm by kind,
  Rough gusts, and distance both from ship and shore,
Were titles to excuse my staggering mind ;
  Stout feet might falter on that liquid floor ;
But here no seas, no blasts, no billows were,
A puff of woman's wind bred all my fear.

. . . . .

Titles I make untruths : am I a rock,
  That with so soft a gale was overthrown ?
Am I fit pastor for the faithful flock,
  To guide their souls that murder'd thus mine own ?
A rock of ruin, not a rest to stay,
A pastor, not to feed, but to betray.

. . . . .

In Tabor's joys I eager was to dwell,
  An earnest friend while pleasures' light did shine,
But when eclipsèd glory prostrate fell,
  These zealous heats to sleep I did resign.
And now my mouth hath thrice his name defil'd
That cried so loud three dwellings there to build.

. . . . .

Oh, hateful fire (ah ! that I ever saw it !)
  Too hard my heart was frozen for thy force ;
Far hotter flames it did require to thaw it,
  Thy hell-resembling heat did freeze it worse.

O that I rather had congealed to ice,
Than bought thy warmth at such a damning price.

. . . . .

O bird, the just rebuker of my crime,
  The faithful waker of my sleeping fears,
Be now the daily clock to strike the time,
  When stinted eyes shall pay their task of tears;
Upbraid mine ears with thine accusing crow,
To make me rue that first it made me know.

. . . . .

Small gnats enforced the Egyptian King to stoop,
  Yet they in swarms, and arm'd with piercing stings,
Smart, noise, annoyance, made his courage droop,
  No small incumbrance such small vermin brings:
I quail'd at words that neither bit nor stung,
And those delivered from a woman's tongue.

. . . . .

Can virtue, wisdom, strength by women spill'd
  In David's, Solomon's and Samson's falls,
With semblance of excuse my error gild,
  Or lend a marble gloss to muddy walls?
O no! their fault had shew of some pretence:
No veil can hide the shame of my offence.

. . . . .

Christ! health of fever'd soul, heaven of the mind,
  Force of the feeble, nurse of infant loves,
Guide to the wandering foot, light to the blind,
  Whom weeping wins, repentant sorrow moves;
Father in care, mother in tender heart,
Revive and save me, slain with sinful dart.

If King Manasses, sunk in depth of sin,
  With plaints and tears recovered grace and crown:
A worthless worm some mild regard may win,
  And lowly creep, where flying threw it down

A poor desire I have to mend my ill,
I should, I would, I dare not say, I will.

I dare not say, I will, but wish I may;
My pride is check'd, high words the speaker spilt.
My good, O Lord, Thy gift, Thy strength my stay!
Give what Thou bidst, and then bid what Thou wilt.
Work with me what Thou of me dost request,
Then will I dare the most and vow the best.

MARY MAGDALEN'S COMPLAINT AT THE DEATH OF CHRIST

Silly stars must needs leave shining
When the sun is shadowèd,
Borrowed streams refrain their running
When head springs are hinderèd:
One that lives by other's breath,
Dieth also by his death.

O true life! sith Thou hast left me
Mortal life is tedious;
Death it is to live without Thee,
Death of all most odious;
Turn again or take me to Thee,
Let me die or live Thou in me!

Where the truth once was and is not,
Shadows are but vanity;
Shewing want, that help they cannot,
Signs, not salves, of misery.
Painted meat no hunger feeds,
Dying life each death exceeds.

With my love my life was nestled
In the sum of happiness;
From my love my life is wrested
To a world of heaviness.

O let love my life remove
Sith I live not where I love!

O my soul! what did unloose thee
From thy sweet captivity?
God, not I, did still possess thee,
His, not mine, thy liberty.
O too happy thrall thou wert,
When thy prison was His heart.

Spiteful spear that break'st this prison,
Seat of all felicity,
Working thus with double treason
Love's and life's delivery:
Though my life thou drav'st away,
Maugre thee my love shall stay.

A VALE OF TEARS

A vale there is, enwrapt with dreadful shades,
Which thick of mourning pines shrouds from the sun,
Where hanging clifts yield short and dumpish glades
And snowy flood with broken streams doth run.

Where eye-room is from rocks to cloudy sky,
From thence to dales with stony ruins strow'd,
Then to the crushèd water's frothy fry,
Which tumbleth from the tops where snow is thow'd.

Where ears of other sound can have no choice,
But various blusterings of the stubborn wind,
In trees, in caves, in straits with diverse noise,
Which now doth hiss, now howl, now roar by kind.

Where waters wrestle with encountering stones
That break their streams and turn them into foam,
The hollow clouds full fraught with thund'ring groans,
With hideous thumps discharge their pregnant womb.

And in the horror of this fearful quire
  Consists the music of this doleful place;
All pleasant birds their tunes from thence retire,
  Where none but heavy notes have any grace.

Sir John Harrington

1561–1612.

THE PALACE OF THE FATES

THE holy Prophet brought Astolfo where
A palace (seldom seen by mortal man)
Was plac'd, by which a thick dark river ran.

Each room therein was full of divers fleeces,
Of wool, of lint, of silk, or else of cotton,
An aged woman spun the divers pieces,
Whose look and hue did shew her old and rotten:
Not much unlike unto that labour, this is,
By which in summer new-made silk is gotten,
Where from the silkworm his fine garment taking,
They reave him of the clothes of his own making.

For first in one large room a woman span
Threads infinite, of divers stuff and hue;
Another doth with all the speed she can,
With other stuff the distaves still renew,
The third in feature like, and pale and wan,
Doth sever fair from foul, and old from new:
Now who be these? the Duke demands his guide,
"These be the fatal sisters," he repli'd;

"The Parcees that the thread of life do spin
To mortal men, hence death and nature know
When life must end, and when it must begin:
Now, she that doth divide them, and bestow

The coarse from finer, and the thick from thin,
To that end works, that those that finest grow,
For ornaments in Paradise may dwell,
The coarse are curst to be consum'd in hell."

The Duke did further in the place behold,
That when the threads were spent that had been spun,
Their names in brass, in silver, or in gold
Were wrote, and so into great heaps were done;
From which a man that seemed wondrous old,
With whole loads of those names away did run,
And turn'd again as fast the way he went,
Nor ever weary was, nor ever spent.

This aged man did hold his pace so swift,
As though to run he only had been born,
Or had it given him as a special gift:
And in the lappet of his cloak were borne
The names of men, with which he made such shift.

(From *The Translation of Orlando Furioso.*)

Edward Fairfax

D. 1635.

RINALDO IN THE ENCHANTED FOREST

FORWARD he pass'd, and in the grove before
He heard a sound that strange, sweet, pleasing was;
There roll'd a crystal brook with gentle roar,
There sigh'd the winds as through the leaves they pass,
There did the nightingale her wrongs deplore,
There sung the swan, and singing died, alas!
There lute, harp, cittern, human voice he heard,
And all these sounds one sound right well declar'd.

A dreadful thunderclap at last he heard,
The aged trees and plants well-nigh that rent;
Yet heard he nymphs and sirens afterward,
Birds, winds, and waters, sing with sweet consent;
Whereat amaz'd he stay'd, and well prepar'd
For his defence, heedful and slow forth went;
Nor in his way his passage aught withstood,
Except a quiet, still, transparent flood:

On the green banks which that fair stream in-bound,
Flowers and odours sweetly smil'd and smell'd,
Which reaching out its stretched arms around,
All the large desert in its bosom held;
And through the grove one channel passage found,
That in the wood, in that the forest dwell'd;
Trees clad the streams, streams green those trees aye made,
And so exchang'd their moisture and their shade.

The knight some way sought out the flood to pass,
And, as he sought, a wond'rous bridge appear'd,
A bridge of gold, a huge and weighty mass;
On arches great of that rich metal rear'd:
When through that golden way he enter'd was,
Down fell the bridge, swelled the stream, and wear'd
The work away, nor sign left where it stood,
And of a river calm became a flood.

He turn'd, amaz'd to see it troubled so,
Like sudden brooks increas'd with molten snow;
The billows fierce that tossed to and fro;
The whirlpools suck'd down to their bosoms low;
But on he went to search for wonders mo,
Through the thick trees, there high and broad which grow;
And in that forest huge and desert wide,
The more he sought, more wonders still he spy'd.

(From *The Translation of Tasso's Jerusalem.*)

George Chapman

? 1559–1634.

THE GREEKS PREPARE FOR BATTLE

[*Nestor speaks*]: "Let heralds summon now
The brazen-coated Greeks, and us range everywhere the host,
To stir a strong war quickly up." This speech no syllable lost;
The high-voiced heralds instantly he charged to call to arms
The curl'd-head Greeks; they call'd; the Greeks straight answer'd their alarms.
The Jove-kept kings about the king all gathered, with their aid
Rang'd all in tribes and nations. With them the gray-eyed Maid
Great Aegis (Jove's bright shield) sustain'd, that can be never old,
Never corrupt'd, fring'd about with serpents forg'd of gold.
As many as suffic'd to make an hundred fringes, worth
An hundred oxen, every snake all sprawling, all set forth
With wondrous spirit. Through the host with this the Goddess ran,
In fury casting round her eyes, and furnish'd every man
With strength, exciting all to arms, and fight incessant. None
Now lik'd their lov'd homes like the wars; and as a fire upon
A huge wood, on the heights of hills, that far off hurls his light,
So the divine brass shin'd on these, thus thrusting on for fight.
Their splendour through the air reach'd heaven; and as about the flood
Caister, in an Asian mead, flocks of the airy brood,
Cranes, geese, or long-necked swans, here, there, proud of their pinions fly,
And in their falls lay out such throats, that with their spiritful cry
The meadow shrieks again; so here, these many-nation'd men
Flow'd over the Scamandrian field, from tents and ships; the din

Was dreadful that the feet of men and horse beat out of earth ;
And in the flourishing mead they stood, thick as the odorous birth
Of flowers, or leaves bred in the spring ; or thick as swarms of flies
Throng then to sheep-cotes, when each swarm his erring wing applies
To milk dew'd on the milk-maid's pails ; all eagerly dispos'd
To give to ruin th' Ilians. And as in rude heaps clos'd,
Though huge goatherds are at their food, the goatherds easily yet
Sort into sundry herds ; so here the chiefs in battle set
Here tribes, here nations, ordering all. Amongst whom shin'd the King
With eyes like lightning-loving Jove, his forehead answering
In breast like Neptune, Mars in waist ; and as a goodly bull
Most eminent of all a herd, most strong, most masterful,
So Agamemnon Jove that day made overheighten clear
That heaven-bright army, and preferr'd to all th' heroës there.

(From the *Translation of Homer's Iliad, Bk. II.*)

ACHILLES WITH HIS HOST

The host set forth, and pour'd his steel waves far out of the fleet,
And as from air the frosty north wind blows a cold thick sleet
That dazzles eyes, flakes after flakes incessantly descending ;
So thick, helms, curets, ashen darts, and round shields, never ending,
Flowed from the navy's hollow womb. Their splendours gave heaven's eye
His beams again. Earth laugh'd to see her face so like the sky ;
Arms shin'd so hot, and she such clouds made with the dust she cast,
She thunder'd, feet of men and horse importun'd her so fast.
In midst of all, divine Achilles, his fair person arm'd,
His teeth gnash'd as he stood, his eyes so full of fire they warm'd,

Unsuffer'd grief and anger at the Trojans so combin'd.
His greaves first us'd, his goodly curets on his bosom shin'd,
His sword, his shield that cast a brightness from it like the moon.
And as from sea sailors discern a harmful fire let run
By herdsmen's faults, till all their stall flies up in wrastling flame,
Which being on hills is seen far off, but being alone, none came
To give it quench, at shore no neighbours, and at sea their friends
Driven off with tempests; such a fire from his bright shield extends
His ominous radiance, and in heaven impress'd his fervent blaze.
His crested helmet, grave and high, had next triumphant place
On his curl'd head, and like a star it cast a spurry ray,
About which a bright thicken'd bush of golden hair did play,
Which Vulcan forged him for his plume. Thus complete arm'd, he tri'd
How fit they were, and if his motion could with ease abide
Their brave instruction; and so far they were from hind'ring it,
That to it they were nimble wings, and made so light his spirit,
That from the earth the princely captain they took up to air.
Then from his armoury he drew his lance, his father's spear,
Huge, weighty, firm, that not a Greek but he himself alone
Knew how to shake; it grew upon the mountain Pelion,
From whose height Chiron hewed it for his sire, and fatal 'twas
To great-souled men.

(From *The Same, Book XIX.*)

THE ADVANCE OF PEACE

Before her flew Affliction, girt in storms,
Gash'd with all gushing wounds, and all the forms
Of bane and misery frowning in her face;
Whom Tyranny and Injustice had in chase;
Grim Persecution, Poverty and Shame;

Detraction, Envy, foul Mishap, and lame
Scruple of Conscience; Fear, Deceit, Despair;
Slander and Clamour, that rent all the air;
Hate, War, and Massacre; uncrowned Toil
And Sickness, t'all the rest the base and foil,
Crept after; and his deadly weight trod down
Wealth, Beauty, and the glory of a Crown.
These usher'd her far off; as figures given
To show these Crosses borne make peace with heaven.
But now, made free from them, next her before,
Peaceful and young, Herculean silence bore
His craggy club; which up aloft he hild;
With which and his forefinger's charm he still'd
All sounds in air; and left so free mine ears,
That I might hear the music of the spheres,
And all the angels singing out of heaven;
Whose tunes were solemn, as to passion given;
For now that Justice was the happiness there
For all the wrongs to Right inflicted here.
Such was the passion that Peace now put on;
And on all went; when suddenly was gone
All light of heaven before us; from a wood,
Whose sight foreseen, now lost, amazed we stood,
The sun still gracing us; when now, the air
Inflamed with meteors, we discover'd fair
The skipping goat; the horse's flaming mane;
Bearded and trainèd comets; stars in wane;
The burning sword; the firebrand-flying snake;
The lance; the torch; the licking fire; the drake;
And all else meteors that did ill abode;
The thunder chid; the lightning leapt abroad;
And yet when Peace came in all heaven was clear,
And then did all the horrid wood appear,
Where mortal dangers more than leaves did grow,
In which we could not one free step bestow,
For treading on some murther'd passenger

Who thither was by witchcraft forced to err :
Whose face the bird hid that loves humans best ;
That hath the bugle eyes and rosy breast,
And is the yellow Autumn's nightingale.

(From *The Tears of Peace.*)

Thomas Phaer

? 1510–1560.

EOLUS AND THE WINDS

King Eolus the wrastling winds in caves he locks full low,
In prison strong the storms he keeps forbidden abroad to blow.
They for disdain with murmur great at every mouth do rage
But he aloft with mace in hand their force doth all aswage ;
If he so did not, land and seas and skies they would so sweep,
Within a while, that all were gone, therefore in dungeons deep
Almighty love did close them up, and hills hath overset
And made a king that should know when to loose them, when to let ;
Whom to entreat this Juno came and thus to him she spake :
" King Eolus, for unto thee the great God hath betake
And given thee leave to lift the floods and calm to make them still ;
On Tyrhen sea there sails a fleet that bears me no good will
To Italy they mind to pass, a new Troy there to build.
Let out thy winds and all their ships do drown with waters wild.
Disperse them all to sundry shores or whelm them down with deep."

. . . . .

He turned his sword when this was said, and through the hill he pushed
And at that gap with throngs at once the winds forth out they rush'd.
The whirlwinds to the lands went out and then to seas they flew.
Both East and West and from the sands the waves aloft they threw.

The stormy South against the cliffs the waters drives so high
That cables all began to crack and men for dread to cry.
Anon was take from Troyan eyes both sight and light of sun,
And on the sea the grim dark night to close all in begun.
The thunders roar'd and lightnings leapt full oft on every side
There was no man but present death before his face espied.

(From *The Translation of the Seven First Books of the Æneid.*

Thus far forth, good Readers, as well for defence of my country's language (which I have heard discommended of many and esteemed of some to be more than barbarous) as also for the honest recreation of you the nobility, gentlemen and ladies, that study not Latin, I have taken some travail to express this most excellent writer as far as my simple ability extended. And if God send me life and leisure, I purpose to set forth the rest, unless it may like some other that is better armed with learning to prevent my labours, whereof I assure you I would be right glad, contenting myself sufficiently with this, that by me first this gate is set open.

(From Preface to *The Same.*)

John Florio

? 1553–1625.

MANY INTERPRETATIONS CONFOUND TRUTH

WHOSOEVER hath seen children labouring to reduce a mass of quicksilver to a certain number, the more they press and work the same, and strive to force it to their will, so much more they provoke the liberty of that generous metal, which scorneth their art, and scatteringly disperseth itself beyond all imagination. Even so of lawyers, who in subdividing their subtleties or quiddities, teach men to multiply doubts; and by extending and diversifying difficulties, they lengthen and amplify, they scatter and disperse them. In sowing and retailing of questions they

make the world to fructify and abound in uncertainty, in quarrels, in suits, and in controversies; as the ground the more it is crumbled, broken, and deeply removed or grupped up, becometh so much more fertile. *Difficultatem facit doctrina*: "Learning breeds difficulty." We found many doubts in Ulpian, we find more in Bartolus and Baldus. The trace of this innumerable diversity of opinions should never have been used to adorn posterity and have it put in her head, but rather have been utterly razed out. I know not what to say to it; but this is seen by experience, that so many interpretations dissipate and confound all truth. Aristotle hath written to be understood, which, if he could not, much less shall another not so learned as he was; and a third, than he who treateth his own imagination. We open the matter, and spill it in distempering it. Of one subject we make a thousand, and in multiplying and subdividing we fall again into the infinity of Epicurus his atoms. It was never seen that two men judged alike of one same thing; and it is impossible to see two opinions exactly semblable, not only in divers men, but in any one same man at several hours. I commonly find something to doubt of, where the commentary happily never deigned to touch, as deeming it so plain. I stumble sometimes as much in an even smooth path, as some horses that I know, who oftener trip in a fair plain way than in a rough and stony. Who would not say that glosses increase doubts and ignorance, since no book is to be seen, whether divine or profane, commonly read of all men, whose interpretation dims or tarnisheth not the difficulty? The hundred commentary sends him to his succeeder more thorny and more crabbed than the first found him. When agreed we amongst ourselves to say, "This book is perfect; there's now nothing to be said against it"?

(From the translation of *Montaigne's Essay on Experience.*)

Sir Thomas North

? 1535–? 1601.

ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA

For Antonius understood not many of the thefts and robberies his officers committed by his authority, in his treasure and affairs : not so much because he was careless, as for that he over-simply trusted his men in all things. For he was a plain man, without subtlety, and therefore over late found out the foul faults they committed against him ; but when he heard of them, he was much offended, and would plainly confess it unto them whom his officers had done injury unto, by countenance of his authority. He had a noble mind, as well to punish offenders, as to reward well doers : and yet he did exceed more in giving, than in punishing. Now for his outrageous manner of railing he commonly used, mocking and flouting of every man, that was remedied by itself. For a man might as boldly exchange a mock with him, and he was as well contented to be mocked, as to mock others. But yet it oftentimes marred all. For he thought that those which told him so plainly, and truly in mirth, would never flatter him in good earnest, in any matter of weight. But thus he was easily abused by the praises they gave him, not finding how these flatterers mingled their flattery, under this familiar and plain manner of speech unto him, as a fine device to make difference of meats with sharp and tart sauce, and also to keep him by this frantic jesting and bourding with him at the table, that their common flattery should not be troublesome unto him, as men do easily mislike to have too much of one thing : and that they handled him finely thereby, when they would give him place in any matter of weight, and follow his counsel, that it might not appear to him they did it so much to please him, but because they were ignorant, and understood not so much as he did.

Antonius being thus inclined, the last and extremest mischief of all other (to wit, the love of Cleopatra) lighted on him, who did waken and stir up many vices yet hidden in him, and were never

seen to any: and if any spark of goodness or hope of rising were left him, Cleopatra quenched it straight, and made it worse than before. The manner how he fell in love with her was this. Antonius, going to make war with the Parthians, sent to command Cleopatra to appear personally before him when he came into Cilicia, to answer unto such accusations as were laid against her, being this: that she had aided Cassius and Brutus in their war against him. The messenger sent unto Cleopatra to make this summons unto her, was called Dellius: who, when he had thoroughly considered her beauty, the excellent grace and sweetness of her tongue, he nothing mistrusted that Antonius would do any hurt to so noble a lady, but rather assured himself, that within few days she would be in great favour with him. Thereupon he did her great honour, and persuaded her to come into Cilicia, as honourably furnished as she could possible, and bade her not to be afraid at all of Antonius, for he was a more courteous lord, than any that she had ever seen. Cleopatra on the other side believing Dellius' words, and guessing by the former access and credit she had with Julius Caesar, and Cnaeus Pompey (the son of Pompey the Great) only for her beauty: she began to have good hope that she might more easily win Antonius. For Caesar and Pompey knew her when she was but a young thing, and knew not then what the world meant: but now she went to Antonius at the age when a woman's beauty is at the prime, and she also of best judgement. So, she furnished herself with a world of gifts, store of gold and silver and of riches and other sumptuous ornaments, as is credible enough she might bring from so great a house, and from so wealthy and rich a realm as Egypt was. But yet she carried nothing with her wherein she trusted more than in herself, and in the charms and enchantments of her passing beauty and grace. Therefore when she was sent unto by divers letters, both from Antonius himself, and also from his friends, she made so light of it, and mocked Antonius so much, that she disdained to set forward otherwise, but to take her barge in the river of Cydnus, the poop whereof was of gold, the sails of purple, and the oars of silver, which kept stroke in rowing

after the sound of the music of flutes, hautboys, citherns, viols, and such other instruments as they played upon in the barge. And now for the person of herself: she was laid under a pavilion of cloth of gold of tissue, apparelled and attired like the goddess Venus, commonly drawn in picture; and hard by her, on either hand of her, pretty fair boys, apparelled as painters do set forth god Cupid, with little fans in their hands, with the which they fanned wind upon her. Her Ladies and gentlewomen also, the fairest of them were apparelled like the nymphs Nereids (which are the mermaids of the waters) and like the Graces, some steering the helm, others tending the tackle and ropes of the barge, out of the which there came a wonderful passing sweet savour of perfumes, that perfumed the wharf's side, pestered with innumerable multitudes of people. Some of them followed the barge all along the river's side: others also ran out of the city to see her coming in. So that in the end, there ran such multitudes of people one after another to see her, that Antonius was left post alone in the market place, in his imperial seat to give audience: and there went a rumour in the people's mouths, that the goddess Venus was come to play with the god Bacchus, for the general good of all Asia. When Cleopatra landed, Antonius sent to invite her to supper to him. But she sent him word again, he should do better rather to come and sup with her. Antonius therefore, to shew himself courteous unto her at her arrival, was contented to obey her, and went to supper to her; where he found such passing sumptuous fare, that no tongue can express it. But amongst all other things, he most wondered at the infinite number of lights and torches hanged on the top of the house, giving light in every place, so artificially set and ordered by devices, some round, some square, that it was the rarest thing to behold that eye could discern, or that ever books could mention. The next night, Antonius, feasting her, contended to pass her in magnificence and fineness: but she overcame him in both. So that he himself began to scorn the gross service of his house, in respect of Cleopatra's sumptuousness and fineness. And when Cleopatra found Antonius' jests and slents to be but gross, and soldier-like, in

plain manner, she gave it him finely, and without fear taunted him throughly. Now her beauty (as it is reported) was not so passing, as unmatchable of other women, nor yet such as upon present view did enamour men with her ; but so sweet was her company and conversation, that a man could not possibly but be taken. And besides her beauty, the good grace she had to talk and discourse, her courteous nature that tempered her words and deeds, was a spur that pricked to the quick. Furthermore, besides all these, her voice and words were marvellous pleasant, for her tongue was an instrument of music to divers sports and pastimes, the which she easily turned to any language that pleased her. She spake unto few barbarous people by interpreter, but made them answer herself, or at the least the most part of them : as the Ethiopians, the Arabians, the Troglodytes, the Hebrews, the Syrians, the Medes, and the Parthians, and to many others also, whose languages she had learned. Whereas divers of her progenitors, the kings of Egypt, could scarce learn the Egyptian tongue only, and many of them forgot to speak the Macedonian.

Now, Antonius was so ravished with the love of Cleopatra, that though his wife Fulvia had great wars, and much ado with Caesar for his affairs, and that the army of the Parthians (the which the King's Lieutenants had given to the only leading of Labienus) was now assembled in Mesopotamia ready to invade Syria ; yet (as though all this had nothing touched him) he yielded himself to go with Cleopatra into Alexandria, where he spent and lost in childish sports, (as a man might say) and idle pastimes, the most precious thing a man can spend (as Antiphon sayeth) and that is, time.

(From *The Translation of Plutarch's Anthony.*)

John Foxe

1516–1587.

THE AUTHOR'S APOLOGY FOR HIS BOOK

SEEING the world is replenished with an infinite multitude of books of all kind of matters, I may seem, perhaps, to take a matter in hand superfluous and needless, at this present time to set out such volumes, especially of histories; considering now-a-days the world is so greatly pestered, not only with superfluous plenty thereof, but of all other treatises, so that books now seem rather to lack readers than readers to lack books. In which multitude of books, I doubt not but many do both perceive and inwardly bewail this insatiable boldness of many now-a-days, both in writing and printing; which, to say the truth, for my part, I do as much lament as any man else beside; and would therefore no man should think that unadvisedly or with rashness I have attempted this enterprise, for assuredly I have been not only doubtful, but also both bashful and fearful within myself for setting the same abroad. And why? First I perceived how learned this age of ours is in reading of books, neither could I tell what the secret judgments of readers would conceive, to see so weak a thing to set upon such a weighty enterprise; not sufficiently furnished with such ornaments able to satisfy the perfection of so great a story, or sufficient to serve the utility of the studious and the delight of the learned. Which ability the more I perceived to be wanting in me the less I durst be bold to become a writer.

But again on the other side, when I weighed with myself what memorable acts and famous doings this latter age of the Church hath ministered unto us by the patient sufferings of the worthy martyrs, I thought it not to be neglected that so precious monuments of so many matters meet to be recorded and registered in books should lie buried of my default under darkness of oblivion. Methought somewhat was to be said of them for their well-deserving and something, again, of our parts for benefits by

them received. But above all other things nothing did so much stir me forward hereunto, as the diligent consideration and special regard of the common utility which every man plentifully may receive by the reading of these our "Monuments" or Martyrology; which history as I have taken in hand chiefly for the use of the English Church, so have I framed it in that tongue which the simple people could understand.

Now, if men commonly delight so much in other Chronicles which entreat only upon matters of policy, and rejoice to behold therein the variable events of worldly affairs, the stratagems of valiant captains, the roar of foughten fields, the sacking of cities, the hurlyburlies of realms and people; and if men think it such a gay thing in a commonwealth to commit to history such old antiquities of things profane, and bestow all their ornaments of wit and eloquence in garnishing the same, how much more then is it meet for Christians to conserve in remembrance the lives, acts, and doings, not of bloody warriors, but of mild and constant martyrs of Christ?

(From the *Preface to the Book of Martyrs.*)

JOHN BRADFORD, MARTYR, IN PRISON

From the Tower he came to the King's Bench in Southwark; and after his condemnation he was sent to the Compter in the Poultry in London: in which two places, for the time he did remain prisoner, he preached twice a day continually, unless sickness hindered him; where also the sacrament was often ministered, and through his means (the keepers so well did bear with him) such resort of good folks was daily to his lecture, and to the ministration of the sacrament that commonly his chamber was well-nigh filled therewith. Preaching, reading and praying was all his whole life. He did not eat above one meal a day; which was but very little when he took it; and his continual study was upon his knees. In the midst of dinner he used often to muse with himself, having his hat over his eyes, from whence came commonly plenty of tears dropping on his trencher. Very gentle

he was to man and child, and in so good credit with his keeper that at his desire in an evening (being prisoner at the King's Bench in Southwark), he had licence upon his promise to return again that night, to go into London without any keeper to visit one that was sick lying by the Still-yard. Neither did he fail his promise, but returned to his prison again, rather preventing his hour than breaking his fidelity; so constant was he in word and in deed.

Of personage he was somewhat tall and slender, spare of body, of a faint sanguine colour, with an auburn beard. He slept not commonly above 4 hours in the night; and in his bed till sleep came, his book went not out of his hand. His chief recreation was in no gaming or other pastime, but only in honest company and comely talk, wherein he would spend a little time after dinner at the board; and so to prayer and his book again. He counted that hour not well spent wherein he did not some good, either with his pen, study or in exhorting of others, &c. He was no niggard of his purse, but would liberally participate that he had, to his fellow-prisoners. And commonly once a week he visited the thieves, pick-purses, and such others as were with him in prison, where he lay on the other side, unto whom he would give godly exhortation, to learn the amendment of their lives by their troubles; and after that so done, distribute among them some portion of money to their comfort.

(From *The Book of Martyrs.*)

John Lyly

? 1554–1606.

EUPHUES DECLARES HIS LOVE FOR LUCILLA

GENTLEWOMAN, my acquaintance being so little, I am afraid my credit will be less, for that they commonly are soonest believed, that are best beloved, and they liked best whom we have known longest. Nevertheless the noble mind suspecteth no guile without cause, neither condemneth any wight without proof;

having therefore notice of your heroical heart, I am the better persuaded of my good hap. So it is, Lucilla, that coming to Naples but to fetch fire, as the by-word is, not to make my place of abode, I have found such flames that I can neither quench them with the water of free will, neither cool them with wisdom. For as the hop, the pole being never so high, groweth to the end, or as the dry beech kindled at the root, never leaveth untill it come to the top; or as one drop of poison disperseth itself into every vein, so affection having caught hold of my heart, and the sparkles of love kindled my liver, will suddenly, though secretly, flame up into my head and spread itself into every sinew. It is your beauty (pardon my abrupt boldness), Lady, that hath taken every part of me prisoner, and brought me unto this deep distress; but seeing women, when one praiseth them for their deserts, deem that he flattereth them to obtain his desire, I am here present to yield myself to such trial, as your courtesy in this behalf shall require. Yet will you commonly object this to such as serve you, and starve to win your good will, that hot love is soon cold: that the bavin though it burn bright is but a blaze; that scalding water if it stand a while turneth almost to ice; that pepper though it be hot in the mouth, is cold in the maw; that the faith of men, though it fry in their words, it freezeth in their works. Which things (Lucilla) albeit they be sufficient to reprove the lightness of some one, yet can they not convince every one of lewdness: neither ought the constancy of all to be brought in question through the subtlety of a few. For although the worm entereth almost into every wood, yet he eateth not the cedar tree. Though the stone Cylindrus at every thunder clap, roll from the hill, yet the pure sleek stone mounteth at the noise: though the rust fret the hardest steel, yet doth it not eat into the emerald: though Polypus change his hue, yet the salamandar keepeth his colour: though Proteus transform himself into every shape, yet Pigmalion retaineth his old form: though Aeneas were too fickle to Dido, yet Troylus was too faithfull to Cressida: though others seem counterfeit in their deeds, yet, Lucilla, persuade yourself, that Euphues will

be always current in his dealings. But as the true gold is tried by the touch, (and) the pure flint by the stroke of the iron, so the loyal heart of the faithful lover is known by the trial of his Lady : of the which trial (Lucilla) if you shall account Euphues worthy, assure yourself, he will be as ready to offer himself a sacrifice for your sweet sake as yourself shall be willing to employ him in your service. Neither doth he desire to be trusted any way, untill he shall be tried every way : neither doth he crave credit at the first, but a good countenance, till time his desire shall be made manifest by his deserts. Thus not blinded by light affection, but dazzled with your rare perfection, and boldened by your exceeding courtesy, I have unfolded mine entire love, desiring you having so good leisure, to give so friendly an answer, as I may receive comfort and you commendation.

(From *Euphues the Anatomie of Wit.*)

ADVICE TO A TRAVELLER IN ENGLAND

At thy coming into England be not too inquisitive of news, neither curious in matters of State, in assemblies ask no questions, either concerning manners or men. Be not lavish of thy tongue, either in causes of weight, lest thou shew thyself an espiall, or in wanton talk, lest thou prove thyself a fool. It is the nature of that country to sift strangers : everyone that shaketh thee by the hand, is not joined to thee in heart. They think Italians wanton, and Grecians subtle, they will trust neither, they are so incredulous, but undermine both, they are so wise. Be not quarrellous for every light occasion : they are impatient in their anger of any equal, ready to revenge an injury, but never wont to proffer any : they never fight without provoking, and once provoked they never cease. Beware thou fall not into the snares of love, the women there are wise, the men crafty : they will gather love by thy looks, and pick thy mind out of thy hands. It shall be there better to hear what they say, than to speak what thou thinkest. They have long ears and short tongues, quick to hear, and slow to utter, broad eyes and light fingers, ready to espy and apt to strike. Every stranger is a

mark for them to shoot at: yet this must I say which in no country I can tell the like, that it is as seldom to see a stranger abused there, as it is rare to see any well used elsewhere. Yet presume not too much of the courtesies of those, for they differ in natures, some are hot, some cold, one simple, another wily; yet if thou use few words and fair speeches, thou shalt command anything thou standest in need of.

(From *Euphues and his England.*)

Edmund Spenser

1552–1599.

IRELAND

Irenaeus. And sure it is yet a most beautiful and sweet country as any is under heaven, seamed throughout with many goodly rivers, replenished with all sorts of fish, most abundantly sprinkled with many sweet islands and goodly lakes, like little inland seas, that will carry even ships upon their waters, adorned with goodly woods fit for building of houses and ships, so commodiously, as that if some princes in the world had them, they would soon hope to be lords of all the seas, and ere long of all the world; also full of good ports and havens opening upon England and Scotland, as inviting us to come to them to see what excellent commodities that country can afford, besides the soil itself most fertile, fit to yield all kind of fruit that shall be committed thereunto. And lastly, the heavens most mild and temperate, though somewhat more moist than the part toward the West.

* * * * *

Eudoxus. Truly, Irenæus, I do much pity that sweet land, to be subject to so many evils as every day I see more and more thrown upon her, and do half begin to think that it is, (as you said in the beginning) her fatal misfortune, above all countries that I know, to be thus miserably tossed and turmoiled with these variable storms of afflictions.

(From *A View of the Present State of Ireland.*)

Stephen Gosson

1555–1624.

THE AUTHOR ON SOME PLAYS OF HIS TIME

God hath now blessed England with a Queen, in virtue excellent, in power mighty, in glory renowned, in government politic, in possession rich, breaking her foes with the bent of her brow, ruling her subjects with shaking her hand, removing debate by diligent foresight, filling her chests with the fruits of peace, ministering justice by order of law, reforming abuses with great regard, and bearing her sword so even, that neither the poor are trod under foot, nor the rich suffered to look too high : nor Rome, nor France, nor tyrant, nor Turk dare for their lives to enter the list. But we, unworthy servants of so mild a mistress, degenerate children of so good a mother, unthankful subjects of so loving a prince, wound her sweet heart with abusing her lenity, and stir Jupiter to anger to send us a stork that shall devour us. How often hath her Majesty, with the grave advice of her whole Council, set down the limits of apparel to every degree, and how soon again hath the pride of our hearts overflown the channel ? How many times hath access to theatres been restrained, and how boldly again have we re-entered ? overlashing in apparel is so common a fault, that the very hirelings of some of our players, which stand at reversion of vi$^{s.}$ by the week, jet under gentlemen's noses in suits of silk, exercising themselves to prating on the stage, and common scoffing when they come abroad, where they look askance over the shoulder at every man of whom the Sunday before they begged an alms. I speak not this as though everyone that professeth the quality so abused himself, for it is well known that some of them are sober, discreet, properly learned, honest householders, and citizens well thought on among their neighbours at home, though the pride of their shadows (I mean those hangbys whom they succour with stipend) cause them to be somewhat ill talked of abroad. And as some of the players are far from abuse, so some of their plays are without

rebuke, which are easily remembered, as quickly reckoned. The two prose books played at the Belsavage, where you shall find never a word without wit, never a line without pith, never a letter placed in vain. The Jew, and Ptolemy, shown at the Bull; the one representing the greediness of worldly choosers, and bloody minds of usurers; the other very lively describing how seditious estates with their own devices, false friends with their own swords, and rebellious commons in their own snares are overthrown; neither with amorous gesture wounding the eye, nor with slovenly talk hurting the ears of the chaste hearers. The Blacksmith's Daughter and Catiline's Conspiracies usually brought in at the Theatre: the first containing the treachery of Turks, the honourable bounty of a noble mind, the shining of virtue in distress. The last because it is known to be a pig of mine own sow, I will speak the less of it; only giving you to understand that the whole mark which I shot at in that work was to show the reward of traitors in Catiline, and the necessary government of learned men in the person of Cicero, which foresees every danger that is likely to happen, and forestalls it continually ere it take effect.

. . . . .

These plays are good plays and sweet plays, and of all plays the best plays, and most to be liked, worthy to be sung of the Muses, or set out with the cunning of Roscius himself, yet are they not fit for every man's diet, neither ought they commonly to be shown.

(From *The School of Abuse.*)

Sir Philip Sidney

1554–1586.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN TWO SHEPHERDS CONCERNING URANIA

It was in the time that the Earth begins to put on her new apparel against the approach of her lover, and that the sun running a most even course becomes an indifferent arbiter between

the night and the day, when the hopeless Shepherd Strephon was come to the sands which lie against the island of Cithera, where, viewing the place with a heavy kind of delight, and sometimes casting his eyes to the isleward, he called his friendly rival the pastor Claius unto him: and setting first down in his darkened countenance a doleful copy of what he would ask. "O, my Claius," said he, "hither we are now come to pay the rent, for which we are so called unto by over-busy remembrance: remembrance restless remembrance, which claims not only this duty of us, but for it will have us forget ourselves. I pray you, when we were amid our flock, and that, of other shepherds, some were running after their sheep, strayed beyond their bounds: some delighting their eyes with seeing them nibble upon the short and sweet grass, some medicining their sick ewes, some setting a bell for an ensign of a sheepish squadron, some with more leisure inventing new games of exercising their bodies, and sporting their wits,—did remembrance grant us any holiday. either for pastime or devotion, nay, either for necessary food or natural rest, but that still it forced our thoughts to work upon this place, where we last—alas, that the word 'last' should so long last—did grace our eyes upon her ever-flourishing beauty; did it not still cry within us: 'Ah, you base-minded wretches! are your thoughts so deeply bemired in the trade of ordinary worldings as, for respect of gain some paltry wool may yield you, to let so much time pass without knowing perfectly her estate, especially in so troublesome a season; to leave that shore unsaluted from whence you may see to the island where she dwelleth; to leave those steps unkissed wherein Urania printed the farewell of all beauty? Well, then, remembrance commanded, we obeyed, and here we find, that as our remembrance came ever clothed unto us in the form of this place, so this place gives new heat to the fever of our languishing remembrance. Yonder, my Claius, Urania lighted; the very horse methought bewailed to be so disburdened; and as for thee, poor Claius, when thou wentest to help her down, I saw reverence and desire so divide thee that thou didst at one instant both blush and quake, and instead of

bearing her wert ready to fall down thyself. There she sate vouchsafing my cloak (then most gorgeous) under her ; at yonder rising of the ground she turned herself, looking back toward her wonted abode, and because of her parting, bearing much sorrow in her eyes the lightsomeness whereof had yet so natural a cheerfulness as it made even sorrow seem to smile ; at that turning she spake to us all, opening the cherry of her lips, and, Lord ! how greedily mine ears did feed upon the sweet words she uttered! And here she laid her hand over thine eyes, when she saw the tears springing in them, as if she would conceal them from other and yet herself feel some of thy sorrow. But woe is me ! Yonder, yonder did she put her foot into the boat, at that instant, as it were, dividing her heavenly beauty between the earth and the sea. But when she was embarked did you not mark how the winds whistled and the seas danced for joy ; how the sails did swell with pride, and all because they had Urania ? Oh, Urania, blessed be thou, Urania, the sweetest fairness, and fairest sweetness ! ”

(From *Arcadia.*)

A SHIPWRECKED YOUTH

Strephon bade him stay and look, and so they both perceived a thing which floated, drawing nearer and nearer to the bank, but rather by the favourable working of the sea than by any self-industry. They doubted a while what it should be, till it was cast up even hard before them, at which time they fully saw that it was a man. Whereupon, running for pity sake unto him, they found his hands (as it should appear, constanter friends to his life than his memory) fast gripping upon the edge of a square small coffer which lay all under his breast ; else in himself no show of life, so as the board seemed to be but a bier to carry him a-land to his sepulchre. So drew they up a young man of so goodly shape and well-pleasing favour that one would think death had in him a lovely countenance, and that though he were naked, nakedness was to him an apparel. That sight increased their compassion, and their compassion called up their

care, so that lifting his feet above his head, making a great deal of salt water come out of his mouth, they laid him upon some of their garments, and fell to rub and chafe him, till they brought him to recover both breath, the servant, and warmth, the companion, of living. At length, opening his eyes, he gave a great groan (a doleful note, but a pleasant ditty, for by that they found not only life, but strength of life in him). They therefore continued on their charitable office until, his spirits being well returned, he, without so much as thanking them for their pains, gat up.

(From *The Same.*)

ARGALUS AND PARTHENIA

The messenger made speed, and found Argalus at a castle of his own, sitting in a parlour with the fair Parthenia, he reading in a book the stories of Hercules, she by him, as to hear him read; but while his eyes looked on the book, she looked on his eyes, and sometimes staying him with some pretty question, not so much to be resolved of the doubt as to give him occasion to look upon her. A happy couple, he joying in her, she joying in herself, but in herself because she enjoyed him; both increased their riches by giving to each other, each making one life double because they made a double life one; where desire never wanted satisfaction, nor satisfaction ever bred satiety, he ruling because she would obey or rather, because she would obey she therein ruling.

But when the messenger came in with letters in his hand and haste in his countenance, though she knew not what to fear, yet she feared because she knew not; but she rose and went aside, while he delivered his letters and message, yet afar off she looked, now at the messenger, and then at her husband, the same fear which made her loth to have cause of fear yet making her seek cause to nourish her fear. And well she found there was some serious matter, for her husband's countenance figured some resolution between loathsomeness and necessity; and

once his eye cast upon her, and finding hers upon him, he blushed, and she blushed because he blushed, and yet straight grew pale, because she knew not why he had blushed. But when he had read and heard, and despatched away the messenger, like a man in whom honour could not be rocked asleep by affection, with promise quickly to follow, he came to Parthenia, and, sorry as might be for parting, and yet more sorry for her sorrow, he gave her the letter to read. She with fearful slowness took it, and with fearful quickness read it, and having read it, "Ah, my Argalus," said she, "and have you made such haste to answer? and are you so soon resolved to leave me?" But he discoursing unto her how much it imported his honour, which, since it was dear to him, he knew would be dear unto her, her reason, overclouded with sorrow, suffered her not presently to reply, but left the charge thereof to tears and sighs, which he not able to bear, left her alone, and went to give order for his present departure.

But by that time he was armed and ready to go she had recovered a little strength of spirit again, and coming out, and seeing him armed and wanting nothing for his departure but her farewell, she ran to him, took him by the arm, and kneeling down, without regard who either heard her speech or saw her demeanour, "My Argalus! my Argalus!" said she, "do not thus forsake me. Remember, alas! remember that I have interest in you, which I will never yield shall be thus adventured. Your valour is already sufficiently known, sufficiently have you already done for your country; enow, enow there are beside you to lose less worthy lives. Woe is me! what shall become of me, if you thus abandon me. Then was it time for you to follow these adventures when you adventured nobody but yourself, and were nobody's but your own. But now pardon me that now or never I claim mine own; mine you are, and without me you can undertake no danger, and will you endanger Parthenia? Parthenia shall be in the battle of your fight, Parthenia shall smart in your pain, and your blood must be bled by Parthenia."

"Dear Parthenia," said he, "this is the first time that ever you resisted my will; I thank you for it, but persevere not in it, and let not the tears of those most beloved eyes be a presage unto me of that which you would not should happen. I shall live, doubt not: for so great a blessing as you are was not given unto me so soon to be deprived of it. Look for me, therefore, shortly, and victorious, and prepare a joyful welcome, and I will wish for no other triumph." She answered not, but stood as it were thunderstricken with amazement, for true love made obedience stand up against all other passions. But when he took her in his arms, and sought to print his heart in her sweet lips, she fell in a swound, so as he was fain to leave her to her gentlewomen; and, carried away by the tyranny of honour, though with many a back-cast look and hearty groan, went to the camp.

(From *The Same.*)

DESCRIPTION OF THE COUNTRY OF ARCADIA

In the time that the morning did strew roses and violets in the heavenly floor against the coming of the sun, the nightingales, striving one with the other which could in most dainty variety recount their wrong-caused sorrow, made them put off their sleep; and, rising from under a tree which that night had been their pavilion, they went on their journey, which by-and-by welcomed Musidorus' eyes with delightful prospects. There were hills which garnished their proud heights with stately trees; humble valleys whose base estate seemed comforted with the refreshing of silver rivers; meadows enamelled with all sorts of eye-pleasing flowers; thickets which being lined with most pleasant shade, were witnessed so to by the cheerful disposition of many well-tuned birds; each pasture stored with sheep, feeding with sober security, while the pretty lambs with bleating oratory, craved the dams' comfort. Here, a shepherd's boy piping as though he should never be old; there, a young shepherdess knitting and withal singing; and it seemed that her voice

comforted her hands to work, and her hands kept time to her voice-music. As for the houses of the country—for many houses came under their eye—they were all scattered, no two being one of the other, and yet not so far off as that it barred mutual succour ; a show, as it were, of an accompanable [companionable] solitariness, and of a civil wildness.

(From *The Same.*)

POETRY EXCELS HISTORY AND PHILOSOPHY

The philosopher, therefore, and the historian are they which would win the goal, the one by precept, the other by example ; but both, not having both, do both halt. For the philosopher, setting down with thorny argument the bare rule, is so hard of utterance, and so misty to be conceived, that one that hath no other guide but him shall wade in him until he be old, before he shall find sufficient cause to be honest. For his knowledge standeth so upon the abstract and general, that happy is that man who may understand him, and more happy that can apply what he doth understand. On the other side the historian, wanting the precept, is so tied, not to what should be, but to what is ; to the particular truth of things, and not to the general reason of things ; that his example draweth no necessary consequence, and therefore a less fruitful doctrine.

Now doth the peerless poet perform both ; for whatsoever the philosopher saith should be done he giveth a perfect picture of it, in some one by whom he presupposeth it was done, so as he coupleth the general notion with the particular example. A perfect picture, I say, for he yieldeth to the powers of the mind an image of that whereof the philosopher bestoweth but a wordish description, which doth neither strike, pierce nor possess the sight of the soul, so much as that other doth. For as, in outward things, to a man that had never seen an elephant, or a rhinoceros, who should tell him most exquisitely all their shape, colour, bigness, and particular marks : or of a gorgeous palace, an architect, who, declaring the full beauties, might well

make the hearer able to repeat, as it were, by rote, all he had heard, yet should never satisfy his inward conceit, with being witness to itself of a true living knowledge; but the same man, as soon as he might see those beasts well painted, or that house well in model, should straightway grow, without need of any description, to a judicial comprehending of them; so, no doubt, the philosopher, with his learned definitions, be it of virtue or vices, matters of public policy or private government, replenisheth the memory with many infallible grounds of wisdom, which, notwithstanding, lie dark before the imaginative and judging power, if they be not illuminated or figured forth by the speaking picture of poesy.

. . . . .

I conclude, therefore, that he excelleth history, not only in furnishing the mind with knowledge, but in setting it forward to that which deserveth to be called and accounted good: which setting forward, and moving to well-doing, indeed, setteth the laurel crowns upon the poets as victorious; not only of the historian, but over the philosopher, howsoever, in teaching, it may be questionable. For suppose it be granted (that which I suppose, with great reason, may be denied), that the philosopher, in respect of his methodical proceeding, teach more perfectly than the poet, yet do I think, that no man is so much φιλοφιλόσοφος, as to compare the philosopher in moving with the poet. And that moving is of a higher degree than teaching, it may by this appear, that it is well nigh both the cause and effect of teaching; for who will be taught, if he be not moved with desire to be taught? And what so much good doth that teaching bring forth (I speak still of moral doctrine) as that it moveth one to do that which it doth teach. For, as Aristotle saith, it is not γνῶσις but πρᾶξις must be the fruit: and how πρᾶξις can not be, without being moved to practise, it is no hard matter to consider. The philosopher showeth you the way, he informeth you of the particularities, as well of the tediousness of the way and of the pleasant lodging you shall have when your journey is ended,

as of the many by-turnings that may divert you from your way; but this is to no man but to him that will read him, and read him with attentive, studious painfulness; which constant desire whosoever hath in him, hath already passed half the hardness of the way, and therefore is beholden to the philosopher but for the other half. Nay, truly, learned men have learnedly thought, that where once reason hath so much over-mastered passion, as that the mind hath a free desire to do well, the inward light each mind hath in itself is as good as a philosopher's book: since in nature we know it is well to do well, and what is well and what is evil, although not in the words of art which philosophers bestow upon us; for out of natural conceit the philosophers drew it; but to be moved to do that which we know, or to be moved with desire to know, "*hoc opus, hic labor est.*"

Now, therein, of all sciences (I speak still of human, and according to the human conceit) is our poet the monarch. For he doth not only show the way, but giveth so sweet a prospect into the way, as will entice any man to enter into it; nay, he doth, as if your journey should lie through a fair vineyard, at the very first give you a cluster of grapes, that full of that taste you may long to pass further. He beginneth not with obscure definitions, which must blur the margin with interpretations, and load the memory with doubtfulness, but he cometh to you with words set in delightful proportion, either accompanied with, or prepared for, the well-enchanting skill of music; and with a tale, forsooth, he cometh unto you, with a tale which holdeth children from play, and old men from the chimney-corner; and, pretending no more, doth intend the winning of the mind from wickedness to virtue; even as the child is often brought to take most wholesome things, by hiding them in such other as have a pleasant taste; which, if one should begin to tell them the nature of the aloes or rhubarbarum they should receive, would sooner take their physic at their ears than at their mouth; so it is in men (most of them are childish in the best things till they be cradled in their graves); glad they will be to hear the tales of Hercules, Achilles, Cyrus, Æneas; and hearing them,

must needs hear the right description of wisdom, valour, and justice ; which, if they had been barely (that is to say, philosophically) set out, they would swear they be brought to school again.

(From *A Defence of Poesie.*)

William Webbe

Fl. 16th Century.

SPENSER AS A POET

THIS place I have purposely reserved for one who if not only, yet in my judgment, principally, deserveth the title of the rightest English poet that ever I read : that is the author of the Shepherd's Kalendar, intituled to the worthy gentleman Master Philip Sydney, whether it was Master Sp. or what rare scholar in Pembroke Hall so ever, because himself and his friends, for what respect I know not, would not reveal it, I force not greatly to set down. Sorry I am that I cannot find none other with whom I might couple him in this catalogue in his rare gift of poetry, although one there is, though now long since seriously occupied in graver studies (Master Gabriel Harvey) yet, as he was once his most special friend and fellow-poet, so because he hath taken such pains not only in his Latin poetry (for which he enjoyed great commendations of the best both in judgment and dignity in this realm) but also to reform our English verse, and to beautify the same with brave devices, of which I think the chief lie hid in hateful obscurity ; therefore will I adventure to set them together, as two of the rarest wits and learnedst Masters of Poetry in England. Whose worthy and notable skill in this faculty I would wish if their high dignities and serious businesses would permit they would still grant to be a furtherance to that reformed kind of Poetry which Master Harvey did once begin to ratify. . . . As for the other gentleman, if it would please him or his friends to let those excellent poems whereof I know he hath plenty, come abroad, as his Dreams, his Legends, his Court of Cupid, his English Poet,

with other, he should not only stay the rude pens of myself and others, but also satisfy the thirsty desires of many which desire nothing more than to see more of his rare inventions.

(From *A Discourse of English Poetry.*)

George Puttenham

? 1530–? 1600.

THERE MAY BE AN ART OF ENGLISH POESY AS WELL AS OF THE LATIN AND THE GREEK

THEN as there was no art in the world till by experience found out, so if Poesy be now an art, and of all antiquity hath been among the Greeks and Latins, and yet were none, until by studious persons fashioned and reduced into a method of rules and precepts, then no doubt may these be the like with us. And if the art of Poesy be but a skill appertaining to utterance, why may not the same be with us as well as with them, our language being no less copious, pithy and significative than theirs, our conceits the same, and our wits no less apt to devise and imitate than theirs were? If again, art be but a certain order of rules prescribed by reason, and gathered by experience, why should not Poesy be a vulgar art with us as well as with the Greeks and Latins, our language admitting no fewer rules and nice diversities than theirs? But peradventure more by a peculiar, which our speech hath in many things differing from theirs, and yet in the general points of that art allowed to go in common with them; so as if one point perchance which is their feet whereupon their measures stand, and indeed is all the beauty of their Poesy, and which feet we have not, nor as yet never went about to frame (the nature of our language and words not permitting it) we have instead thereof twenty other curious points in that skill more than they ever had, by reason of our rime and tunable concords or symphony, which they never observed. Poesy therefore may be an art in our vulgar, and that very methodical and commendable.

(From *The Art of English Poesy.*)

Samuel Daniel

1562–1619.

(*See also* p. 406.)

IN DEFENCE OF ENGLISH RHYME

Now upon the great discovery of these new measures, threatening to overthrow the whole state of Rime in this kingdom, I must either stand out to defend or else be forced to forsake myself and give over all. . . . And the rather for that this detractor (whose commendable rimes, albeit now himself an enemy to rime, have given heretofore to the world the best notice of his worth) is a man of fair parts and good reputation, and therefore the reproach forcibly cast from such a hand may throw down more at once than the labours of many shall in long time build up again, specially upon the slippery foundation of opinion and the world's inconstancy. . . . And he who is thus become our unkind adversary must pardon us if we be as jealous of our fame and reputation as he is desirous of credit of his new-old art and must consider that we cannot, in a thing that concerns us so near, but have a feeling of the wrong done, wherein every rimer in this universal Island as well as myself, stands interested. . . .

For as Greek and Latin verse consists of the number and quantity of syllables, so doth the English verse of measure and accent. And though it doth not strictly observe long and short syllables yet it most religiously respects the accent; and as the short and the long make number, so the acute and grave accent yield harmony. And harmony is likewise number, so that the English verse then hath number, measure and harmony in the best proportion of music; which being more certain and more resounding, works that effect of motion with as happy success as either the Greek or Latin. And so natural a melody is it, and so universal as it seems to be generally born with all the nations of the world as an hereditary eloquence proper to all mankind. . . . "Ill customs are to be left," I grant it; but I see not

how that can be taken for an ill custom which nature hath thus ratified, all nations received, time so long confirmed, the effects such as it performs those offices of motion for which it is employed; delighting the ear, stirring the heart and satisfying the judgment in such sort as I doubt whether ever single numbers will do in our climate, if they show no more work of wonder than yet we see. . . . Nor will the general sort for whom we write (the wise being above books) taste these laboured measures but as an orderly prose when we have all done. For this kind acquaintance and continual familiarity ever had betwixt our ear and this cadence is grown to so intimate a friendship as it will now hardly ever be brought to miss it. For be the verse never so good, never so full, it seems not to satisfy nor breed that delight as when it is met and combined with a like sounding accent; which seems as the jointure without which it hangs loose, and cannot subsist, but runs wildly on, like a tedious fancy without a close. Suffer the world then to enjoy that which it knows and what it likes, seeing that whatsoever form of words doth move, delight and sway the affections of men, in what Scythian sort soever it be disposed or uttered, that is true number, measure, eloquence, and the perfection of speech; which I said hath as many shapes as there be tongues or nations in the world, nor can with all the tyrannical rules of idle rhetoric be governed otherwise than custom and present observation will allow.

(From *A Defence of Rime*.)

Thomas Campion

D. 1619.

AN ARGUMENT AGAINST RHYME IN VERSE

LEARNING first flourished in Greece, from thence it was derived unto the Romans, both diligent observers of the number and quantity of syllables, not in their verses only but likewise in their prose. . . . In these lack-learning times, and in barbarized

Italy, began that vulgar and easy kind of Poesy which is now in use throughout most parts of Christendom, which we abusively call *rime* and *metre*, of *rithmus* and *metrum*, of which I will now discourse.

I am not ignorant that whosoever shall by way of reprehension, examine the imperfection of rime must encounter with many glorious enemies, and those very expert and ready at their weapon, that can if need be, extempore (as they say) rime a man to death. Besides there is grown a kind of prescription in the use of rime to forestall the right of true numbers, as also the consent of many nations, against all which it may seem a thing almost impossible and vain to contend. All this and more cannot yet deter me from a lawful defence of perfection or make me any whit the sooner adhere to that which is lame and unbeseeming. For custom, I allege that ill uses are to be abolished, and that things naturally imperfect cannot be perfected by use. Old customs, if they be better, why should they not be recalled as the yet flourishing custom of numerous poesy used among the Romans and Grecians; but the unaptness of our tongues, and the difficulty of imitation disheartens us. Again the facility and popularity of rime creates as many poets as a hot summer flies.

(From *Observations of the Art of English Poesy.*)

Thomas Lodge

1558–1625.

ROSALIND AND ALINDA LEAVE THE COURT OF TORISMOND

. . . When Torismond heard his daughter so resolute, his heart was so hardened against her, that he sent down a definitive and peremptory sentence, that they should both be banished, which presently was done. The tyrant rather choosing to hazard the loss of his only child than anyways to put in question the state of his kingdom; so suspicious and fearful is the conscience

of an usurper. Well, although his lords persuaded him to retain his own daughter, yet his resolution might not be reversed, but both of them must away from the Court without either more company or delay. In he went with great melancholy, and left these two ladies alone. Rosalind waxed very sad, and sat down and wept. Alinda she smiled, and sitting by her friend began thus to comfort her :—

ALINDA'S COMFORT TO PERPLEXED ROSALIND

Why, how now, Rosalind, dismayed with a frown of contrary fortune ? Have I not oft heard thee say that high minds were discovered in fortune's contempt, and heroical seen in the depth of extremities ? Thou wert wont to tell others that complained of distress, that the sweetest salve for misery was patience, and the only medicine for want, that precious implaister of content : being such a good physician to others, wilt thou not minister receipts to thyself ? But perchance thou wilt say,

"Consulenti nunquam caput doluit."

Why then, if the patients that are sick of this disease can find in themselves neither reason to persuade, or art to cure, yet, Rosalind, admit of the counsel of a friend, and apply the salves that may appease thy passions. If thou grievest that being the daughter of a prince, and envy thwarteth thee with such hard exigents, think that royalty is a fair mark, that crowns have crosses when mirth is in cottages ; that the fairer the rose is, the sooner it is bitten with caterpillars ; the more orient the pearl is, the more apt to take a blemish ; and the greatest birth, as it hath most honour, so it hath much envy. If then fortune aimeth at the fairest, be patient, Rosalind, for first by thine exile thou goest to thy father ; nature is higher prized than wealth, and the love of one's parents ought to be more precious than all dignities. Why then doth my Rosalind grieve at the frown of Torismond, who by offering her a prejudice proffers her a greater pleasure ? And more, mad lass, to be

melancholy, when thou hast with thee Alinda, a friend, who will be a faithful co-partner of all thy misfortunes, who hath left her father to follow thee, and chooseth rather to brook all extremities than to forsake thy presence. What, Rosalind,

"Solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris."

Cheerly, woman; as we have been bed-fellows in royalty, we will be fellow-mates in poverty. I will for ever be thy Alinda, and thou shalt ever rest to me Rosalind: so shall the world canonise our friendship, and speak of Rosalind and Alinda, as they did of Pylades and Orestes. And if ever fortune smile and we return to our former honour, then folding ourselves in the sweet of our friendship, we shall merrily say (calling to mind our forepast miseries)—

"Olim haec meminisse juvabit."

At this Rosalind began to comfort her, and after she had wept a few kind tears in the bosom of her Alinda, she gave her hearty thanks, and then they sat them down to consult how they should travel. Alinda grieved at nothing but that they might have no man in their company: saying, it would be their greatest prejudice in that two women went wandering without either guide or attendant. "Tush," quoth Rosalind, "art thou a woman, and hast not a sudden shift to prevent a misfortune? I, thou seest, am of a tall stature, and would very well become the person and apparel of a page; thou shalt be my mistress, and I will play the man so properly, that, trust me, in what company soever I come I will not be discovered. I will buy me a suit, and have my rapier very handsomely at my side, and if any knave offer wrong, your page will show him the point of his weapon." At this Alinda smiled, and upon this they agreed, and presently gathered up all their jewels, which they trussed up in a casket, and Rosalind in all haste provided her of robes; Alinda being called Aliena and Rosalind Ganymede. They travelled along the vineyards, and by many by-ways; at last got to the forest side, where they travelled by the space of two or three days without seeing any creature, being often

in danger of wild beasts, and pained with many passionate sorrows. Now the black ox began to tread on their feet, and Alinda thought of her wonted royalty; but when she cast her eyes on her Rosalind, she thought every danger a step to honour. Passing thus on along, about mid-day they came to a fountain, compassed with a grove of cypress trees, so cunningly and curiously planted, as if some goddess had entreated Nature in that place to make her an arbour. By this fountain sat Aliena and her Ganymede, and forth they pulled such victuals as they had, and as merrily as if they had been in Paris with all the King's delicacies; Aliena only grieving that they could not so much as meet with a shepherd to discourse them the way to some place where they might make their abode.

(From *Rosalynde.*)

Robert Greene.

? 1560–1592.

FAWNIA, BEING SHIPWRECKED, IS FOUND BY A SHEPHERD

At last the tempest ceased and the little boat was driven with the tide into the coast of Sicilia, where, sticking upon the sands, it rested. Fortune minding to be wanton, willing to show that as she hath wrinkles on her brows, so she hath dimples in her cheeks; thought, after so many sour looks, to lend a feigned smile, and after a puffing storm to bring a pretty calm: she began thus to dally. It fortuned a poor mercenary shepherd that dwelled in Sicilia, who got his living by other men's flocks, missed one of his sheep, and thinking it had strayed into the covert that was hard by, sought very diligently to find that which he could not see, fearing either that the wolves or eagles had undone him (for he was so poor, as a sheep was half his substance), wandered down toward the sea cliffs, to see if perchance the sheep was browsing on the sea-ivy whereon they greatly do feed, but not finding her there, as he was ready to

return to his flock, he heard a child cry, but knowing there was no house near, he thought he had mistaken the sound, and that it was the bleating of his sheep. Wherefore looking more narrowly, as he cast his eye to the sea, he spied a little boat, from whence, as he attentively listened, he might hear the cry to come; standing a good while in a maze, at last he went to the shore, and wading to the boat, as he looked in, he saw the little babe lying all alone, ready to die for hunger and cold, wrapped in a mantle of scarlet richly embroidered in gold, and having a chain about the neck. . . . After that they had set all things in order, the shepherd went to his sheep with a merry note, and the good wife learned to sing lullaby, at home with her young babe, wrapping it in a homely blanket instead of a rich mantle; nourishing it so cleanly and carefully as it began to be a jolly girl, in so much that they began both of them to be very fond of it, seeing, as it waxed in age, so it increased in beauty. The shepherd every night at his coming home would sing and dance it on his knee, and prattle, that in a short time it began to speak and call him Dad, and her Mam; at last, when it grew to ripe years, that it was about seven years old, the shepherd left keeping of other men's sheep, and with the money he found in the purse he bought him the lease of a pretty farm, and got a small flock of sheep, which when Fawnia (for so they named the child) came to the age of ten years, he set her to keep, and she with such diligence performed her charge as the sheep prospered marvellously under her hand. Fawnia thought Porrus had been her father, and Mopsa her mother (for so was the shepherd and his wife called), honoured and obeyed them with such reverence that all the neighbours praised the dutiful obedience of the child. Porrus grew in a short time to be a man of some wealth and credit; for fortune so favoured him in having no charge but Fawnia, that he began to purchase land, intending after his death to give it to his daughter, so that divers rich farmers' sons came as wooers to his house; for Fawnia was something cleanly attired, being of such singular beauty and excellent wit, that whoso saw her would have thought

she had been some heavenly nymph, and not a mortal creature; in so much that when she came to the age of sixteen years, she so increased with excellent perfection both of body and mind, as her natural disposition did bewray that she was born of some high parentage; but the people thinking she was daughter to the shepherd Porrus, rested only amazed at her beauty and wit; yea, she won such favour and commendations in every man's eye, as her beauty was not only praised in the country, but also spoken of in the Court; yet such was her submissive modesty, that although her praise daily increased, her mind was no whit puffed up with pride, but humbled herself as became a country maid and the daughter of a poor shepherd. Every day she went forth with her sheep to the field, keeping them with such care and diligence, as all men thought she was very painful, defending her face from the heat of the sun with no other veil, but with a garland made of boughs and flowers; which attire became her so gallantly, as she seemed to be the Goddess Flora herself for beauty.

(From *Pandosto or the Triumph of Time.*)

Thomas Nash

1567–1601.

THE PREACHER AND THE POET

WITH the enemies of Poetry I care not if I have a bout, and those are they that term our best writers but babbling ballat-makers, holding them fantastical fools that have wit, but cannot tell how to use it. I myself have been so censured among some dull-headed divines, who deem it no more cunning to write an exquisite poem than to preach pure Calvin or distil the juice of a commentary in a quarter sermon. Prove it when you will, you slow-spirited Saturnists, that have nothing but the pilfries of your pen to polish an exhortation withal: no eloquence but tautologies to tie the ears of your auditory unto you: no inven-

vention but here is to be noted "I stole this note out of Beza or Marlorat": no wit to move, no passion to urge, but only an ordinary form of preaching, blown up by use of often hearing and speaking; and you shall find there goes more exquisite pains and purity of wit to the writing of one such rare poem as *Rosamund*, than to a hundred of your dunstical sermons.

(From *Pierce Penilesse.*)

THE FRUITS OF POETRY

To them that demand, what fruits the poets of our time bring forth, or wherein they are able to prove themselves necessary to the state? Thus I answer: First and foremost, they have cleaned our language from barbarism, and made the vulgar sort, here in London (which is the fountain whose rivers flow round about England), to aspire to a richer purity of speech than is communicated with the commonalty of any nation under heaven. The virtuous by their praises they encourage to be more virtuous, to vicious men they are as infernal hags, to haunt their ghosts with eternal infamy after death. The soldier in hope to have his high deeds celebrated by their pens, despiseth a whole army of perils, and acteth wonders exceeding all human conjecture. Those that care neither for God nor the Devil by their quills are kept in awe. *Multi famam* (saith one) *pauci conscientiam verentur.* . . . Gentles, it is not your lay chronographers that write of nothing but of mayors and sheriffs and the dear year, and the great frost, that can endow your names with never-dated glory, for they want the wings of choice words to fly to heaven, which we have: they cannot sweeten a discourse, or wrest admonition from men reading, as we can: reporting the meanest accident. Poetry is the honey of all flowers, the quintessence of all sciences, the marrow of wit, and the very phrase of angels.

(From *The Same.*)

Richard Hooker

? 1554–1600.

WHEN THE VOICE OF MAN IS THE VOICE OF GOD

SIGNS and tokens to know good by are of sundry kinds; some more certain and some less. The most certain token of evident goodness is, if the general persuasion of all men do so account it. And therefore a common received error is never utterly overthrown till such time as we go from signs unto causes, and show some manifest root or fountain thereof common unto all, whereby it may clearly appear how it hath come to pass that so many have been overseen. In which case surmises and slight probabilities will not serve, because the universal consent of men is the perfectest and strongest in this kind, which comprehendeth only the signs and tokens of goodness. Things casual do vary, and that which a man doth but chance to think well of cannot still have the like hap. Wherefore although we know not the cause, yet thus much we may know; that some necessary cause there is, whensoever the judgments of all men generally or for the most part run one and the same way, especially in matters of national discourse. For of things necessarily and naturally done there is no more affirmed but this: "They keep either always or for the most part one tenure." The general and perpetual voice of men is as the sentence of God Himself. For that which all men have at all times learned, Nature herself must needs have taught; and God being the Author of Nature, her voice is but His instrument. By her from Him we receive whatsoever in such sort we learn. Infinite duties there are, the goodness whereof is by this rule sufficiently manifested, although we had no other warrant besides to approve them. The Apostle St. Paul having speech concerning the heathen saith of them, "They are a law unto themselves." His meaning is, that by force of the light of Reason, wherewith God illuminateth every one which cometh into the world, men being enabled to know truth from falsehood, and good from evil, do thereby learn in

many things what the will of God is; which will Himself not revealing by any extraordinary means unto them, but they by natural discourse attaining the knowledge thereof, seem the makers of those laws which indeed are His, and they but only the finders of them out.

(From *Ecclesiastical Polity.*)

THE POWER OF RELIGION TO GIVE HAPPINESS

Wherefore the sum of every Christian man's duty is to labour by all means towards that which other men seeing in us may justify, and what we ourselves must accuse, if we fall into it, that by all means we can to avoid, considering especially that as hitherto upon the Church there never yet fell tempestuous storm the vapours whereof were not first noted to rise from coldness in affection and from backwardness in duties of service towards God, so if that which the tears of antiquity have uttered concerning this point should be here set down, it were assuredly enough to soften and to mollify an heart of steel. On the contrary part, although we confess with St. Augustine most willingly, that the chiefest happiness for which we have some Christian kings in so great admiration above the rest is not because of their long reign, their calm and quiet departure out of this present life, the settled establishment of their own flesh and blood succeeding them in royalty and power, the glorious overthrow of foreign enemies, or the wise prevention of inward dangers and of secret attempts at home; all which solaces and comforts of this our unquiet life it pleaseth God oftentimes to bestow on them which have no society or part in the joys of heaven, giving thereby to understand that these in comparison are toys and trifles far under the value and price of that which is to be looked for at His hands; but in truth the reason wherefore we mostly extol their felicity is if so be they have virtuously reigned, if honour have not filled their hearts with pride, if the exercise of their power have been service and attendance upon the majesty of the Most High, if they have feared Him as their own inferiors

and subjects have feared them, if they have loved neither pomp nor pleasure more than heaven, if revenge have slowly proceeded from them and mercy willingly offered itself, if so they have tempered rigour with lenity that neither extreme severity might utterly cut them off in whom there was manifest hope of amendment, nor yet the easiness of pardoning offences embolden offenders, if knowing that whatsoever they do their potency may bear it out, they have been so much the more careful not to do anything but that which is commendable in the best rather than usual with greatest personages, if the true knowledge of themselves have humbled them in God's sight no less than God in the eyes of men hath raised them up ; I say albeit we reckon such to be the happiest of them that are mightiest in the world, and albeit those things alone are happiness, nevertheless considering what force there is even in outward blessings to comfort the minds of the best disposed, and to give them the greater joy when religion and peace, heavenly and earthly happiness, are wreathed in one crown, as to the worthiest of Christian princes it hath by the providence of the Almighty hitherto befallen : let it not seem to any man a needless and superfluous waste of labour that there hath been thus much spoken to declare how in them especially it hath been so observed, and withal universally noted even from the highest to the very meanest, how this peculiar benefit, this singular grace and preeminence religion hath, that either it guardeth as an heavenly shield from all calamities, or else conducteth us safe through them, and permitteth them not to be miseries ; it either giveth honours, promotions, and wealth, or else more benefit by wanting them than if we had them at will ; it either filleth our houses with plenty of all good things, or maketh a sallet of green herbs more sweet than all the sacrifices of the ungodly.

(From *The Same.*)

Richard Hakluyt

? 1552–1616.

A VOYAGE

[A VOYAGE with three tall ships, the *Penelope* Admiral, the *Merchant Royal* Vice-Admiral, and the *Edward Bonaventure* Rear-admiral to the East Indies, by the Cape of Buona Speransa to Quitangone near Mosambique, to the Isles of Comoro and Zanzibar on the backside of Africa, and beyond Cape Comori in India to the Isles of Nicubar and of Gomes Polo within two leagues of Sumatra to the Islands of Pulo Pinaom, and thence to the main land of Malacca; begun by Mr. George Raymond in the year 1591, and performed by Mr. James Lancaster, and written from the mouth of Edmund Barker of Ipswich, his lieutenant in the said voyage, by Mr. Richard Hakluyt.]

Our fleet of the three tall ships above named departed from Plymouth the 10 of April, 1591, and arrived at the Canary Islands the 25 of the same, from whence we departed the 29 of April. The second of May we were in the height of Cape Blanco. The fifth we passed the tropic of Cancer. The eighth we were in the height of Cape Verde. All this time we went with a fair wind at North-east, always before the wind until the 13 of the same month, when we came within 8 degrees of the Equinoctial line, where we met with a contrary wind. Here we lay off and on in the sea until the sixth of June, on which day we passed the said line. While we lay thus off and on, we took a Portugal Caravel laden by merchants of Lisbon for Brazil, in which caravel we had some 60 tuns of wine, 1,200 jars of oil, about 100 jars of olives, certain barrels of capers, three vats of peasen, with divers other necessities fit for our voyage: which wine, oil, olives, and capers were better to us than gold. We had two men died before we passed the line, and divers sick which took their sickness in those hot climates, for they be wonderful unwholesome from 8 degrees of Northerly latitude unto the line at that time of year,

for we had nothing but tornadoes, with such thunder, lightning, and rain that we could not keep our men dry three hours together. . . . On the 28th of July we had sight of the Cape of Buona Esperansa . . . but our men being weak and sick in all our ships we thought good to seek some place to refresh them. With which consent we bare up with the land to the Northward of the Cape, and going along the shore we espied a goodly bay with an island lying to seawards of it, into which we did bear, and found it very commodious for our ships to ride in. This bay is called Agoada de Saldanha, lying 15 leagues northward in the hither side of the Cape. The first of August being Sunday we came to an anchor in the bay, sending our men on land, and there came unto them certain black savages, very brutish, which would not stay, but retired from them. For the space of 15 or 20 days we could find no relief but only fowls, which we killed with our pieces, which were cranes and geese, there were no fish but mussels and other shell fish, which we gathered on the rocks. . . . After we had been here some time we got here a negro, whom we compelled to march into the country with us, making signs to bring us some cattle, but at this time we could come to the sight of none, so we let the negro go with some trifles. Within 8 days after he, with 30 or 40 other negroes, brought down some 40 bullocks and oxen with as many sheep. . . . We bought an ox for two knives, a stirk for a knife, and a sheep for a knife, and some we bought for less value than a knife. . . .

(*One of the ships, the Merchant Royal, was sent back to England after this.*) Our Admiral, Mr. Captain Raimond in the *Penelope*, and Mr. James Lancaster in the *Edward Bonadventure*, set forward to double the Cape of Buona Esperansa, which they did very speedily. But being passed as far as Cape dos Corrientes, the 24th of September, we were encountered with a mighty storm and extreme gusts of wind, where we lost our General's company, and could never hear of him nor his ship any more, though we did our best endeavour to seek him up and down a long while, and stayed for him certain days at the Island of Comoro, where

we appointed to stay one for another. Four days after this uncomfortable separation, in the morning towards ten of the clock, we had a terrible clap of thunder which slew four of our men outright . . . and of 94 men there was not one untouched, whereof some were stricken blind . . . but (God be thanked) they all recovered saving only the four which were slain outright. Also with the same thunder our main mast was torn very grievously from the head to the deck, and some of the spikes that were ten inches into the timber were melted with the extreme heat thereof. From thence we shaped our course to the North East, and not long after we fell upon the North West end of the mighty Island of St. Laurence, which one of our men espied of God's good blessing late in the evening by moonlight, who seeing afar off the breaking of the sea, and calling to certain of his fellows, asked them what it was ; which eftsoons told him that it was the breaking of the sea upon the shoulds. Whereupon in very good time we cast about to avoid the danger which we were like to have incurred. Thus passing on forwards it was our luck to over-shoot Mozambique and to fall with a place called Quitangone, two leagues to the Northward of it, and we took three or four barks of Moors, which barks in their language they call Pangaias, laden with Millio, hens and ducks, with one Portugal boy, going for the provision of Mozambique. Within a few days following we came to an island an hundred leagues to the Northeast of Mozambique called Comoro, which we found exceedingly full of people, which are Moors of tawny colour and good stature, but they be very treacherous and diligently to be taken heed of. Here we desired to store ourselves with water, whereof we stood in great need, and sent sixteen of our men well armed on shore in our boat, whom the people suffered, quietly to land and water, and divers of them with their King came aboard our ship in a gown of crimson satin pinked after the Moorish fashion down to the knee, whom we entertained in the best manner, and had some conference with him of the state of the place and merchandises, using our Portugal boy which we had taken before for our interpreter, and in the end licensed

the king and his company to depart and sent our men again for more water, who then also dispatched their business and returned quietly; the third time likewise we sent them for more which also returned without any harm. And though we thought ourselves furnished yet our master William Mace of Radcliffe pretending that it might be long before we should find any good watering place, would needs go himself on shore with thirty men much against the will of our captain, and he and 16 of his company, together with one boat which was all that we had, and sixteen others that were a-washing over against our ship, were betrayed of the perfidious Moors, and in our sight for the most part slain, we not being able for want of a boat to yield them any succour. From thence with heavy hearts we shaped our course for Zanzibar the 7th of November . . . .

(*After many other adventures this voyage ended at Rye, on Friday, May* 24, 1594.)

(From *Hakluyt's "Voyages."*)

BOOK IV

FROM BACON TO MILTON

Authorised Version of the Bible

1611.

ON CHARITY

THOUGH I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have
not charity, I am become *as* sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.
2 And though I have *the gift of* prophecy, and understand all
mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so
that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am
nothing.
3 And though I bestow all my goods to feed *the poor*, and
though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity,
it profiteth me nothing.
4 Charity suffereth long, *and* is kind; charity envieth not;
charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up,
5 Doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is
not easily provoked, thinketh no evil;
6 Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth;
7 Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things,
endureth all things.
8 Charity never faileth: but whether *there be* prophecies,
they shall fail; whether *there be* tongues, they shall cease;
whether *there be* knowledge, it shall vanish away.
9 For we know in part, and we prophesy in part.
10 But when that which is perfect is come, then that which
is in part shall be done away.
11 When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a
child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man, I put away
childish things.
12 For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to
face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also
I am known.

13 And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these *is* charity.

(From *St. Paul's First Epistle to the Corinthians, chap. xiii.*)

Sir Francis Bacon

1561–1626.

UPON KNOWLEDGE

It is an assured truth which is contained in the verses—

Scilicet ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes
Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros.

It taketh away the wildness and barbarism and fierceness of men's minds: but indeed the accent had need be upon *fideliter* (it must be a *true* proficiency): for a little superficial learning doth rather work a contrary effect. It taketh away all levity, temerity and insolency, by copious suggestion of all doubts and difficulties, and acquainting the mind to balance reasons on both sides, and to turn back the first offers and conceits of the mind, and to accept of nothing but examined and tried. It taketh away vain admiration of anything, which is the root of all weakness. For all things are admired, either because they are new, or because they are great.

. . . . .

The dignity and excellency of knowledge and learning (is) that whereunto man's nature doth most aspire; which is immortality or continuance; for to this tendeth generation, and raising of houses and families; to this buildings, foundations and monuments; to this tendeth the desire of memory, fame and celebration; and in effect, the strength of all other human desires. We see then how far the monuments of wit and learning are more durable than the monuments of power or of the hands. For have not the verses of Homer continued twenty-five hundred years or more, without the loss of a syllable or letter; during which time infinite palaces, temples, castles, cities have been decayed and demolished? It is not possible to have the true pictures or statuæ of Cyrus, Alexander, Cæsar, no, nor of the

kings or great personages of much later years; for the originals cannot last, and the copies cannot but leese of the life and truth. But the images of men's wits and knowledges remain in books, exempted from the wrong of time and capable of perpetual renovation. Neither are they fitly to be called images, because they generate still, and cast their seeds in the minds of others, provoking and causing infinite actions and opinions in succeeding ages. So that if the invention of the ship was thought so noble, which carrieth riches and commodities from place to place, and consociateth the most remote regions in participation of their fruits, how much more are letters to be magnified, which as ships pass through the vast seas of time, and make ages so distant to participate of the wisdom, illuminations and inventions, the one of the other? Nay, further, we see some of the philosophers which were least divine and most immersed in the senses and denied generally the immortality of the soul, yet came to this point, that whatsoever motions the spirit of man could act and perform without the organs of the body they thought might remain after death: which were only those of the understanding and not of the affection; so immortal and incorruptible a thing did knowledge seem unto them to be.

(From *The Advancement of Learning.*)

OF REVENGE

Revenge is a kind of wild justice; which the more man's nature runs to, the more ought law to weed it out. For as for the first wrong, it doth but offend the law; but the revenge of that wrong putteth the law out of office. Certainly, in taking revenge, a man is but even with his enemy; but in passing it over, he is superior; for it is a prince's part to pardon. And Solomon, I am sure, saith, It is the glory of a man to pass by an offence. That which is past is gone, and irrevocable; and wise men have enough to do with things present and to come; therefore they do but trifle with themselves, that labour in past matters. There is no man doth a wrong for the wrong's sake;

but thereby to purchase himself profit, or pleasure, or honour, or the like. Therefore why should I be angry with a man for loving himself better than me? And if any man should do wrong, merely out of ill-nature, why, yet it is but like the thorn or briar, which prick and scratch, because they can do no other. The most tolerable sort of revenge is for those wrongs which there is no law to remedy; but then let a man take heed the revenge be such as there is no law to punish; else a man's enemy is still before hand, and it is two for one. Some, when they take revenge, are desirous the party should know whence it cometh. This the more generous. For the delight seemeth to be not so much in doing the hurt as in making the party repent. But base and crafty cowards are like the arrow that flieth in the dark. Cosmus, Duke of Florence, had a desperate saying against perfidious or neglecting friends, as if those wrongs were unpardonable; you shall read (saith he) that we are commanded to forgive our enemies; but you never read that we are commanded to forgive our friends. But yet the spirit of Job was in a better tune: Shall we (saith he) take good at God's hands, and not be content to take evil also? And so of friends in a proportion. This is certain, that a man that studieth revenge keeps his own wounds green, which otherwise would heal and do well. Public revenges are for the most part fortunate as that for the death of Cæsar; for the death of Pertinax; for the death of Henry the Third of France; and many more. But in private revenges it is not so. Nay, rather, vindictive persons live the life of witches; who, as they are mischievous, so end they unfortunate.

(From the *Essays*.)

OF GARDENS

God Almighty first planted a garden. And indeed it is the purest of human pleasures. It is the greatest refreshment to the spirits of man; without which buildings and palaces are but gross handy works: and a man shall ever see that when ages grow to civility and elegancy, men come to build stately sooner

than to garden finely; as if gardening were the greater perfection. I do hold it, in the royal ordering of gardens, there ought to be gardens for all the months in the year; in which severally things of beauty may be then in season.

. . . . .

And because the breath of flowers is far sweeter in the air (where it comes and goes like the warbling of music) than in the hand, therefore nothing is more fit for that delight, than to know what be the flowers and plants that do best perfume the air. Roses, damask and red, are fast flowers of their smells; so that you may walk by a whole row of them, and find nothing of their sweetness; yea, though it be in a morning's dew. Bays likewise yield no smell as they grow. Rosemary little; nor sweet marjoram. That which above all others yields the sweetest smell in the air, is the violet, specially the white double violet, which comes twice a year; about the middle of April, and about Bartholomew-tide. Next to that is the musk-rose. Then the strawberry leaves dying, with a most excellent cordial smell. Then the flower of the vines; it is a little dust, like the dust of a bent, which grows upon the cluster in the first coming forth. Then sweet-briar. Then wallflowers, which are very delightful to be set under a parlour or lower chamber-window. Then pinks and gilliflowers, specially the matted pink and clove gilliflower. Then the flowers of the lime-tree. Then the honeysuckles, so they be somewhat afar off. Of bean-flowers I speak not, because they are field flowers. But those which perfume the air most delightfully, not passed by as the rest, but being trodden upon and crushed, are three; that is, burnet, wild-thyme and watermints. Therefore you are to set whole alleys of them, to have the pleasure when you walk or tread.

(From *The Same.*)

HENRY VII. AND TAXATION

But howsoever the laws made in that Parliament did bear good and wholesome fruit; yet the subsidy granted at the same time

bore a fruit that proved harsh and bitter. All was inned at last into the King's barn; but it was after a storm. For when the commissioners entered into the taxation of the subsidy in Yorkshire and the bishoprick of Durham, the people upon a sudden grew into great mutiny, and said openly that they had endured of late years a thousand miseries, and neither could nor would pay the subsidy. This no doubt proceeded not simply of any present necessity, but much by reason of the old humour of those countries, where the memory of King Richard was so strong that it lay like lees in the bottom of men's hearts, and if the vessel was but stirred it would come up; and no doubt it was partly also by the instigation of some factious malcontents that bare principal stroke amongst them. Hereupon the commissioners, being somewhat astonished, deferred the matter unto the Earl of Northumberland, who was the principal man of authority in those parts. The Earl forthwith wrote unto the court, signifying to the King plainly enough in what flame he found the people of those countries, and praying the King's direction. The King wrote back peremptorily that he would not have one penny abated of that which had been granted to him by Parliament; both because it might encourage other countries to pray the like release or mitigation; and chiefly because he would never endure that the base multitude should frustrate the authority of the Parliament, wherein their votes and consents were concluded. Upon this dispatch from court, the Earl assembled the principal justices and freeholders of the country; and speaking to them in the imperious language wherein the King had written to him, which needed not (save that an harsh business was unfortunately fallen into the hands of a harsh man), did not only irritate the people, but make them conceive by the stoutness and haughtiness of delivery of the King's errand, that himself was the author or principal persuader of that counsel: whereupon the meaner sort routed together, and suddenly assailing the earl in his house, slew him and divers of his servants; and rested not there, but creating for their leader, Sir John Egremond, a factious person, and one that had

of a long time borne an ill talent towards the King, and being animated also by a base fellow, called John a Chamber, a very boutefeu, who bore much sway amongst the vulgar and populace, entered into open rebellion, and gave out in flat terms that they would go against King Henry and fight with him for the maintenance of their liberties.

. . . . .

(From *The History of Henry VII.*)

TWO KINGS AND THE EARL OF SUFFOLK

After a day or two's refreshing, the Kings entered into speech of renewing the treaty; the King saying that though King Philip's person were the same, yet his fortunes and state were raised; in which case a renovation of treaty was used amongst Princes. But while these things were in handling, the King choosing a fit time, and drawing the King of Castile into a room where they two only were private, and laying his hand civilly upon his arm and changing his countenance a little from a countenance of entertainment, said to him, Sir, you have been saved upon my coast, I hope you will not suffer me to wreck upon yours. The King of Castile asked him what he meant by that speech? I mean it (saith the King) by that same harebrain wild fellow, my subject the Earl of Suffolk, who is protected in your country, and begins to play the fool, when all others are weary of it. The King of Castile answered, I had thought, Sir, your felicity had been above those thoughts. But if it trouble you, I will banish him. The King replied, those hornets were best in their nest, and worst then when they did fly abroad; and that his desire was to have him delivered to him. The King of Castile herewith a little confused, and in a study, said, That can I not do with my honour, and less with yours; for you will be thought to have used me as a prisoner. The King presently said, Then the matter is at an end. For I will take that dishonour upon me, and so your honour is saved. The King of Castile, who had the King in great estimation, and besides

remembered where he was, and knew not what use he might have of the King's amity; for that himself was new in his state of Spain, and unsettled both with his father-in-law and with his people; composing his countenance, said, Sir, you give law to me; but so will I to you. You shall have him, but upon your honour you shall not take his life. The King embracing him said, Agreed. Saith the King of Castile, Neither shall it dislike you, if I send to him in such a fashion as he may partly come with his own good will. The King said it was well thought of; and if it pleased him he would join with him in sending to the Earl a message to that purpose.

(From *The Same.*)

THE THREE MAGI

Yet take him (Henry VII.) with all his defects, if a man should compare him with the Kings his concurrents in France and Spain, he shall find him more politic than Lewis the Twelfth of France, and more entire and sincere than Ferdinando of Spain. But if you shall change Lewis the Twelfth for Lewis the Eleventh, who lived a little before, then the consort is more perfect. For that Lewis the Eleventh, Ferdinando and Henry may be esteemed for the *tres magi* of Kings of those ages.

(From *The Same.*)

THE ADVENTURERS COME TO THE ISLAND OF ATLANTIS

We bent our course thither, where we saw the appearance of land, all that night; and in the dawning of the next day, we might plainly discern that it was a land; flat to our sight, and full of boscage, which made it show the more dark. And after an hour and a half's sailing, we entered into a good haven, being the port of a fair city; not great indeed but well built, and that gave a pleasant view from the sea; and we thinking every minute long till we were on land, came close to the shore, and offered to land. But straightways we saw divers of the people

with bastons in their hands, as it were forbidding us to land; yet without any cries or fierceness, but only as warning us off by signs that they made. Whereupon being not a little discomforted, we were advising with ourselves what we should do.

During which time there made forth to us a small boat, with about eight persons in it; whereof one of them had in his hand a tipstaff of a yellow cane, tipped at both ends with blue, who came aboard our ship, without any show of distrust at all. And when he saw one of our number present himself somewhat afore the rest, he drew forth a little scroll of parchment (somewhat yellower than our parchment, and shining like the leaves of writing tables, but otherwise soft and flexible), and delivered it to our foremost man. In which scroll were written in ancient Hebrew, and in ancient Greek, and in good Latin of the School, and in Spanish, these words: "Land ye not, none of you; and provide to be gone from this coast within sixteen days, except you have further time given you. Meanwhile, if you want fresh water, or victual, or help for your sick, or that your ship needeth repair, write down your wants, and you shall have that which belongeth to mercy." This scroll was signed with a stamp of cherubin's wings, not spread but hanging downwards, and by them a cross. This being delivered, the officer returned, and left only a servant with us to receive our answer. Consulting hereupon amongst ourselves, we were much perplexed. The denial of landing and hasty warning us away troubled us much; on the other side, to find that the people had languages and were so full of humanity, did comfort us not a little. And above all, the sign of the cross to that instrument was to us a great rejoicing, and as it were a certain presage of good. Our answer was in the Spanish tongue: "That for our ship, it was well; for we had rather met with calms and contrary winds than any tempests. For our sick, they were many, and in very ill case; so that if they were not permitted to land, they ran danger of their lives." Our other wants we set down in particular, adding: "that we had some little store of merchandise, which if it pleased them to deal for, it might supply our wants without being chargeable

unto them." We offered some reward in pistolets unto the servant, and a piece of crimson velvet to be presented to the officer; but the servant took them not, nor would scarce look upon them; and so left us, and went back in another little boat which was sent for him.

About three hours after we had dispatched our answer, there came towards us a person (as it seemed) of place. He had on him a gown with wide sleeves, of a kind of water chamolet, of an excellent azure colour, far more glossy than ours; his under apparel was green; and so was his hat, being in the form of a turban, daintily made, and not so huge as the Turkish turbans; and the locks of his hair came down below the brims of it. A reverend man was he to behold. He came in a boat, gilt in some part of it, with four persons more only in that boat; and was followed by another boat, wherein were some twenty. When he was come within a flight-shot of our ship, signs were made to us that we should send forth some to meet him upon the water; which we presently did in our ship-boat, sending the principal man amongst us save one, and four of our number with him. When we were come within six yards of their boat, they called us to stay, and not to approach farther; which we did. And thereupon the man whom I before described stood up and with a loud voice in Spanish, asked, "Are ye Christians?" We answered, "We were"; fearing the less, because of the cross we had seen in the subscription. At which answer the said person lifted up his right hand towards heaven, and drew it softly to his mouth (which is the gesture they use when they thank God) and then said: "If ye will swear (all of you) by the merits of the Saviour that ye are no pirates, nor have shed blood lawfully nor unlawfully within forty days past, you may have licence to come on land." We said "We were all ready to take that oath." Whereupon one of those that were with him, being (as it seemed) a notary, made an entry of this act. Which done, another of the attendants of the great person, which was with him in the same boat, after his lord had spoken a little to him, said aloud: "My lord would have you know, that it is

not of pride or greatness that he cometh not aboard your ship; but for that in your answer you declare that you have many sick amongst you, he was warned by the Conservator of Health of the city that he should keep a distance." We bowed ourselves towards him, and answered, "We were his humble servants; and accounted for great honour and singular humanity towards us that which was already done; but hoped well that the nature of the sickness of our men was not infectious." So he returned; and a while after came the notary to us aboard our ship; holding in his hand a fruit of that country, like an orange, but of colour between orange-tauney and scarlet, which cast a most excellent odour. He used it (as it seemeth) for a preservative against infection. He gave us our oath: "By the name of Jesus and His merits"; and after told us that the next day by six of the clock in the morning we should be sent to, and brought to the Strangers' House (so he called it), where we should be accommodated of things both for our whole and for our sick. So he left us; and when we offered him some pistolets, he smiling said "He must not be twice paid for one labour": meaning (as I take it) that he had salary sufficient of the state for his service. For (as I after learned) they call an officer that taketh rewards, twice paid.

(From *The New Atlantis.*)

SOME CUSTOMS OF THE ISLAND OF ATLANTIS

For our ordinances and rites: we have two very long and fair galleries: in one of these we place patterns and samples of all manner of the more rare and excellent inventions: in the other we place the statua's of all principal inventors. There we have the statua of your Columbus, that discovered the West Indies: also the inventor of ships: your monk that was the inventor of ordnance and of gunpowder: the inventor of music: the inventor of letters: the inventor of printing: the inventor of observations of astronomy: the inventor of works in metal:

the inventor of glass: the inventor of corn and bread: the inventor of sugars: and all these by more certain tradition than you have. Then have we divers inventors of our own, of excellent works; which since you have not seen, it were too long to make descriptions of them; and besides, in the right understanding of those descriptions you might easily err. For upon every invention of value, we erect a statua to the inventor, and give him a liberal and honourable reward. These statua's are some of brass; some of marble and touch-stone; some of cedar and other special woods gilt and adorned; some of iron; some of silver, some of gold.

We have certain hymns and services, which we say daily, of laud and thanks to God for His marvellous works: and forms of prayers, imploring His aid and blessing for the illumination of our labours, and the turning of them into good and holy uses.

(From *The Same.*)

Ben Jonson

1574–1637.

FORTUNA

Ill fortune never crushed that man whom good fortune deceived not. I therefore have counselled my friends never to trust to her fairer side, though she seemed to make peace with them; but to place all things she gave them so, as she might ask them again without their trouble; she might take them from them, not pull them: to keep always a distance between her and themselves. He knows not his own strength that hath not met adversity. Heaven prepares good men with crosses; but no ill can happen to a good man. Contraries are not mixed. Yet that which happens to any man may to every man. But it is in his reason what he accounts it and will make it.

INJURIA

Injuries do not extinguish courtesies; they only suffer them not to appear fair. For a man that doth me an injury after a

courtesy, taketh not away the courtesy, but defaces it: as he that writes other verses upon my verses, takes not away the first letters, but hides them.

BENEFICIA

Nothing is a courtesy unless it be meant us; and that friendly and lovingly. We owe no thanks to rivers, that they carry our boats; or winds, that they be favouring and fill our sails; or meats that they be nourishing. For these are what they are necessarily. Horses carry us, trees shade us, but they know it not. It is true some men may receive a courtesy and not know it; but never any man received it from him that knew it not. Many men have been cured of diseases by accidents; but they were not remedies. I myself have known one helped of an ague by falling into a water, another whipped out of a fever: but no man would ever use these for medicines. It is the mind, and not the event, that distinguisheth the courtesy from wrong. My adversary may offend the judge with his pride and impertinences, and I win my cause; but he meant it not me as a courtesy. I scaped pirates by being shipwracked; was the wrack a benefit therefore? No; the doing of courtesies aright is the mixing of the respects for his own sake and for mine. He that doeth them merely for his own sake is like one that feeds his cattle to sell them: he hath his horse well dressed for Smithfield.

(From *Timber or Discoveries made upon Men and Matter.*)

DE SHAKESPEAR NOSTRAT

I remember the players have often mentioned it as an honour of Shakespeare, that in his writing, whatsoever he penned, he never blotted out a line. My answer hath been, "Would he had blotted a thousand," which they thought a malevolent speech. I had not told posterity this but for their ignorance, who chose that circumstance to commend their friend by wherein he most faulted; and to justify mine own candour, for I loved the man, and do honour his memory on this side idolatry as much as any.

He was, indeed, honest, and of an open and free nature; had an excellent fancy, brave notions, and gentle expressions, wherein he flowed with that facility that sometime it was necessary he should be stopped. "*Sufflaminandus erat*," as Augustus said of Haterius. His wit was in his own power; would the rule of it had been so too. Many times he fell into those things, could not escape laughter, as when he said in the person of Cæsar, one speaking to him: "Cæsar, thou dost me wrong." He replied, "Cæsar did never wrong but with just cause"; and such like, which were ridiculous. But he redeemed his vices with his virtues. There was ever more in him to be praised than to be pardoned.

(From *The Same*.)

William Camden

1551–1623.

THE CONDITION OF BRITAIN

WHEREAS I have purposed in all this treatise to confine myself within the bounds of this isle of Britain, it cannot be impertinent at the very entrance to say somewhat of Britain, which is the only subject of all that is to be said, and well known to be the most flourishing and excellent, most renowned and famous isle of the whole world. So rich in commodities, so beautiful in situation, so resplendent in all glory, that if the most Omnipotent had fashioned the world round like a ring, as He did like a globe, it might have been most worthily the only gem therein!

For the air is most temperate and wholesome, sited in the middest of the temperate zone, subject to no storms and tempests as the more southern and northern are; but stored with infinite delicate fowl. For water, it is walled and guarded with the ocean, most commodious for traffic to all parts of the world, and watered with pleasant fishful and navigable rivers, which yield safe havens and roads, and furnished with shipping and sailors, that it may rightly be termed the Lady of the Sea. That I

may say nothing of healthful baths, and of meres stored both with fish and fowl, the earth fertile of all kind of grain, manured with good husbandry, rich in mineral of coals, tin, lead, copper, not without gold and silver, abundant in pasture, replenished with cattle both tame and wild (for it hath more parks than all Europe besides), plentifully wooded, provided with all complete provisions of war, beautified with many populous cities, fair boroughs, good towns, and well-built villages, strong munitions, magnificent palaces of the Prince, stately houses of the nobility, frequent hospitals, beautiful churches, fair colleges as well as other places, as in the two universities, which are comparable to all the rest in Christendom, not only in antiquity, but also in learning, buildings and endowments. As for government, ecclesiastical and civil, which is the very soul of a kingdom, I need to say nothing, whereas I write to home-born, and not to strangers.

(From *Remains Concerning Britain.*)

Samuel Daniel

1562–1619.

(*See also p.* 406.)

EDWARD II. AND THE SCOTS

While England laboured under these distractions and divisions, through the weakness of its King, Scotland grew unanimous almost under a provident one, who in this time did not only subdue the Scottish faction and recover most of his country, but began to spoil England, laying waste all Northumberland in such manner as that the people were forced to make their application to the King for recovery of their country out of their hands. King Edward awakened with the importunities of the people, and thinking it would be a great dishonour to the kingdom to sit still, raised an army for the redress of their losses and entered Scotland with the most powerful host that ever went

thither, consisting (as the Scottish writers relate) of an hundred thousand men, of several nations, viz. Flemings, Gascoigns, Welsh and Irish, who confiding in their numbers devoured the country in their imagination before they came thither,and thought not of fighting, but dividing the prey. Besides most of the nobility of England attended the King, except the Earls of Lancaster, Warwick, Warren and Arundel, who refused to go with him, because the King delay'd the execution of the former Articles. The Castle of Stirling was the first thing the King intended to relieve, which had held out a long time against the Scots, by the valiant conduct of Philip Mowbray, a courageous knight. Near this place, upon the river Berwick, did Bruce with thirty thousand Scots encounter this mighty army of the English, which tho' much too great a match for them, yet the Scots had been so hardened to wars, and received them with so much preparation, and at such an advantage, having inaccessible rocks behind them to defend them, and a moorish uncertain ground before them wherein they had dug trenches, and covered them with hurdles, that the horse could not pass, that they easily became conquerors, and gave England the greatest overthrow that ever it received. For there perished in this battle (called the battle of Bannock's Borough) Gilbert de Clare, the last Earl of Gloster, a great supporter of the English state; Robert, Lord Clifford, the noblest of our lords; with the Lords Tiptoft, Marshal, Giles de Argenton, Edmund de Maul, and seven hundred knights, esquires, and gentlemen of note; and of common soldiers the Scottish historians say fifty thousand, but ours ten thousand. Humphrey Bohun, Earl of Hereford, Ralph de Morthelmere (who married Joanna de Acres, Countess Dowager of Gloster), with many others, were taken prisoners; the King, and those that were preserved, escaped by flight. This victory put Scotland into heart and wealth together, so that they held their own the better for a long time after, and discouraged the people of this nation for many years so much, that though Edward desired several times to recover this dishonour, yet his people chose rather to sink in their losses, than run any further hazards;

and the poor Borderers, who had the worst of it, were so dejected that Walsingham says an hundred of them would fly before three Scots. So weak do the lower parts become when the head is impaired.

(From *The History of England to the time of Edward III.*)

Richard Knolles

1550–1610.

IBRAHIM PASHA

THIS great Bassa, called of the Turks Ibrahim, of us Abraham, was born in a poor country village near unto Perga, a town in that part of Epirus which was called Buthrotia, who in his childhood was taken from his Christian parents, by such as by authority did take up the tribute children of the Christians for the Turkish Emperor. A tribute of all tributes most grievous. He was of countenance amiable, of feature comely, active of body, well spoken, pleasantly conceited, and sharp of wit; so that he in shorter time than was thought possible, to the admiration of many, learned both to speak and write the Arabian tongue and other languages used in the Turk's court, and could skilfully play upon sundry kinds of instruments. And being yet a boy, served Scanderbassa, a man of great authority and power, in the time of Selymus the Emperor, in whose service he was instructed in the Mahometan religion: but giving himself to all manner of curiosity and neatness, he was wonderfully favored by the great Lady his mistress, and by her commended to her husband Scanderbassa, as a fit page to temper his melancholy and wayward disposition, with his pleasant conceits and devices: wherein the Tetricall Bassa finding him to excel, gave him as a rare gift to Solyman the son of Selymus, his grandfather Bajazet yet living: who took in him such pleasure, that the old Emperor caused him to be brought up in the Court, in all princely qualities with Solyman (who was of like years unto him) as his companion and playfellow; where he so framed himself unto the young Prince's disposition in all points, that he was of him

always exceedingly beloved, and afterwards promoted to all the honours of the Court, and made one of the Bassaes ; giving unto him in marriage the only daughter and heir of Scanderbassa his master, then dead, with an exceeding great dowry. And after that made him Governor of Cairo : where he had not long remained, but he was again sent for to the Court, as the man which gave thereunto life, without whose company Solyman was as one half-dead. At length he made him Vizier, which is the chief of all the Bassaes, and President of his Council, the greatest honour in the Turkish Empire next unto the Emperor himself. And to honour him yet more, he delivered him his private signet, wherewith the Turkish Emperors never used to trust any but themselves : he might at his pleasure grace and disgrace whom he would, in Court or elsewhere. What he commanded was done, and whatsoever he did was taken for well done. He might without the Emperor's knowledge give any office, yea, the government of whole countries and provinces unto his favourites : his credit with the Emperor was so great, that he did what he list, and no man durst presume to ask any reason why. And to say all at once, he wanted nothing of the majesty of an Emperor, but the name only ; in stead whereof, he was commonly called, The Great Commander of all the Emperor's forces. His house in Constantinople was of all other most stately, wherein was daily to be seen such a multitude of his gallant followers, and such a world of wealth and royal furniture, as that it might worthily be compared with the palace of a great Prince. Neither was he partaker of Solyman's counsels in his weighty matters of state only, but of his secret delights and pleasures also : if he were present, all was well ; if he were away, nothing pleased : to be short, he so possessed this great Emperor, that men commonly said, The soul of Solyman lived in Abraham. Whereat many of the great men of the Court secretly repined : but especially Solyman's mother, and Roxolana his fair concubine, whom of all women he held dearest. His lively and majestical countenance thou mayst here behold.

(From *History of the Turks.*)

Sir Walter Raleigh

1552–1618.

AN APOLOGY FOR HIS BOOK

I KNOW that it will be said by many, that I might have been more pleasing to the reader, if I had written the story of mine own times, having been permitted to draw water as near the well-head as another. To this I answer, that whosoever, in writing a modern history, shall follow truth too near the heels, it may haply strike out his teeth. There is no mistress or guide that hath led her followers and servants into greater miseries. He that goes after her too far off, loseth her sight, and loseth himself; and he that walks after her at a middle distance,—I know not whether I should call that kind of course temper or baseness. It is true, that I never travelled after men's opinions when I might have made the best use of them; and I have now too few days remaining to imitate those that, either out of extreme ambition, or extreme cowardice, or both, do yet (when death hath them on his shoulders) flatter the world between the bed and the grave.

It is enough for me (being in that state I am) to write of the eldest times: wherein also, may it not be said, that in speaking of the past, I point at the present, and tax the vices of those that are yet living, in their persons that are long since dead and have it laid to my charge. But this I cannot help, though innocent, and certainly if there be any, that finding themselves spotted like the tigers of old time shall find fault with me for painting them over anew, they shall therein accuse themselves justly, and me falsely. For I protest before the majesty of God, that I malice no man under the sun. Impossible I know it is to please all, seeing few or none are so pleased with themselves, or so assured of themselves, by reason of their subjection to their private passions, but that they seem divers persons in one and the same day. Seneca hath said it, and so do I: *Unus mihi pro populo erat.* And to the same effect Epicurus: *Hoc ego*

non multis, sed tibi; or (as it hath since lamentably fallen out) I may borrow the resolution of an ancient philosopher, *satis est unus, satis et nullus.* For it was for the service of that inestimable prince Henry, the successive hope, and one of the greatest of the Christian world, that I undertook this work. It pleased him to peruse some part thereof, and to pardon what was amiss. It is now left to the world without a master; from which all that is presented, hath received both blows and thanks. *Eadem probamus, eadem reprehendimus: hic exitus est omnis judicii, in quo lis secundum plures datur.* But these discourses are idle. I know that as the charitable will judge charitably, so against those, *qui gloriantur in malitia*, my present adversity hath disarmed me. I am on the ground already, and therefore have not far to fall; and for rising again, as in the natural privation, there is no recession to habit, so it is seldom seen in the privation politic. I do therefore forbear to stile my readers, *gentle, courteous* and *friendly*, thereby to beg their good opinions; or to promise a second and third volume (which I also intend) if the first receive grace and good acceptance. For that which is already done, may be thought enough and too much; and it is certain, let us claw the reader with never so many courteous phrases, yet shall we evermore be thought fools that write foolishly. For conclusion, all the hope I have lies in this, that I have already found more ungentle and uncourteous readers of my love towards them, and well deserving of them, than ever I shall do again. For had it been otherwise, I should hardly have had the leisure to have made myself a fool in print.

(From the *Preface to the History of the World.*)

ON A FIGHT AT SEA

Certainly, he that will happily perform a fight at sea, must be skilful in making choice of vessels to fight in; he must believe that there is more belonging to a good man of war upon the waters than great daring; and must know, that there is a great deal of difference between fighting loose or at large, and grap-

pling. The guns of a slow ship pierce as well, and make as great holes as those in a swift. To clap ships together without consideration belongs rather to a madman than to a man of war; for by such an ignorant bravery was Peter Strossie lost at the Azores, when he fought against the Marquis of Santa Cruz. In like sort had the Lord Charles Howard, Admiral of England, been lost in the year 1588, if he had not been better advised than a great many malignant fools were, that found fault with his demeanour. The Spaniards had an army aboard them, and he had none; they had more ships than he had, and of higher building and charging; so that had he entangled himself with those great and powerful vessels, he had greatly endangered this kingdom of England. For twenty men upon the defences are equal to an hundred that board and enter; whereas, then, contrariwise, the Spaniards had a hundred for twenty of ours, to defend themselves withal.

But our admiral knew his advantage, and held it; which had he not done, he had not been worthy to have held his head, Here to speak in general of a sea-fight (for particulars are fitter for private hands than for the press) I say, that a fleet of twenty ships, all good sailors and good ships, have the advantage in the open sea of an hundred as good ships, and of slower sailing.

(From *The History of the World.*)

THE WORLD A REFLECTION OF GOD

God, whom the wisest men acknowledge to be a power ineffable, and virtue infinite; a light by abundant charity invisible; an understanding which itself can only comprehend; an essence eternal and spiritual; of absolute pureness and simplicity; was, and is pleased to make Himself known by the work of the world: in the wonderful magnitude whereof (all which he embraceth, filleth, and sustaineth) we behold the image of that glory which cannot be measured, and withal, that one, and yet universal nature, which cannot be defined. In the glorious lights of heaven, we perceive a shadow of His

divine countenance; in His merciful provision for all that live, His manifold goodness; and lastly, in creating and making existent the world universal by the absolute art of his own word, His power and almightiness; which power, light, virtue, wisdom and goodness, being all but attributes of one simple essence and one God, we in all admire, and in part discern *per speculum creaturarum*; that is, in the disposition, order, and variety of celestial and terrestrial bodies: terrestrial in their strange and manifold diversities; celestial, in their beauty and magnitude; which, in their continual and contrary motions, are neither repugnant, intermixed, nor confounded. By these potent effects, we approach to the knowledge of the omnipotent Cause, and by these motions, their Almighty Mover.

(From *The Same.*)

John Selden

1584–1654.

EQUITY

EQUITY in law is the same that the spirit is in religion—what every one pleases to make it. Sometimes they go according to conscience, sometimes according to law, sometimes according to the rule of court.

2. Equity is a roguish thing; for law we have a measure, know what to trust to; equity is according to the conscience of him that is Chancellor, and as that is larger or narrower, so is equity. 'Tis all one as if they should make the standard for the measure we call a foot, a Chancellor's foot; what an uncertain measure would this be! One Chancellor has a long foot, another a short foot, a third an indifferent foot: 'tis the same thing in the Chancellor's conscience.

3. That saying, "Do as you would be done to," is often misunderstood, for 'tis not thus meant that I, a private man, should do to you, a private man, as I would have you do to me, but do as we have agreed to do one to another by public agreement. If the prisoner should ask the judge whether he would

be content to be hanged were he in his case, he would answer "No." Then says the prisoner, "Do as you would be done to." Neither of them must do as private men, but the judge must do by him as they have publicly agreed: that is, both judge and prisoner have consented to a law that if either of them steal they shall be hanged.

(From *Table Talk.*)

EVIL SPEAKING

He that speaks ill of another, commonly before he is aware, makes himself such a one as he speaks against: for if he had civility or breeding, he would forbear such kind of language.

2. A gallant man is above ill words; an example we have in the old Lord of Salisbury, who was a great wise man. Stone had called some lord about court, "Fool": the lord complains and has Stone whipped. Stone cries, "I might have called my Lord of Salisbury 'fool' often enough before he would have had me whipped."

3. Speak not ill of a great enemy, but rather give him good words, that he may use you the better if you chance to fall into his hands. The Spaniard did this when he was dying. His confessor told him (to work him to repentance) how the devil tormented the wicked that went to hell: the Spaniard replying, called the devil "my lord": "I hope my lord the devil is not so cruel." His confessor reproved him. "Excuse me," said the Don, "for calling him so; I know not into what hand I may fall, and if I happen into his I hope he will use me the better for giving him good words."

(From *The Same.*)

Thomas Coryat

1577–1617.

OBSERVATIONS ON VENICE

THOUGH the incomparable and most decantated majesty of this city doth deserve a far more elegant and curious pencil to paint

her out in her colours than mine. For I ingenuously confess mine own insufficiency and unworthiness, as being the unworthiest of ten thousand to describe so beautiful, so renowned, so glorious a Virgin (for by that title doth the world most deservedly style her) because my rude and unpolished pen may rather stain and eclipse the resplendent rays of her unparalleled beauty than add any lustre to it. Yet since I have hitherto continued this slender and naked narration of my observations of five months' travels in foreign countries, this noble city doth in a manner challenge this at my hands—that I should describe her also as well as the other cities I saw in my journey, partly because she gave me the most loving and kind entertainment for the space of six weeks, which was the sweetest time (I must needs confess) for so much that ever I spent in my life; and partly for that she ministered unto me more variety of remarkable and delicious objects than mine eyes ever surveyed in any city before, or ever shall, if I should with famous Sir John Mandevil, our English Ulysses, spend thirteen whole years together in travelling over most places of the Christian and Ethnick world. Therefore omitting tedious introductions, I will descend to the description of this thrice-worthy city: the fairest Lady, yea, the richest paragon and Queen of Christendom.

Such is the rareness of the situation of Venice that it doth even amaze and drive into admiration all strangers that upon their first arrival behold the same. For it is built altogether upon the water in the innermost gulf of the Adriatique Sea, which is commonly called *Gulfo di Venetia*, and is distant from the main sea about the space of three miles. From the which it is divided by a certain great bank called *litto maggior*, which is at the least fifty miles in length. This bank is so necessary a defence for the city that it serveth instead of a strong wall to repulse and reverberate the violence of the furious waves of the sea. For were not this bank interposed like a bulwark betwixt the city and the sea, the waves would utterly overwhelm and deface the city in a moment. The form of this foresaid bank is very strange to behold. For nature herself, the most cunning

mistress and architect of all things, hath framed it crooked in the form of a bow, and by the art of man there are five *Ostia*, that is, mouths or gaps made therein, whereof each maketh a haven, and yieldeth passage to the ships to sail forth and back to Venice.

. . . . .

The Rialto which is at the farther side of the bridge as you come from St. Mark, is a most stately building, being the Exchange of Venice, where the Venetian gentlemen and the merchants do meet twice a day betwixt eleven and twelve of the clock in the morning, and betwixt five and six of the clock in the afternoon. This Rialto is of a goodly height, built all with brick as the palaces are, adorned with many fair walks or open galleries that I have before mentioned, and hath a pretty quadrangular court adjoining to it. But it is inferior to our Exchange in London, though indeed there is a far greater quantity of building in this than in ours.

. . . . .

The channels (which are called in Latin *euripi* or *æstuaria*, that is, pretty little arms of the sea because they ebb and flow every six hours) are very singular ornaments to the city, through the which they run even as the veins do through the body of a man, and do disgorge into the *Canal il grande*, which is the common receptacle of them all. . . . They serve the Venetians instead of streets to pass with far more expedition on the same than they do on their land streets, and that by certain little boats which they call *Gondolas*, the fairest that ever I saw in any place. For none of them are open above, but fairly covered, first with some fifteen or sixteen little round pieces of timber that reach from one end to the other, and make a pretty kind of arch or vault in the gondola ; then with fair black cloth which is turned up at both ends of the boat, to the end that if the passenger meaneth to be private he may draw down the same, and after row so secretly that no man can see him. In the inside the benches are finely covered with black leather, and the bottoms of many of them together with the sides under

the benches are very neatly garnished with fine linen cloth, the edge whereof is laced with bone-lace. The ends are beautified with two pretty and ingenious devices. For each end hath a crooked thing made in the form of a dolphin's tail, with the fins very artificially represented, and it seemeth to be tinned over. The watermen that row these never sit as ours do in London, but always stand, and that at the farther end of the gondola, sometimes one, but most commonly two; and in my opinion they are altogether as swift as our rowers about London. Of these gondolas they say there are ten thousand about the city, whereof six thousand are private, serving for the gentlemen and others, and four thousand for mercenary men which get their living by the trade of rowing.

The fairest place of all the city (which is indeed of that admirable and incomparable beauty, that I think no place whatsoever, either in Christendom or Paganism, may compare with it) is the Piazza, that is, the market place of St. Mark, or (as our English merchants commorant in Venice, do call it) the place of St. Mark, in Latin *Forum* or *Platea di Marci*. Truly such is the stupendous (to use a strange epitheton for so strange and rare a place as this) glory of it, that at my first entrance thereof it did even amaze or rather ravish my senses. For here is the greatest magnificence of architecture to be seen that any place under the sun doth yield. Here you may see all manner of fashions of attire, and hear all the languages of Christendom, besides those that are spoken by the barbarous Ethnicks, the frequency of people being so great twice a day, betwixt six of the clock in the morning and eleven, and again betwixt five in the afternoon and eight, that (as an elegant writer saith of it) a man may very properly call it rather *Orbis* than *Urbis forum*, that is, a market place of the world, not of the city.

. . . . .

The fairest street of all Venice saving St. Mark's, which I have already described, is that adjoining to St. Mark's place which is called the *Merceria*. . . . There is a very fair gate at one end of this street, even as you enter into St. Mark's place

when you come from the Rialto bridge which is decked with a great deal of fair marble, in which gate . . . is a clock with the images of two wild men by it made in brass, a witty device and very exactly done. At which clock there fell out a very tragical and rueful accident on the twenty-fifth day of July, being Monday, about nine of the clock in the morning, which was this. A certain fellow that had the charge to look to the clock was very busy about the bell, according to his usual custom every day, to the end to amend something in it that was amiss. But in the meantime one of those wild men that at the quarters of the hours do use to strike the bell, struck the man in the head with his brasen hammer, giving him such a violent blow, that therewith he fell down dead presently in the place, and never spake more. Surely I will not justify this for an undoubted truth, because I saw it not. For I was at that time in the Duke's palace observing of matters; but as soon as I came forth some of my countrymen that told me they saw the matter with their own eyes, reported it unto me, and advised me to mention it in my journal for a most lamentable chance.

(From *Crudities.*)

Sir Henry Wotton

1568–1639.

A LETTER TO MR. MILTON

It was a special favour when you lately bestowed upon me here the first taste of your acquaintance, though no longer than to make me know that I wanted more time to value it, and to enjoy it rightly; and in truth, if I could then have imagined your farther stay in these parts, which I understood afterward by Mr. H., I would have been bold, in our vulgar phrase, to mend my draught (for you left me with an extreme thirst) and to have begged your conversation again jointly with your said learned friend, at a poor meal or two, that we might have banded together some good authors of the ancient time, among which I observed you to have been familiar.

Since your going, you have charged me with new obligations, both for a very kind letter from you, dated the sixth of this month, and for a dainty piece of entertainment that came therewith. Wherein I should much commend the tragical part, if the lyrical did not ravish me with a certain Doric delicacy in your songs and odes; whereunto I must plainly confess to have seen yet nothing parallel in our language, *ipsa mollities.* But I must not omit to tell you, that I now only owe you thanks for intimating unto me (how modestly soever) the true artificer. For the work itself I had viewed some good while before with singular delight, having received it from our common friend Mr. R. in the very close of the late R.'s poems printed at Oxford; whereunto is added (as I now suppose) that the accessory might help out the principal, according to the art of stationers, and to leave the reader *Con la bocca dolce.*

Now, Sir, concerning your travels, wherein I may challenge a little more privilege of discourse with you. I suppose you will not blanch Paris in your way; therefore I have been bold to trouble you with a few lines to Mr. M. B., whom you shall easily find attending the young Lord S. as his governor, and you may surely receive from him good directions for the shaping of your farther journey into Italy, where he did reside by my choice some time for the king after mine own recess from Venice.

I should think that your best line will be thorough the whole length of France to Marseilles, and thence by sea to Genoa, whence the passage into Tuscany is as diurnal as a Gravesend barge. I hasten, as you do, to Florence or Sienna, the rather to tell you a short story from the interest you have given me in your safety.

At Sienna I was tabled in the house of one Alberto Scipioni, an old Roman courtier in dangerous times, having been steward to the Duca di Pagliano, who with all his family were strangled, save this only man that escaped by foresight of the tempest; with him I had often much chat of those affairs; into which he took pleasure to look back from his native harbour, and at my departure toward Rome (which had been the centre of his

experience) I had won confidence enough to beg his advice, how I might carry myself securely there, without offence of others or of my own conscience. *Signor Arrigo mio* (says he) *I pensieri stretti, ed il viso sciolto* : that is, *Your thoughts close, and your countenance loose*, will go safely over the whole world. Of which Delphian oracle (for so I have found it) your judgment doth need no commentary ; and therefore, Sir, I will commit you with it to the best of all securities, God's dear love, remaining your friend as much at command as any of longer date,

H. WOTTON.

George Sandys

1577–1644.

ENGLAND

Now shape we our course for England. Beloved soil ; as in site,

Wholly from all the world disjoined ;

so in thy felicities. The summer burns thee not, nor the winter benumbs thee ; defended by the sea from wastful incursions, and by the valour of thy sons from hostile invasions. All other countries are in some things defective ; when thou, a provident parent, dost minister unto thine whatsoever is useful : foreign additions but only tending to vanity and luxury. Virtue in thee at the least is praised, and vices are branded with their names, if not pursued with punishments. That Ulysses, who knew many men's manners, and saw many cities, is as sound in judgment as ripe in experience, will confess thee to be the Land that floweth with milk and honey.

(From *Travels*.)

ÆTNA

Ætna, called by Pindarus the celestial column, is the highest mountain of Sicilia, for a great space leisurely rising ; insomuch as the top is ten miles distant from the uttermost basis. It appeareth this way with shoulders, having an eminent head in

the middle. The lower parts are luxuriously fruitful, the middle woody, and the upper rocky, steep and almost covered with snow, yet smoking in the midst like many conjoining chimneys, and vomiting intermitted flames, though not but by night to be discerned, as if heat and cold had left their contention, and embraced one another. This burning beacon doth shew her fire by night, and her smoke by day a wonderful way off; yet heretofore discerned far further, in that the matter perhaps is diminished by so long an expanse. Myself hath seen both plainly unto Malta: and the mountain itself is to be discovered an hundred and fifty miles off by the sailor. Those that have been at the top do report, that there is there a large plain of cinders and ashes, environed with a brow of the same; and in the midst a hill of like substance, out of which bursted a continual wind, hangs about it like a great long cloud, and often hurling forth stones and cinders.

(From *The Same.*)

IN CALABRIA

The fourth of July we rowed against the wind, and could reach no further than Castilion, where the high-wrought seas detained us the day following. Our churlish host, because we sent for such things to the town whereof he had none, made us also fetch our water from thence, it being a mile off, though he had in his house a plentiful fountain. And I think there are not that profess Christ a more uncivil people than the vulgar Calabrians. Overland there is not travelling without assuring pillage, and hardly to be avoided murder; although all that you have about you (and that they know it) be not worth a dollar. Wherefore the common passage is by sea, in this manner as we passed now. Along the shore there are many of these estuaries; but most of the towns are a good way removed and mounted on hills, with no easy accesses. Divers small forts adjoin to the sea, and watch-towers throughout. For the Turks not seldom make incursions by night, lurking in the day

time about those uninhabited islands. Under these forts we nightly haled up our boat, and slept in our clothes on the sand. And our fare was little better than our lodging: tunny, onions, cucumbers and melons being our ordinary viands. Not but that we might have had better, but the soldiers were thrifty, and I was loth to exceed them. For there being but only one house at a place, they sold everything not according to the worth but to the necessity of the buyer. But mulberries we might gather, and eat of free cost; dangerously unwholesome if not pulled from the trees before sun-rising. Of them there are here everywhere an infinite number, insomuch, that more silk is made in Calabria, than besides in all Italy. And from the leaves of those that grow higher on the mountains (for the Apennine stretcheth along the midst of this country) they gather plenty of manna, the best of all other, which falls thereon like a dew in the night time. Here a certain Calabrian, hearing that I was an Englishman, came to me, and would needs persuade me that I had insight in magic; for that Earl Bothel, was my countryman, who lives at Naples, and is in those parts famous for suspected necromancy. He told me that he had a treasure hidden in his house, the quantity and quality shewn him by a boy, upon the conjuration of a Knight of Malta, and offered to share it between us, if I could help him unto it. But I answered, that in England we were at a defiance with the Devil, and that he would do nothing for us.

(From *The Same.*)

Samuel Purchas

1577–1626.

SCENERY ON THE ORINOCO

As they passed along these streams, their eyes were entertained with a pageant of shows, wherein Nature was the only actor; here, the deer came down feeding by the waters' side, as if they had desired acquaintance with these newcome guests: there,

the birds in unspeakable variety of kinds and colours, rendering their service to the eye and ear : the lands either in large plains of many miles, baring their beautiful bosoms, adorned with Flora's embroidery of unknown flowers and plants, and prostrating themselves to the eye, that they might be seen, or else lifting up themselves in hills, knitting their furrowed brows, and strouting out their goggle eyes to watch their treasure, which they keep imprisoned in their stony walls ; and now, to see these strangers : the waters (as the Graces) dancing with mutual and manifold embracing of divers streams, attended with plenty of fowl and fish ; both land and water feasting variety of senses with variety of objects : only the crocodile (a creature which seemeth vassal, now to the land, now to the water, but to make prey on both) well-nigh marred the play, and turned this comedy into a tragedy, even in their sight, feasting himself with a negro of their company.

. . . . .

(From *Purchas His Pilgrimage.*)

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS

Christopher Columbus came to the Court of Castile, Ann. 1486, and found cold welcome to his suit, at the hands of the King and Queen then busied with hot wars in Granada, whence they expelled the Moors. And thus remained he in contempt, as a man meanly clothed, without other patron than a poor friar, save that Alonso di Quintaniglia gave him his diet, who also at last procured him audience with the Archbishop of Toledo, by whose mediation he was brought before the King and Queen, who gave him favourable countenance, and promised to dispatch him, when they had ended the wars of Granada ; which also they performed. Thus Columbus is set forth with three Carvels at the King's charges, who because his treasure was then spent in the wars, borrowed sixteen thousand ducats of Lewes de St. Angelo : and on Friday, the third day of August, in the year of our Lord 1492, in a vessel called the *Gallega*, accompanied

with the *Pinta* and *Ninna*, in which the Pinzons, brethren, went as pilots, with the number of a hundred and twenty persons, or thereabouts, set sail for Gomera, one of the Canary Islands, and having there refreshed himself followed his discovery. After many days he encountered with that Hearbie Sea (whereof before we have spoken) which not a little amated and amazed the Spaniards, and had caused their return, had not the sight of some birds promised him land not far off. He also first taught the Spaniards to observe the Sun and Pole in their navigations, which till this voyage they had not used nor known.

But the Spaniards, after three-and-thirty days sailing, desperate of success, mutinied and threatened to cast Columbus into the sea ; disdaining much, that a stranger, a Genoese, had so abused them. But he pacifying their enraged courages with mild speeches, and gentle promises, on the eleventh day of October one Roderigo di Triana espied and cried, " Land, land " ; the best music that might be, especially to Columbus, who to satisfy the Spaniards' importunity, had promised the day before, that if no land appeared in three days, he would return. One, the night before had descried fire, which kindled in him some hope of great reward at the King's hand, when he returned into Spain, but being herein frustrate, he burnt into such a flame, as that it consumed both humanity and Christianity in him, and in the agony of indignation made him leave his country and faith, and revolt to the Moors. But thee, Columbus, how can I but remember ? but love ? but admire ! Sweetly may those bones rest, sometimes the Pillars of that Temple, where so divine a spirit resided ; which neither want of former example, nor public discouragements of domestical and foreign states, nor private insultations of proud Spaniards, nor length of time (which usually devoureth the best resolutions), nor the unequal plains of huge unknown seas, nor grassy fields in Neptune's lap, nor importunate whisperings, murmurings, threatenings of enraged companions, could daunt. O name *Colon*, worthy to be named unto the world's end, which to the world's end hast conducted colonies ; Or may I call thee *Colombo* for thy *dove-like* simplicity

and patience? The true *Colonna* or pillar, whereon our knowledge of this new world is founded, the true *Christopher*, which with more than giant-like force hast carried Christ His Name and Religion through unknown seas to unknown lands; which we hope and pray that it may be more refined and reformed, than Popish superstition and Spanish pride will yet suffer. Now let the Ancients no longer mention Neptune, or Minos, or Erythras, or Danaus, to all which divers authors diversely ascribe the invention of Navigation; Mysians, Trogans, Tyrians, vail your bonnets, strike your topsails to this Indian admiral, that deserveth the *topsail* indeed, by aspiring to the top that sailing could aim at, in discovering another world.

(From *The Same.*)

THE PALACE OF CUBLAI CAN

In December, January and February he abideth at Cambalu in the north-east part of the province of Cathay, in a palace near to the city builded on this manner. There is a circuit walled in, four square, each square containing eight miles, having about them a deep ditch, and in the middle a gate. A mile inwards is another wall, which had six miles in each square; and in the south side three gates, and as many on the north. Between those walls are soldiers. In every corner of this wall, and in the midst, is a stately palace, eight in all, wherein are kept his munitions. There is a third wall within this, containing four miles square, each square taking up one mile, having six gates and eight palaces, as the former, in which are kept the Great Can's provisions. And between these two walls are many fair trees, and meadows stored with many beasts. Within this is the Great Can's palace, the greatest ever was seen, confining within the wall abovesaid, on the North and South. The matter and form thereof is of such cost and art, with such appurtenances of pleasure and state, as were too long here to recite.

(From *The Same.*)

Sir Thomas Overbury

1581–1613.

A TINKER

Is a moveable: for he hath no abiding place; by his motion he gathers heat, thence his choleric nature. He seems to be very devout, for his life is a continual pilgrimage and sometimes in humility goes barefoot, thereon making necessity a virtue. His house is as ancient as Tubal Cain's and so is a runnagate by antiquity: yet he proves himself a gallant, for he carries all his wealth upon his back; or a philosopher, for he bears all his substance about him. From his art was music first invented, and therefore he is always furnisht with a song: to which his hammer keeping tune, proves that he was the first founder for the kettle-drum. Note, that where the best ale is, there stands his music most upon crochets. The companion of his travels is some foul sun-burnt quean, that since the terrible Statute recanted gypsisme, and is turned Pedleresse. So marches he all over England with his bag and baggage. His conversation is unreprovable, for he is ever mending. He observes truly the statutes, and therefore he can rather steal than beg, in which he is unremoveably constant in spite of whip or imprisonment: and so a strong enemy to idleness, that in mending one hole, he had rather make three than want work, and when he hath done, he throws the wallet of his faults behind him. He embraceth naturally ancient custom, conversing in open fields and lowly cottages. If he visit cities or towns, 'tis but to deal upon the imperfections of our weaker vessels. His tongue is very voluble, which with canting proves him a linguist. He is entertained in every place, but enters no further than the door, to avoid suspicion. Some will take him to be a coward, but believe it, he is a lad of mettle, his valour is commonly three or four yards long, fastened to a pike in the end for flying off. He is provident, for he will fight but with one at once, and then also he

had rather submit than be counted obstinate. To conclude, if he scape Tyburn and Banbury, he dies a beggar.

(From *Characters.*)

A WISE MAN

Is the truth of the true definition of man, that is, a reasonable creature. His disposition alters, he alters not. He hides himself with the attire of the vulgar; and in indifferent things is content to be governed by them. He looks according to nature, so goes his behaviour. His mind enjoys a continual smoothness so cometh it, that his consideration is always at home. He endures the faults of all men silently, except his friends, and to them he is the mirror of their actions; by this means his peace cometh not from Fortune, but himself; He is cunning in men, not to surprise, but keep his own, and beats off their illaffected humours, no otherwise than if they were flies. He chooseth not friends by the Subsidy-book, and is not luxurious after acquaintance. He maintains the strength of his body not by delicates, but temperance: and his mind, by giving it preëminence over his body. He understands things, not by their form, but qualities; and his comparisons intend not to excuse but to provoke him higher. He is not subject to casualties; for Fortune hath nothing to do with the mind, except those drowned in the body: but he hath divided his soul from the case of his soul, whose weakness he assists no otherwise than commiseratively, not that it is his, but that it is. He is thus and will be thus; and lives subject neither to time nor his frailties, the servant of virtue, and by virtue, the friend of the highest.

(From *The Same.*)

Edward Hyde, Earl of Clarendon

1609–1674.

THE DIFFICULTIES OF A MINISTER OF STATE

And it cannot easily be expressed, nor comprehended by any who have not felt the weight and burden of the envy which

naturally attends upon those promotions which seem to be *per saltum*, how great straits and difficulties such ministers are forced to wrestle with, and by which the charges with which they are intrusted most proportionably suffer, let the integrity and wisdom of the men be what it can be supposed to be. Neither is the patience, temper, and dexterity, to carry a man through these straits, easily attained; it being very hard in the morning of preferment to keep an even temper of mind, between the care to preserve the dignity of the place (which) is committed to him (without which he shall expose himself to a thousand unchaste attempts, and dishonour the judgment that promoted him, by appearing too vile for such a trust), and the caution that his nature be not really exalted to an overweening pride and folly upon the privilege of his place; which will expose him to much more contempt than the former, and therefore to be, with a more exact guard upon a man's self, avoided: the errors of gentleness and civility being much more easily reformed, as well as endured, than the other of arrogance and ostentation. The best provision that such men can make for their voyage, beside a stock of innocence that cannot be impaired, and a firm confidence in God Almighty that he will never suffer that innocence to be utterly oppressed or notoriously infamed, is, an expectation of those gusts and storms of rumour, detraction, and envy; and a resolution not to be over sensible of all calumnies, unkindness, or injustice, but to believe that, by being preferred before other men, they have an obligation upon them to suffer more than other men would do, and that the best way to convince scandals and misreports is, by neglecting them, to appear not to have deserved them. And there is not a more troublesome inconvenient passion, or that often draws more inconveniences with it, than that which proceeds from the indignation of being unjustly calumniated, and from the pride of an upright conscience, when men cannot endure to be spoken ill of when they have not deserved it; in which distemper, though they free themselves from the errors or infirmities with which they were traduced, they commonly discover others of which they had

been never suspected. In a word, let no man think, that is once entered into this list, that he can by any skill or comportment prevent these conflicts and assaults, or by any stubborn or impetuous humour that he can suppress and prevail over them : but let him look upon it as a purgatory he is unavoidably to pass through, and depend upon Providence and time for a vindication ; and by performing all the duties of his place to the end, with justice, integrity, and uprightness, give all men cause to believe that he was worthy of it the first hour ; which is a triumph very lawful to be affected.

(From the *History of the Great Rebellion.*)

AFTER THE BATTLE OF ST. ALBANS

It is certain the consternation was very great at London and in the two Houses, from the time that they heard that the King marched from Shrewsbury with a formed army and that he was resolved to fight as soon as he could meet with their army. However, they endeavoured confidently to keep up the ridiculous opinion amongst the common people that the King did not command, but was carried about in that army of the cavaliers; and was desirous to escape from them ; which they hoped the Earl of Essex would give him opportunity to do. The first news they heard of the army's being engaged was by those who fled upon the first charge, who made marvellous haste from the place of danger, and thought not themselves safe till they were gotten out of any possible distance of being pursued. It is certain, though it was past two of the clock before the battle began, many of the soldiers, and some commanders of no mean name, were at St. Alban's, which was near 30 miles from the field, before it was dark. These men (as all runaways do for their own excuse) reported all for lost, and the King's army to be so terrible that it could not be encountered. Some of them, that they might not be thought to come away before there was cause, or whilst there was any hope, reported the progress of the battle, and presented all those lamentable things, and the circumstances

by which every part of the army was defeated, which their terrified fancies had suggested to them whilst they ran away; some had seen the earl of Essex slain, and heard his dying words, 'That every one should shift for himself, for all resistance was to no purpose:' so that the whole city was, the Monday, full of the defeat; and though there was an express from the earl of Essex himself of the contrary, there was not courage enough left to believe it, and every hour produced somewhat to contradict the reports of the last. Monday in the afternoon, the earl of Holland produced a letter in the House of Peers, which was written the night before by the earl of Essex, in which all particulars of the day were set down, and the impression that had in the beginning been made upon his horse, but that the conclusion was prosperous. Whilst this was reading, and every man greedily digesting the good news, the lord Hastings, who had a command of horse in the service, entered the House with frightened and ghastly looks, and positively declared all to be lost, against whatsoever they believed or flattered themselves with, and though it was evident enough that he had run away from the beginning, and only lost his way thither, most men looked upon him as the last messenger, and even shut their ears against any possible comfort; so that without doubt very many, in the horror and consternation of eight and forty hours, paid and underwent a full penance and mortification for the hopes and insolence of three months before. At the last, on Wednesday morning, the lord Wharton and Mr. William Strowde (the one a member of the House of Lords, the other of the Commons,) arrived from the army, and made so full a relation of the battle, of the great numbers slain on the King's part without any considerable loss on their side, of the miserable and weak condition the King's army was in, and of the earl of Essex's resolution to pursue him, that they were not now content to be savers, but voted that their army had the victory, and appointed a day for a solemn thanksgiving to God for the same; and that so great a joy might not be enjoyed only within those walls, they appointed those two trusty messengers to communicate the whole relation

with all circumstances to the city, which was convened together at the Guildhall to receive the same.

(From *The Same.*)

THE CHARACTER OF CHARLES I

To speak first of his private qualifications as a man, before the mention of his princely and royal virtues; he was, if ever any, the most worthy of the title of an honest man; so great a lover of justice, that no temptation could dispose him to a wrongful action, except it was so disguised to him that he believed it to be just. He had a tenderness and compassion of nature, which restrained him from ever doing a hardhearted thing; and therefore he was so apt to grant pardon to malefactors, that the judges of the land represented to him the damage and insecurity to the public that flowed from such his indulgence, and then he restrained himself from pardoning either murders or highway robberies, and quickly discerned the fruits of his severity by a wonderful reformation of those enormities. He was very punctual and regular in his devotions; he was never known to enter upon his recreations or sports, though never so early in the morning, before he had been at public prayers; so that on hunting days his chaplains were bound to a very early attendance. He was likewise very strict in observing the hours of his private cabinet devotions; and was so severe an exactor of gravity and reverence in all mention of religion, that he could never endure any light or profane word, with what sharpness of wit soever it was covered; and though he was well pleased and delighted with reading verses made upon any occasion, no man durst bring before him anything that was profane or unclean. That kind of wit had never any countenance then. He was so great an example of conjugal affection, that they who did not imitate him in that particular, did not brag of their liberty; and he did not only permit, but direct his bishops to prosecute those scandalous vices, in the ecclesiastical courts, against persons of eminence and near relation to his service.

His kingly virtues had some mixture and alloy, that hindered them from shining in full lustre, and from producing those fruits they should have been attended with. He was not in his nature very bountiful, though he gave very much. This appeared more after the Duke of Buckingham's death, after which those showers fell very rarely; and he paused too long in giving, which made those to whom he gave less sensible of the benefit. He kept state to the full, which made his court very orderly; no man presuming to be seen in a place where he had no pretence to be. He saw and observed men long, before he received them about his person; and did not love strangers, nor very confident men. He was a patient hearer of causes; which he frequently accustomed himself to at the council-board, and judged very well, and was dexterous in the mediating part; so that he often put an end to causes by persuasion, which the stubbornness of men's humours made dilatory in courts of justice.

He was very fearless in his person; but not enterprising. He had an excellent understanding, but was not confident enough of it; which made him oftentimes change his own opinion for a worse, and follow the advice of men that did not judge so well as he himself. This made him more irresolute than the conjuncture of his affairs would admit; if he had been of a rougher and more imperious nature he would have found more respect and duty. And his not applying some severe cures to approaching evils proceeded from the lenity of his nature and the tenderness of his conscience, which in all cases of blood made him choose the softer way, and not hearken to severe counsels, how reasonably soever urged. This only restrained him from pursuing his advantage in the first Scots' expedition when, humanly speaking, he might have reduced that nation to the most slavish obedience that could have been wished. But no man can say he had then many who advised him to it, but the contrary, by a wonderful indisposition all his Council had to fighting or any other fatigue. He was always an immoderate lover of the Scottish nation, having not only been born there, but educated by that people, and besieged by them always, having few English

about him until he was king; and the major number of his servants being still of those, who he thought could never fail him; and then no man had such an ascendant over him, by the lowest and humblest insinuations, as duke Hambleton had.

242. As he excelled in all other virtues, so in temperance he was so strict, that he abhorred all deboshery to that degree that, at a great festival solemnity, where he once was, when very many of the nobility of the English and Scots were entertained, (being) told by one who withdrew from thence, what vast draughts of wine they drank, and that there was one earl who had drunk most of the rest down and was not himself moved or altered, the King said that he deserved to be hanged; and that earl coming shortly into the room where his majesty was, in some gaiety, to show how unhurt he was from that battle, the King sent one to bid him withdraw from his majesty's presence; nor did he in some days after appear before the King.

There were so many miraculous circumstances contributed to his ruin, that men might well think that heaven and earth conspired it, and that the stars designed it. Though he was, from the first declension of his power, so much betrayed by his own servants, that there were very few who remained faithful to him, yet that treachery proceeded not from any treasonable purpose to do him any harm, but from particular and personal animosities against other men. And afterwards, the terror all men were under of the Parliament, and the guilt they were conscious of themselves, made them watch all opportunities to make themselves gracious to those who could do them good; and so they became spies upon their master, and from one piece of knavery were hardened and confirmed to undertake another, till at last they had no hope of preservation but by the destruction of their master. And after all this, when a man might reasonably believe that less than a universal defection of three nations could not have reduced a great king to so ugly a fate, it is most certain that in that very hour when he was thus wickedly murdered in the sight of the sun, he had as great a share in the hearts and affections of his subjects in general, was as much beloved,

esteemed, and longed for by the people in general of the three nations, as any of his predecessors had ever been. To conclude: he was the worthiest gentleman, the best master, the best friend, the best husband, the best father, and the best Christian, that the age in which he lived had produced. And if he was not the best king, if he was without some parts and qualities which have made some kings great and happy, no other prince was ever unhappy who was possessed of half his virtues and endowments, and so much without any kind of vice.

(From the *History of the Great Rebellion.*)

Thomas May

1595–1650.

ON THE MATTER OF HIS HISTORY

The subject of this work is a civil war; a war indeed as much more than civil, and as full of miracle, both in the causes and effects of it, as was ever observed in any age; a war as cruel as unnatural, that has produced as much rage of swords, as much bitterness of pens, both public and private, as was ever known; and has divided the understandings of men, as well as their affections, in so high a degree, that scarce could any virtue gain due applause, any reason give satisfaction, or any relation obtain credit, unless amongst men of the same side. It were therefore a presumptuous madness to think that this poor and weak discourse, which can deserve no applause from either side, should obtain from both so much as pardon; or that those persons should agree in the judgment they will form of it who could never agree in anything else.

I cannot therefore be so stupid as not to be fully sensible of the difficulty of the task imposed on me, or the great envy which attends it; which other men who have written histories, upon far less occasion, have discoursed of at large in their prefaces. And Tacitus himself, complaining of those ill times which were the unhappy subject of his *Annals* (though he wrote not in the time

of the same princes under whom those things were acted), yet (because the families of many men who had then been ignominious were yet in being) could not but discourse how much happier those writers had been, who had taken more ancient and prosperous times for their argument ; such (as he there expresses it) as those times in which the great and glorious actions of the old Romans, their honourable achievements, and exemplary virtues, are recorded.

And I could have wished more than my life (being myself inconsiderable) that, for the sake of the public, my theme could rather have been the prosperity of these nations, the honour and happiness of the king, and such a blessed condition of both, as might have reached all the ends for which government was first ordained in the world, than the description of shipwrecks, ruin, and desolations. Yet these things, truly recorded and observed, may be of good use, and may benefit posterity in divers kinds. For though the present actions, or rather sufferings, of these (once happy) nations, are of so high a mark and consideration, as might, perchance, throw themselves into the knowledge of posterity by tradition and the weight of their own fame, yet it may much conduce to the benefit that may arise from that knowledge, to have the true causes, original, and growth of them represented by an honest pen.

For the truth of this plain and naked discourse, which is here presented to the public view, containing a brief narration of those distractions which have fallen amongst us during the sitting of this present parliament, as also some passages and visible actions of the former government (whether probably conducing to these present calamities or not, of which let the reader judge), I appeal only to the memory of any Englishman, whose years have been enough to make him know the actions that were done, and whose conversation has been enough public to let him hear the common voice and discourses of people upon those actions ; to his memory, I say, do I appeal, whether such actions were not done and such judgments made upon them as are here related. In which, perchance, some readers may be put in mind of their own thoughts

heretofore, which thoughts have since, like Nebuchadnezzar's dream, departed from them. An English gentleman, who went to travel when this parliament was called, and returned when these differences were grown among us, hearing what discourses were daily made, affirmed that the parliament of England (in his opinion) was more misunderstood in England than at Rome; and that there was a greater need to remind our own countrymen than to inform strangers of what was past; so much, said he, have they seemed to forget both the things themselves and their own former notions concerning them.

(From *The History of the Long Parliament.*)

Thomas Fuller

1608–1661.

A NORFOLK WORTHY

JOHN BARRET was born of an honest family at Linne in this county; bred a Carmelite of White-friars in Cambridge, when learning ran low and degrees high in that University; for many usurped Scarlets, qualified only with ignorance and impudence (properties seldom parted); so that a Scholar could scarcely be seen for Doctors, till the University, sensible of the mischief thereby, appointed Dr. Cranmer (afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury) to be the poser-general of all candidates in Divinity, amongst whom he stopped Barret for insufficiency.

Back goes Barret to Linne; turns over a new, yea, many new leaves, plying his book to purpose whose former ignorance proceeded from want of pains, not parts; and in short time became a tolerable, a good, an excellent, and admirable scholar; and, commencing Doctor with due applause, lived many years a painful preacher in Norwich, always making honourable mention of Dr. Cranmer as the means of his happiness. Indeed he had been ever, if not once, a dunce, who, if not debarred, had never deserved his degree. Bale saith, that in the reign of Queen Mary he returned to his vomit and became a great papist. But his

praises are better to be believed than his invectives ; and, seeing wood not growing crooked, but warping with weight, may be straightened again, we charitably believe that, though complying in time of persecution, he returned to the truth in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, in the beginning whereof he died.

(From the *Worthies of England.*)

ON SHAKESPEARE

He was an eminent instance of the truth of that rule, *Poeta non fit, sed nascitur* : " One is not made but born a poet." Indeed his learning was very little, so that, as Cornish diamonds are not polished by any lapidary, but are pointed and smoothed even as they are taken out of the earth, so nature itself was all the art which was used upon him.

Many were the *wet-combates* betwixt him and Ben Jonson, which two I behold like a Spanish great gallion, and an English man of war : Master Jonson (like the former) was built far higher in learning ; solid, but slow, in his performances. Shakespeare, with the English man of war, lesser in bulk, but lighter in sailing, could turn with all tides, tack about, and take advantage of all winds, by the quickness of his wit and invention.

(From *The Same.*)

THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY

If the schools may be resembled to the ring, the library may the better be compared to the diamond therein ; not so much for the bunching forth beyond the rest, as the preciousness thereof, in some respects equalling any in Europe, and in most kinds exceeding all in England : yet our land hath been ever φιλοβιβλος, much given to the love of books ; and let us fleet the cream of a few of the primest libraries in all ages (*here there follows an account of various libraries*). . . . To return to the Oxford Library, which stands like Diana amongst her nymphs, and surpasseth all the rest for rarity and multitude of books ; so that, if any be wanting on any subject, it is because the world doth not afford them. This library was founded by Humphrey the good Duke of

Gloucester; confounded in the reign of King Edward the Sixth, by those who I list not to name, refounded by Sir Thomas Bodley, and the bounty of daily benefactors.

(From *The Same.*)

SOME INCIDENTS IN SIR FRANCIS DRAKE'S VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD

Setting forth from Plymouth, he bore up for Cape Verd where, near to the island of St. Jago, he took prisoner Nuno da Silva, an experienced Spanish Pilot, whose direction he used in the coasts of Brazil and Magellan Straits, and afterwards safely landed him at Guatulco in New Spain. Hence they took their course to the island of Brava, and hereabouts they met with those tempestuous winds, whose only praise is that they continue not an hour, in which time they change all points of the compass. Here they had great plenty of rain poured not as in other places as it were out of sieves, but as out of spouts, so that a butt of water falls down in a place: which notwithstanding is but a courteous injury in that hot climate far from land, and where otherwise fresh water cannot be provided: then, cutting the line, they saw the face of that heaven which earth hideth from us, but therein only three stars of the first greatness; the rest few and small compared to our hemisphere, as if God, on purpose, had set up the best and biggest candles in that room wherein his civilest guests are entertained. . . .

On the 9th of January following (1579) his ship, having a large wind and a smooth sea, ran aground on a dangerous shoal and struck twice on it, knocking twice at the door of death which no doubt had opened the third time. Here they stuck from eight o'clock at night till four the next afternoon, having ground too much, and yet too little to land on, and water too much, and yet too little to sail in. Had God, who as the wise man saith (Prov. xxx. 4) *holdeth the winds in his fist*, but opened his little finger, and let out the smallest blast, they had undoubtedly been cast away, but there blew not any wind all the while. Then they conceiving aright that the best way to lighten the ship

was first to ease it of the burthen of their sins by true repentance, humbled themselves by fasting under the hand of God. Afterwards they received the communion, dining on Christ in the sacrament, expecting no other than to sup with him in heaven. Then they cast out of their ship six great pieces of ordnance, threw overboard as much wealth as would break the heart of a miser to think on it, with much sugar, and packs of spice, making a caudle of the sea round about. Then they betook themselves to their prayers, the best lever at such a dead lift indeed, and it pleased God that the wind, formerly their mortal enemy, became their friend, which changing from the starboard to the larboard of the ship, and rising by degrees, cleared them off to the sea again, for which they returned unfeigned thanks to Almighty God.

(From *The Holy State.*)

Jeremy Taylor

1613–1667.

TO PROCURE CONTENTEDNESS

When anything happens to our displeasure, let us endeavour to take off its trouble by turning it into spiritual or artificial advantage and handle it on that side, in which it may be useful, to the designs of reason. For there is nothing but hath a double handle, or at least we have two hands to apprehend it. When an enemy reproaches us, let us look on him as an impartial relator of our faults, for he will tell thee truer than thy fondest friend will ; and thou mayst call them precious balms, though they break thy head, and forgive his anger, while thou makest use of the plainness of his declamation. "The ox, when he is weary, treads surest" : and if there be nothing else in the disgrace, but that it makes us to walk warily, and tread sure from fear of our enemies, that is better than to be flattered into pride and carelessness. This is the charity of Christian philosophy, which expounds the sense of the Divine providence fairly, and

reconciles us to it by a charitable construction: and we may as well refuse all physic, if we consider it only as unpleasant in the taste; and we may find fault with the rich vallies of Thasus, because they are circled by sharp mountains: but so also we may be in charity with every unpleasant accident, because, though it taste bitter, it is intended for health and medicine.

If therefore thou fallest from thy employment in public, take sanctuary in an honest retirement, being indifferent to thy gain abroad, or thy safety at home. If thou art out of favour with thy prince secure the favour of the King of Kings, and then there is no harm come to thee. And when Zeno Citiensis lost all his goods in a storm, he retired to the studies of philosophy, to his short cloak, and a severe life, and gave thanks to fortune for his prosperous mischance. When the north-wind blows hard, and it rains sadly, none but fools sit down in it and cry; wise people defend themselves against it with a warm garment, or a good fire and a dry roof. When a storm of a sad mischance beats upon our spirits, turn it into some advantage by observing where it can serve another end, either of religion or prudence, of more safety or less envy: it will turn into something that is good, if we list to make it so. At least it may make us weary of the world's vanity and take off our confidence from uncertain riches, and make our spirits to dwell in those regions, where content dwells essentially. If it does any good to our souls, it hath made more than sufficient recompense for all the temporal affliction. He that threw a stone at a dog, and hit his cruel step-mother, said, that although he intended it otherwise, yet the stone was not quite lost: and if we fail in the first design, if we bring it home to another equally to content us, or more to profit us, then we have put our conditions past the power of chance; and this was called, in the Old Greek comedy, "a being revenged on fortune by becoming philosophers," and turning the chance into reason or religion: for so a wise man shall overrule his stars, and have a greater influence upon his own content, than all the constellations and planets of the firmament.

(From *Holy Living*.)

OUR READINESS FOR DEATH

Make no excuses to make thy desires of life seem reasonable; neither cover thy fear with pretences, but suppress it rather with arts of severity and ingenuity. Some are not willing to submit to God's sentence and arrest of death, till they have finished such a design, or made an end of the last paragraph of their book, or raised such portions for their children, or preached so many sermons, or built their house, or planted their orchard, or ordered their estate with such advantages. It is well for the modesty of these men, that the excuse is ready; but if it were not, it is certain they would search one out: for an idle man is never ready to die, and is glad of any excuse; and a busied man hath always something unfinished, and he is ready for everything but death. And I remember, that Petronius brings in Eumolpus composing verses in a desperate storm; and being called upon to shift for himself when the ship dashed upon the rock, crying out to let him alone, till he had trimmed and finished his verse, which was lame in the hinder leg: the man either had too strong a desire to end his verse, or too great a desire not to end his life. But we must know, God's times are not to be measured by our circumstances; and what I value, God regards not; or if it be valuable in the accounts of men, yet God will supply it with other contingencies of his providence; and if Epaphroditus had died, when he had his great sickness St. Paul speaks of, God would have secured the work of the gospel without him; and he could have spared Epaphroditus as well as St. Stephen, and St. Peter as well as St. James. Say no more; but, when God calls, lay aside thy papers; and first dress thy soul, and then dress thy hearse.

(From *Holy Dying.*)

ON THE GROWTH OF REASON IN MEN

Neither must we think that the life of a man begins when he can feed himself, or walk alone, when he can fight, or beget his like; for so he is contemporary with a camel or a cow; but he

is first a man when he comes to a certain steady use of reason, according to his proportion: and when that is all the world of men cannot tell precisely. Some are called at age at fourteen; some at one-and-twenty; some never; but all men late enough; for the life of a man comes upon him slowly and insensibly. But as, when the sun approaches towards the gates of morning, he first opens a little eye of heaven, and sends away the spirits of darkness, and gives light to a cock, and calls up the lark to matins; and by and by gilds the fringes of a cloud, and peeps over the eastern hills; thrusting out his golden horns, like those which decked the brows of Moses when he was forced to wear a veil because himself had seen the face of God; and still while a man tells the story, the Sun gets up higher, till he shows a fair face and a full light, and then he shines one whole day, under a cloud often, and sometimes weeping great and little showers, and sets quickly; so is a man's reason and his life. He first begins to perceive himself to see or taste, making little reflections upon his actions of sense, and can discourse of flies and dogs, shells and play-houses and liberty; but when he is strong enough to enter into arts and little institutions, he is at first entertained with trifles and impertinent things, not because he needs them, but because his understanding is no bigger, and little images of things are laid before him, like a cock-boat and a whale only to play withal; but before a man comes to be wise, he is half dead with gout and consumptions, with catarrhs and aches, with sore eyes and a worn-out body. So that, if we must not reckon the life of a man but by the accounts of his reason, he is long before his soul be dressed.

(From *The Same.*)

ON PREACHING

All the great necessities of the Church have been served by the zeal of preaching in public, and other holy ministries in public or private, as they could be had. By this the Apostles planted the Church, and the primitive bishops supported the faith of martyrs, and the hardiness of confessors, and the austerity of the

retired. By this they confounded heretics, and evil livers, and taught them the ways of the Spirit, and them without pertinacy, or without excuse. It was preaching that restored the splendour of the Church when barbarism, and wars, and ignorance, either sat in or broke the doctor's chair to pieces: for then it was that divers orders of Religions, and especially of preachers, were erected; God inspiring into whole companies of men a zeal of preaching. And by the same instrument God restored the beauty of the Church, when it was necessary she should be reformed; it was the assiduous and learned preaching of those whom God chose for His ministers in that work, that wrought the advantages and persuaded those truths which are the enamel and beauty of Churches.

(From *Twenty-Five Sermons—The Dedication.*)

ON ZEAL IN PRAYER

You may observe it that so long as the light shines bright, and the fires of devotion and desires flame out, so long the mind of man stands close to the altar, and waits upon the sacrifice; but as the fires die, and desires decay, so the mind steals away, and walks abroad to see the little images of beauty and pleasure, which it beholds in the falling stars and little glow-worms of the world. The river that runs slow and creeps by the banks, and begs leave of every turf to let it pass, is drawn into little hollownesses, and spends itself in smaller portions, and dies with diversion; but when it runs with vigorousness and a full-stream, and breaks down every obstacle, making it even as its own brow, it stays not to be tempted by little avocations, and to creep into holes, but runs into the sea through full and useful channels: so is a man's prayer, if it moves upon the feet of an abated appetite, it wanders into the society of every trifling accident, and stays at the corners of the fancy, and talks with every object it meets, and cannot arrive at heaven; but when it is carried upon the wings of passion and strong desires, a swift motion and a hungry appetite, it passes on through all the intermedial regions of clouds, and stays not till it dwells at the

foot of the throne, where mercy sits, and thence sends holy showers of refreshment.

(From *Twenty-Five Sermons.*)

ON CHEERFULNESS

A cheerful spirit is the best convoy for religion; and though sadness does in some cases become a Christian, as being an index of a pious mind, of compassion and of a wise, proper resentment of things, yet it serves but one end, being useful in the only instance of repentance; and hath done its greatest works, not when it weeps and sighs, but when it hates and grows careful against sin. But cheerfulness and a festival spirit fill the soul full of harmony, it composes music for churches and hearts, it makes and publishes glorifications of God, it produces thankfulness, and serves the end of charity: and when the oil of gladness runs over, it makes bright and tall emissions of light and holy fires, reaching up to a cloud, and making joy round about: and therefore since it is so innocent, and may be so pious and full of holy advantage, whatsoever can innocently minister to this holy joy, does set forward the work of religion and charity. And, indeed, charity itself, which is the vertical top of all religion, is nothing else but a union of joys, concentred in the heart, and reflected from all the angles of our life and intercourse. It is a rejoicing in God, a gladness in our neighbour's good, a pleasure in doing good, a rejoicing with him; and without love we cannot have any joy at all.

(From *The Same.*)

Richard Sibbes

1577–1635.

CHRISTIAN FRIENDSHIP

THUS it pleaseth God to humble men by letting them see in what need they stand one of another, that so the communion of saints may be endeared; every relation wherein we stand towards others are so many bonds and sinews whereby one member is

fitted to derive comfort to another, through love, the bond of perfection: all must be done in this sweet affection. A member out of joint must be tenderly set in again, and bound up, which only men guided by the spirit of love, seasoned with discretion, are fit to do; they are taught of God to do what they should. The more of Christ is in any man, the more willingness and fitness to his duty, to which this should encourage us, that in strengthening others we strengthen ourselves, and draw upon ourselves the blessing pronounced on those that consider the needy, which will be our comfort here, and crown hereafter, that God hath honoured us to be instruments of spiritual good to others. It is an injunction, to comfort the feeble-minded, and there is an heavy imputation on those that comforted not the weak: when men will not own men in trouble, but as the herd of deer forsake and push away the wounded deer from them. And those that are any wise cast down, must stoop to those ways which God hath sanctified to convey comfort; for though sometimes the spirit of God immediately comforts the soul, which is the sweetest, yet for the most part the sun of righteousness that hath healing in his wings, conveyeth the beams of his comfort by the help of others, in whom he will have much of our comfort to be hid, and for this very end it pleaseth God to exercise his children, and ministers especially, with trials and afflictions, that so they having felt what a troubled spirit is in themselves, might be able to comfort others in their distress, with the same comfort wherewith they have been comforted: God often suspends comfort from us, to drive us to make use of our Christian friends, by whom he purposeth to do us good.

. . . . .

The preacher gives three reasons why two are better than one. 1. Because if one fall, the other may lift him up; as that which is stronger holdeth up that which is weaker, so feeble minds are raised and kept up by the stronger. Nay oftentimes he that is weaker in one grace is stronger in another; one may help by his experience and meekness of love, that needs the help of another for knowledge. 2. If two be together one may warm another

by kindling one another's spirits. Where two meet together upon such holy grounds and aims, there Christ by his Spirit makes up another, and this threefold cable who shall break? While Joash lived, Jehoiada stood upright. While Latimer and Ridley lived, they kept up Cranmer, by intercourse of letters and otherwise, from entertaining counsels of revolt. The disciples presently upon Christ's apprehension fainted. Notwithstanding he laboured by his heavenly doctrine to put courage and comfort into them. 3. If any give an onset upon them, there is two to withstand it, spirit joining with spirit; and because there is an acquaintance of spirits as well as of persons, those are fittest to lay open our minds unto in whom, upon experience of their fidelity, our hearts may most safely rely. We lose much of our strength in the loss of a true friend; which made David bemoan the loss of his friend Jonathan, "Wo is me for thee, my brother Jonathan." He lost a piece of himself by losing him whom his heart clave unto.

(From a Sermon on *The Soul's Conflict.*)

Richard Baxter

1615–1691.

REST AFTER SORROW

We shall then rest from all our dolorous hours, and sad thoughts which we now undergo, by participating with our brethren in their calamities. Alas, if we had nothing upon ourselves to trouble us, yet what heart could lay aside sorrows, that lives in the sound of the Church's sufferings? If Job had nothing upon his body to disquiet him, yet the message of his children's overthrow must grieve the most patient soul. Except we are turned into steel or stone, and have lost both Christian and humane affection, there needs no more than the miseries of our brethren to fill our hearts with successions of sorrows, and make our lives a continued lamentation. The Church on earth is a mere hospital; which way ever we go we hear complaining; and into what corner soever we cast our eyes, we behold objects of pity and

grief: some groaning under a dark understanding, some under a senseless heart, some languishing under unfruitful weakness, and some bleeding from miscarriages and wilfulness; and some in such a lethargy that they are past complaining: some crying out of their pining poverty; some groaning under pains and infirmities; and some bewailing a whole catalogue of calamities, especially in days of common sufferings when nothing appears to our sight but ruin. Families ruined, congregations ruined, sumptuous structures ruined, cities ruined, country ruined, court ruined, kingdoms ruined; who weeps not when all these bleed? As now our friends' distresses are our distresses, so then our friends' deliverance will be part of our own deliverance. How much more joyous now to join with them in their days of thanksgiving and gladness, than in the days of humiliation in sackcloth and ashes? How much then more joyous will it be to join with them in their perpetual praises and triumphs, than to hear them now bewailing their wretchedness, their want of light, their want of life, of joy, of assurance of grace, of Christ, of all things? How much more comfortable to see them perfected, than now to see them wounded, weak, sick, and afflicted? To stand by the bed of their languishing as silly comforters, being overwhelmed and silenced with the greatness of their griefs, conscious of our own disability to relieve them, scarce having a word of comfort to refresh them, or if we have, alas, they be but words, which are a poor relief, when their sufferings are real; fain we would ease or help them but cannot: all we can do, is to sorrow with them, which alas, doth rather encrease their sorrows. One day of rest will free both us and them from all this. Now we may enter many a poor Christian's cottage, and there see their children ragged, their purse empty, their cupboard empty, their belly empty, and poverty possessing and filling all. How much better is that day, when we shall see them filled with Christ, clothed with glory, and equalized with the richest and greatest Princes? O the sad and heart-piercing spectacles that our eyes have seen in four years space! In this fight a dear friend is slain; scarce a month, scarce a week without the sight

or noise of blood; surely there is none of this in heaven. Our eyes shall then be filled no more, nor our hearts pierced with such dreadful sights. Our eyes shall never more behold the earth covered with the carcasses of the slain. Our mourning attire will then be turned into the white robes and garments of gladness.

(From the *Saints' Everlasting Rest.*)

Sir Thomas Browne

1605–1682.

ON HIMSELF

Now for my life, it is a miracle of thirty years, which to relate were not a history, but a piece of poetry, and would sound to common ears like a fable. For the world, I count it not an inn, but an hospital; and a place not to live, but to die in. The world that I regard is myself; it is the microcosm of my own frame that I cast mine eye on: for the other, I use it but like my globe, and turn it round sometimes for my recreation. Men that look upon my outside, perusing only my condition and fortunes do err in my altitude; for I am above Atlas's shoulders. The earth is a point not only in respect of the heavens above us, but of that heavenly and celestial part within us. That mass of flesh that circumscribes me limits not my mind. That surface that tells the heavens it hath an end cannot persuade me I have any. I take my circle to be above three hundred and sixty. Though the number of the ark do measure my body, it comprehendeth not my mind. Whilst I study to find how I am a microcosm, or little world, I find myself something more than the great. There is surely a piece of divinity in us; something that was before the elements, and owes no homage unto the sun. Nature tells me, I am the image of God, as well as Scripture. He that understands not this much hath not his introduction or first lesson, and is yet to begin the alphabet of man. Let me not injure the felicity of others, if I say I am as happy as any. *Ruat cœlum, fiat voluntas tua,* salveth all; so that,

whatsoever happens, it is but what our daily prayers desire. In brief, I am content; and what should providence add more? Surely this is it we call happiness, and this do I enjoy; with this I am happy in a dream, and as content to enjoy a happiness in a fancy as others in a more apparent truth and reality. There is surely a nearer apprehension of anything that delights us, in our dreams, than in our waked senses. Without this were I unhappy; for my awaked judgement discontents me, ever whispering unto me that I am from my friend, but my friendly dreams in the night requite me, and make me think I am within his arms. I thank God for my happy dreams, as I do for my good rest; for there is a satisfaction in them unto reasonable desires, and such as can be content with a fit of happiness. And surely it is not a melancholy conceit to think we are all asleep in this world, and that the conceits of this life are as mere dreams, to those of the next, as the phantasms of the night, to the conceit of the day. There is an equal delusion in both; and the one doth seem but to be the emblem or picture of the other. We are somewhat more than ourselves in our sleeps; and the slumber of the body seems to be but the waking of the soul. It is the ligation of sense, but the liberty of reason; and our waking conceptions do not match the fancies of our sleeps. At my nativity, my ascendant was the earthly sign of Scorpio. I was born in the planetary hour of Saturn, and I think I have a piece of that leaden planet in me. I am no way facetious, nor disposed for the mirth and galliardise of company; yet in one dream I can compose a whole comedy, behold the action, apprehend the jests, and laugh myself awake at the conceits thereof. Were my memory as faithful as my reason is then fruitful, I would never study but in my dreams, and this time also would I choose for my devotions: but our grosser memories have then so little hold of our abstracted understandings that they forget the story, and can only relate to our awaked souls a confused and broken tale of that which hath passed. Aristotle who hath written a singular tract of sleep, hath not methinks thoroughly defined it; nor yet Galen though he seems to have

corrected it; for those noctambulos and night-walkers, though in their sleep, do yet enjoy the action of their senses. We must therefore say that there is something in us that is not in the jurisdiction of Morpheus; and that those abstracted and ecstatic souls do walk about in their own corpses, as spirits with the bodies they assume, wherein they seem to hear, see, and feel, though indeed the organs are destitute of sense, and their natures of those faculties that should inform them. Thus it is observed that men sometimes, upon the hour of their departure, do speak and reason above themselves. For then the soul begins to be freed from the ligaments of the body, begins to reason like herself, and to discourse in a strain above mortality.

(From *Religio Medici.*)

ADMONITIONS

Be substantially great in thyself, and more than thou appearest unto others; and let the world be deceived in thee, as they are in the lights of heaven. Hang early plummets upon the heels of pride, and let ambition have but an epicycle and narrow circuit in thee. Measure not thyself by thy morning shadow, but by the extent of thy grave; and reckon thyself above the earth by the line thou must be contented with under it. Spread not into boundless expansions either of designs or desires. Think not that mankind liveth but for a few; and that the rest are born but to serve those ambitions, which make but flies of men and wildernesses of whole nations. Swell not into vehement actions which imbroil and confound the earth; but be one of those violent ones which force the kingdom of heaven. If thou must needs rule be Zeno's King, and enjoy that empire which every man gives himself. He who is thus his own monarch contentedly sways the sceptre of himself, not envying the glory of crowned heads and *elohims* of the earth. Could the world unite in the practice of that despised train of virtues, which the divine ethics of our Saviour hath so inculcated upon us, the furious face of things must disappear; Eden would be yet to be found, and the angels might look down, not with pity, but joy upon us.

Though the quickness of thine ear were able to reach the noise of the moon, which some think it maketh in its rapid revolution; though the number of thy ears should equal Argus's eyes; yet stop them all with the wise man's wax, and be deaf unto the suggestions of tale-bearers, calumniators, pickthank or malevolent delators, who, while quiet men sleep, sowing the tares of discord and division, distract the tranquillity of charity and all friendly society. These are the tongues that set the world on fire, cankers of reputation, and like that of Jonas's gourd, wither a good name in a night. Evil spirits may sit still, while these spirits walk about and perform the business of hell. To speak more strictly, our corrupted hearts are the factories of the devil, which may be at work without his presence; for when that circumventing spirit hath drawn malice, envy, and all unrighteousness unto well rooted habits in his disciples, iniquity then goes on upon its own legs; and if the gate of hell were shut up for a time, vice would still be fertile and produce the fruits of hell. Thus when God forsakes us Satan also leaves us: for such offenders he looks upon as sure and sealed up, and his temptations then needless unto them.

Annihilate not the mercies of God by the oblivion of ingratitude; for oblivion is a kind of annihilation; and for things to be as though they had not been, is like unto never being. Make not thy head a grave, but a repository of God's mercies. Though thou hadst the memory of Seneca, or Simonides, and conscience the punctual memorist within us, yet trust not to thy remembrance in things which need phylacteries. Register not only strange, but merciful occurrences. Let Ephemerides not Olympiads give thee account of his mercies: let thy diaries stand thick with dutiful mementos and asterisks of acknowledgement. And to be complete and forget nothing, date not his mercy from thy nativity; look beyond the world, and before the æra of Adam.

Paint not the sepulchre of thyself, and strive not to beautify thy corruption. Be not an advocate for thy vices, nor call for many hourglasses to justify thy imperfections. Think not that

always good which thou thinkest thou canst always make good, nor that concealed which the sun doth not behold: that which the sun doth not now see, will be visible when the sun is out, and the stars are fallen from heaven. Meanwhile there is no darkness unto conscience; which can see without light, and in the deepest obscurity give a clear draught of things, which the cloud of dissimulation hath concealed from all eyes. There is a natural standing court within us, examining, acquitting, and condemning at the tribunal of ourselves; wherein iniquities have their natural thetas, and no nocent is absolved by the verdict of himself. And therefore although our transgressions shall be tried at the last bar, the process need not be long: for the Judge of all knoweth all, and every man will nakedly know himself; and when so few are like to plead not guilty, the assize must soon have an end.

(From *Christian Morals*.)

OBLIVION

But the iniquity of oblivion blindly scattereth her poppy, and deals with the memory of men without distinction to merit of perpetuity. Who can but pity the founder of the pyramids? Herostrates lives that burnt the temple of Diana, he is almost lost that built it. Time hath spared the epitaph of Adrian's horse, confounded that of himself. In vain we compute our felicities by the advantage of our good names, since bad have equal durations, and Thersites is like to live as long as Agamemnon. Who knows whether the best of men be known, or whether there be not more remarkable persons forgot, than any that stand remembered in the known account of time? Without the favour of the everlasting register, the first man had been as unknown as the last, and Methuselah's long life had been his only chronicle.

Oblivion is not to be hired. The greater part must be content to be as though they had not been, to be found in the register of God, not in the record of man. Twenty-seven names make up the first story before the flood, and the recorded names ever

since contain not one living century. The number of the dead long exceedeth all that shall live. The night of time far surpasseth the day, and who knows when was the equinox ? Every hour adds unto that current arithmetic, which scarce stands one moment. And since death must be the Lucina of life, and even Pagans could doubt whether thus to live were to die; since our longest eve sets at right declensions, and makes but winter arches, and therefore it cannot be long before we lie down in darkness, and have our light in ashes ; since the brother of death daily haunts us with dying mementos, and time that grows old in itself, bids us hope no long duration ;—diuturnity is a dream and folly of expectation.

Darkness and light divide the course of time, and oblivion shares with memory a great part even of our living beings ; we slightly remember our felicities, and the smartest strokes of affliction leave but short smart upon us. Sense endureth no extremities, and sorrows destroy us or themselves. To weep into stones are fables. Afflictions induce callosities ; miseries are slippery or fall like snow upon us, which notwithstanding is no unhappy stupidity. To be ignorant of evils to come, and forgetful of evils past, is a merciful provision in nature, whereby we digest the mixture of our few and evil days, and, our delivered senses not relapsing into cutting remembrances, our sorrows are not kept raw by the edge of repetitions. A great part of antiquity contented their hopes of subsistency with a transmigration of their souls, a good way to continue their memories, while, having the advantage of plural successions, they could not but act something remarkable in such variety of beings, and enjoying the fame of their passed selves, make accumulation of glory unto their last durations. Others, rather than be lost in the uncomfortable night of nothing, were content to recede into the common being, and make one particle of the public soul of all things, which was no more than to return into their unknown and divine original again. Egyptian ingenuity was more unsatisfied, contriving their bodies in sweet consistencies, to attend the return of their souls. But all was vanity, feeding the wind, and folly.

The Egyptian mummies, which Cambyses or time hath spared, avarice now consumeth. Mummy is become merchandize, Mizraim cures wounds, and Pharaoh is sold for balsams.

In vain do individuals hope for immortality, or any patent from oblivion, in preservations below the moon: men have been deceived even in their flatteries, above the sun, and studied conceits to perpetuate their names in heaven. The various cosmography of that part hath already varied the names of contrived constellations; Nimrod is lost in Orion, and Osyris in the dog-star. While we look for incorruption in the heavens, we find they are but like the earth;—durable in their main bodies, alterable in their parts; whereof, beside comets and new stars, perspectives begin to tell tales, and the spots that wander about the sun, with Phæthon's favour, would make clear conviction.

There is nothing strictly immortal, but immortality. Whatever hath no beginning, may be confident of no end;—which is the peculiar of that necessary essence that cannot destroy itself;—and the highest strain of omnipotency, to be so powerfully constituted as not to suffer even from the power of itself: all others have a dependent being and within the reach of destruction. But the sufficiency of Christian immortality frustrates all earthly glory, and the quality of either state after death, makes a folly of posthumous memory. God who can only destroy our souls, and hath assured our resurrection, either of our bodies or names, hath directly promised no duration. Wherein there is so much of chance, that the boldest expectants have found unhappy frustration; and to hold long subsistence, seems but a scape in oblivion; But man is a noble animal, splendid in ashes, and pompous in the grave, solemnizing nativities and deaths with equal lustre, nor omitting ceremonies of bravery in the infamy of his nature.

Life is a pure flame, and we live by an invisible sun within us. A small fire sufficeth for life, great flames seemed too little after death, while men vainly affected precious pyres, and to burn like Sardanapalus; but the wisdom of funeral laws found the folly of prodigal blazes, and reduced undoing fires unto the rule

of sober obsequies, wherein few could be so mean as not to provide wood, pitch, a mourner and an urn.

(From *Urn Burial.*)

Robert Burton

1577–1640.

CONCERNING MELANCHOLY

Every man, saith Seneca, *thinks his own burthen the heaviest;* and a melancholy man, above all others, complains most. Weariness of life, abhorring all company and light; fear, sorrow, suspition, anguish of mind, bashfulness, and those other dread symtomes of body and mind, must needs aggravate this misery; yet conferred to other maladies, they are not so hainous as they be taken. For, first, this disease is either in habit or disposition, curable or incurable. If new and in disposition, 'tis commonly pleasant, and may be helped. If inveterate, or an habit, yet they have *lucida intervalla,* sometimes well, and sometimes ill; or if more continuate, as the Vejentes were to the Romans, 'tis *hostis magis assiduus quam gravis,* a more durable enemy then dangerous; and, amongst many inconveniences, some comforts are annexed to it. First, it is not catching; and, as Erasmus comforted himself, when he was grievously sick of the stone, though it was most troublesome, and an intolerable pain to him, yet it was no whit offensive to others, not lothsome to the spectators, gastly, fulsom, terrible, as plagues, apoplexies, leprosies, wounds, sores, tetters, pox, pestilent agues are, which either admit of no company, terrify or offend those that are present. In this malady, that which is, is wholly to themselves; and those symptomes not so dreadful, if they be compared to the opposite extreams. They are most part bashful, suspicious, solitary, &c. therefore no such ambitious, impudent intruders, as some are, no sharkers, no cunnicatchers, no prolers, no smel-feasts, praters, panders, parasites, bawds, drunkards, whoremasters: necessity and defect compels them to be honest; as Micio told Demea in the comedy,

Haec si neque ego neque tu fecimus,
Non sivit egestas facere nos :

if we be honest, 'twas poverty made us so : if we melancholy men be not as bad as he that is worst, 'tis our dame Melancholy kept us so :

Non deerat voluntas sed facultas.

Besides they are freed in this from many other infirmities ; solitariness makes them more apt to contemplate, suspition wary, which is a necessary humour in these times ; *nam pol qui maxime cavet, sæpe is cautor captus est :* he that takes most heed, is often circumvented and overtaken. Fear and sorrow keep them temperate and sober, and free them from many disolute acts, which jollity and boldness thrust men upon ; they are therefore no *sicarii*, roaring boyes, theeves, or assassinates. As they are soon dejected, so they are as soon, by soft words and good perswasions, reared. Wearisomeness of life makes them they are not so besotted on the transitory vain pleasures of the world. If they dote in one thing, they are wise and well understanding in most other. If it be inveterate, they are *insensati*, most part doting, or quite mad, insensible of any wrongs, ridiculous to others, but most happy and secure to themselves. Dotage is a state which many much magnifie and commend : so is simplicity, and folly, as he said,

Hic furor, O Superi, sit mihi perpetuus.

Some think fools and disards live the merriest lives, as Ajax in Sophocles ; *nihil scire vita jucundissima ;* 'tis the pleasantest life to know nothing ; *iners malorum remedium ignorantia ;* ignorance is a down-right remedy of evils. These curious arts and laborius sciences, Galens, Tullies, Aristotles, Justinians, do but trouble the world, some think ; we might live better with that illiterate Virginian simplicity, and gross ignorance ; entire ideots do best ; they are not macerated with cares, tormented with fears and anxiety, as other wise men are : for, as he said, if folly were a pain, you should hear them houl, roar, and cry out in every house, as you go by in the street ; but they are most

free, jocund, and merry, and, in some countries, as amongst the Turks, honoured for saints, and abundantly maintained out of the common stock. They are no dissemblers, lyers, hypocrites; for fools and mad men tell commonly truth. In a word, as they are distressed, so are they pittied; which some hold better then to be envied, better to be sad then merry, better to be foolish and quiet, *quam sapere et ringi*, to be wise and still vexed; better to be miserable then happy: of two extremes it is the best.

(From the *Anatomy of Melancholy*.)

CHARITY

A faithful friend is better than gold, a medicine of misery, an only possession; yet this love of friends, nuptial, heroical, profitable, pleasant, honest, all three loves put together, are little worth, if they proceed not from a true Christian illuminated soul, if it be not done *in ordine ad Deum*, for God's sake. "Though I had the gift of prophecy, spake with tongues of men and angels, though I feed the poor with all my goods, give my body to be burned, and have not this love, it profiteth me nothing" (1 Cor. xiii. 1, 3); 'tis *splendidum peccatum*, without charity. This is an all-apprehending love, a deifying love, a refined, pure, divine love the quintessence of all love, the true philosopher's stone: *non potest enim* (as Austin infers) *veracitur amicus esse hominis, nisi fuerit ipsius primitus veritatis:* he is no true friend that loves not God's truth. And therefore this is true love indeed, the cause of all good to mortal men, that reconciles all creatures, and glues them together in perpetual amity, and firm league, and can no more abide bitterness, hate, malice, than fair and foul weather, light and darkness, sterility and plenty, may be together. As the sun in the firmament (I say), so is love in the world; and for this cause 'tis love without an addition, love κατ' ἐξοχὴν, love of God, and love of men. The love of God begets the love of man; and by this love of our neighbour, the love of God is nourished and increased. By this happy union of love, all well governed families and cities are combined, the heavens annexed, and divine souls complicated, the world itself composed, and all

that is in it conjoined in God, and reduced to one. This love causeth true and absolute virtues, the life, spirit, and roof of every virtuous action; it finisheth prosperity, easeth adversity, corrects all natural incumbrances, inconveniences, sustained by faith and hope, which, with this our love, make an indissoluble twist, a Gordian knot, an æquilateral triangle; and yet the greatest of them is love (1 Cor. xiii. 13) which inflames our souls with a divine heat, and being so inflamed, purgeth, and, so purged, elevates to God, makes an atonement, and reconciles us unto him. That other love infects the soul of man; this cleanseth: that depresses; this rears: that causeth cares and troubles; this quietness of mind; this informs, that deforms our life: that leads to repentance, this to heaven. For, if once we be truly link't and touched with this charity, we shall love God above all, our neighbour as ourself, as we are enjoined (Mark xii. 31; Matt. xix. 19), perform those duties and exercises, even all the operations of a good Christian.

. . . . .

Thus should we willingly do, if we had a true touch of this charity, of this divine love, if we would perform this which we are enjoined, forget and forgive, and compose ourselves to those Christian laws of love.

O felix hominum genus,
Si vestros animos Amor,
Quo cœlum regitur, regat!

Angelical souls, how blessed, how happy should we be, so loving, how might we triumph over the devil, and have another heaven upon earth!

But this we cannot do; and, which is the cause of all our woes, miseries, discontent, melancholy, want of this charity. We do *invicem angariare,* contemn, insult, vex, torture, molest, and hold one another's noses to the grindstone hard, provoke, rail, scoff, calumniate, challenge, hate, abuse (hard-hearted, implacable, malicious, peevish, inexorable as we are), to satisfy our lust or private spleen, for toys, trifles, and impertinent occasions, spend our selves, goods, friends, fortunes, to be revenged on our adversary, to ruin him and his. 'Tis all our study, practice, and

business, how to plot mischief, mine, countermine, defend and offend, ward ourselves, injure others, hurt all ; as if we were born to do mischief, and that with such eagerness and bitterness, with such rancour, malice, rage, and fury, we prosecute our intended designs, that neither affinity or consanguinity, love or fear of God or men, can contain us : no satisfaction, no composition, will be accepted, no offices will serve, no submission ; though he shall, upon his knees, as Sarpedon did to Glaucus in Homer, acknowledging his error, yield himself with tears in his eyes, beg his pardon, we will not relent, forgive, or forget, till we have confounded him and his, " made dice of his bones," as they say, see him rot in prison, banish his friends' followers, *et omne invisum genus*, rooted him out, and all his posterity. Monsters of men as we are, dogs, wolves, tigers, fiends, incarnate devils, we do not only contend, oppress, and tyrannise ourselves, but, as so many firebrands, we set on, and animate others : our whole life is a perpetual combat, a conflict, a set battle, a snarling fit : *Eris Dea* is settled in our tents : *Omnia de lite*, opposing wit to it, wealth to wealth, strength to strength, fortunes to fortunes, friends to friends, as at a sea fight, we turn our broadsides, or two millstones with continual attrition, we fire ourselves, or break one another's backs, and both are ruined and consumed in the end. Miserable wretches ! to fat and enrich ourselves, we care not how we get it : *Quocunque modo rem :* how many thousands we undo, whom we oppress, by whose ruin and downfall we arise, whom we injure, fatherless children, widows, common societies, to satisfy our private lust. Though we have myriads, abundance of wealth and treasure (pitiless, merciless, remorseless, and uncharitable in the highest degree) and our poor brother in need, sickness, in great extremity, and now ready to be starved for want of food, we had rather, as the fox told the ape, his tail should sweep the ground still, than cover his buttocks : rather spend it idly, consume it with dogs, hawks, hounds, unnecessary buildings, in riotous apparel, ingurgitate, or let it be lost, than he should have part of it ; rather take from that little which he hath, than relieve him. (From *The Same.*)

John Milton

1608–1674.

ON BOOKS

I DENY not, but that it is of greatest concernment in the church and commonwealth, to have a vigilant eye how books demean themselves as well as men; and thereafter to confine, imprison and do sharpest justice on them as malefactors; for books are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a potency of life in them to be as active as that soul was whose progeny they are; nay, they do preserve as in a vial the purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them. I know they are as lively, and as vigorously productive, as those fabulous dragons' teeth; and being sown up and down, may chance to spring up armed men. And yet on the other hand, unless wariness be used, as good almost kill a man as kill a good book: who kills a man kills a reasonable creature, God's image; but he who destroys a good book, kills reason itself, kills the image of God, as it were in the eye. Many a man lives a burden to the earth; but a good book is the precious lifeblood of a master spirit, imbalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life. It is true no age can restore a life, whereof perhaps there is no great loss; and revolutions of ages do not oft recover the loss of a rejected truth, for the want of which whole nations fare the worse. We should be wary therefore what persecution we raise against the living labours of public men, how we spill that seasoned life of man, preserved and stored up in books; since we see a kind of homicide may be thus committed, sometimes a martyrdom; and if it extend to the whole impression a kind of massacre, whereof the execution ends not in the slaying of an elemental life, but strikes at the æthereal and fifth essence, the breath of reason itself; slays an immortality rather than a life.

(From the *Areopagitica*.)

ON PROMISCUOUS READING

Good and evil we know in the field of this world grow up together almost inseparably; and the knowledge of good is so involved and interwoven with the knowledge of evil, and in so many cunning resemblances hardly to be discerned, that those confused seeds which were imposed upon Psyche as an incessant labour to cull out, and sort asunder, were not more intermixed. It was from out the rind of one apple tasted, that the knowledge of good and evil, as two twins cleaving together, leaped forth into the world. And perhaps this is that doom which Adam fell into of knowing good and evil, that is to say of knowing good by evil. As therefore the state of man now is, what wisdom can there be to choose, what continence to forbear without the knowledge of evil? He that can apprehend and consider vice with all her baits and seeming pleasures, and yet abstain, and yet distinguish, and yet prefer that which is truly better, he is the true warfaring Christian. I cannot praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue unexercised, and unbreathed, that never sallies out and sees her adversary, but slinks out of the race, where that immortal garland is to be run for, not without dust and heat. Assuredly we bring not innocence into the world, we bring impurity much rather; that which purifies us is trial, and trial is by what is contrary. That virtue therefore which is but a youngling in the contemplation of evil, and knows not the utmost that vice promises to her followers, and rejects it, is but a blank virtue, not a pure; her whiteness is but an excremental whiteness; which was the reason why our sage and serious poet Spenser (whom I dare be known to think a better teacher than Scotus or Aquinas,) describing true temperance under the person of Guion, brings him in with his palmer through the cave of Mammon, and the bower of earthly bliss, that he might see and know, yet abstain. Since therefore the knowledge and survey of vice is in this world so necessary to the constituting of human virtue and the scanning of errour to the confirmation of truth, how can

we more safely, and with less danger scout into the regions of sin and falsity, than by reading all manner of tractats, and hearing all manner of reason? And this is the benefit which may be had of books promiscuously read.

(From *The Same.*)

MILTON'S ACCOUNT OF HIMSELF

For although a poet, soaring in the high reason of his fancies, with his garland and singing robes about him, might, without apology, speak more of himself than I mean to do; yet for me, sitting here below in the cool element of prose, a mortal thing among many readers of no empyreal conceit, to venture and divulge unusual things of myself, I shall petition to the gentler sort, it may not be envy to me. I must say, therefore, that after I had for my first years, by the ceaseless diligence and care of my father (whom God recompense!), been exercised to the tongues, and some sciences, as my age would suffer, by sundry masters and teachers, both at home and at the schools, it was found that whether aught was imposed me by them that had the overlooking, or betaken to of mine own choice in English, or other tongue, prosing or versing, but chiefly by this latter, the style, by certain vital signs it had, was likely to live. But much latelier in the private academies of Italy, whither I was favoured to resort, perceiving that some trifles which I had in memory, composed at under twenty or thereabout (for the manner is, that every one must give some proof of his wit and reading there), met with acceptance above what was looked for; and other things, which I had shifted in scarcity of books and conveniences to patch up amongst them, were received with written encomiums, which the Italian is not forward to bestow on men of this side the Alps; I began thus far to assent both to them and divers of my friends here at home, and not less to an inward prompting which now grew daily upon me, that by labour and intense study (which I take to be my portion in this life), joined with the strong propensity of nature, I might perhaps leave something so written to aftertimes, as they should

not willingly let it die. These thoughts at once possessed me, and these other ; that if I were certain to write as men buy leases, for three lives and downward, there ought no regard be sooner had than to God's glory, by the honour and instruction of my country. For which cause, and not only for that I knew it would be hard to arrive at the second rank among the Latins, I applied myself to that resolution, which Ariosto followed against the persuasions of Bembo, to fix all the industry and art I could unite to the adorning of my native tongue ; not to make verbal curiosities the end (that were a toilsome vanity), but to be an interpreter and relater of the best and sagest things among mine own citizens throughout this island in the mother dialect. That what the greatest and choicest wits of Athens, Rome, or modern Italy, and those Hebrews of old did for their country, I, in my proportion, with this over and above, of being a Christian, might do for mine ; not caring to be once named abroad, though perhaps I could attain to that, but content with these British islands as my world ; whose fortune hath hitherto been, that if the Athenians, as some say, made their small deeds great and renowned by their eloquent writers, England hath had her noble achievements made small by the unskilful handling of monks and mechanics.

(From *The Reason of Church Government urged against Prelaty.*)

THE POET'S IDEAL

Nor blame it, readers, in those years to propose to themselves such a reward, as the noblest dispositions above other things in this life have sometimes preferred : whereof not to be sensible when good and fair in one person meet, argues both a gross and shallow judgment, and withal an ungentle and swainish breast. For by the firm settling of these persuasions, I became, to my best memory, so much a proficient, that if I found those authors anywhere speaking unworthy things of themselves, or unchaste of those names which before they had extolled ; this effect it wrought with me, from that time forward their art I still

applauded, but the men I deplored; and above them all, preferred the two famous renowners of Beatrice and Laura, who never write but honour of them to whom they devote their verse, displaying sublime and pure thoughts, without transgression. And long it was not after, when I was confirmed in this opinion, that he who would not be frustrate of his hope to write well hereafter in laudable things, ought himself to be a true poem; that is, a composition and pattern of the best and honourablest things; not presuming to sing high praises of heroic men, or famous cities, unless he have in himself the experience and the practice of all that which is praiseworthy. These reasonings, together with a certain niceness of nature, an honest haughtiness, and self-esteem either of what I was, or what I might be (which let envy call pride), and lastly that modesty, whereof, though not in the title-page, yet here I may be excused to make some beseeming profession; all these uniting the supply of their natural aid together, kept me still above those low descents of mind, beneath which he must deject and plunge himself, that can agree to saleable and unlawful prostitutions.

Next (for hear me out now, readers), that I may tell ye whither my younger feet wandered; I betook me among those lofty fables and romances, which recount in solemn cantos the deeds of knighthood founded by our victorious kings, and from hence had in renown over all Christendom. There I read it in the oath of every knight, that he should defend to the expense of his best blood, or of his life, if it so befell him, the honour and chastity of virgin or matron; from whence even then I learned what a noble virtue chastity sure must be, to the defence of which so many worthies, by such a dear adventure of themselves, had sworn. And if I found in the story afterward, any of them, by word or deed, breaking that oath, I judged it the same fault of the poet, as that which is attributed to Homer, to have written indecent things of the gods. Only this my mind gave me, that every free and gentle spirit, without that oath, ought to be born a knight, nor needed to expect the gilt

spur, or the laying of a sword upon his shoulder to stir him up both by his counsel and his arms, to secure and protect the weakness of any attempted chastity. So that even these books which to many others have been the fuel of wantonness and loose living, I cannot think how, unless by divine indulgence, proved to me so many incitements, as you have heard, to the love and steadfast observation of that virtue which abhors the society of bordelloes.

Thus, from the laureat fraternity of poets, riper years and the ceaseless round of study and reading led me to the shady spaces of philosophy; but chiefly to the divine volumes of Plato, and his equal Xenophon; where, if I should tell ye what I learnt of chastity and love, I mean that which is truly so, whose charming cup is only virtue, which she bears in her hand to those who are worthy (the rest are cheated with a thick intoxicating potion, which a certain sorceress, the abuser of love's name carries about); and how the first and chiefest office of love begins and ends in the soul, producing those happy twins of her divine generation, knowledge and virtue.

(From *An Apology for Smectymnuus.*)

John Bunyan

1628–1688.

GIANT DESPAIR

I SAW then that they went on their way to a pleasant river which David the king called "the river of God"; but John, "the river of the water of life." (Ps. xlvi. 4. Ezek. xlvii. 1-9. Rev. xxii. 1.) Now, their way lay just upon the bank of this river: here, therefore, Christian and his companion walked with great delight; they drank also of the water of the river, which was pleasant and enlivening to their weary spirits. Besides, on the banks of this river, on either side, were green trees, with all manner of fruit; and the leaves they ate to prevent surfeits and other diseases that are incident to those that heat their blood by travel. On either side of the river was also a

meadow, curiously beautified with lilies; and it was green all the year long. In this meadow they lay down and slept, for here they might lie down safely. (Ps. xxiii. 2. Isa. xiv. 30.) When they awoke, they gathered again of the fruit of the trees, and drank again of the water of the river, and then lay down again to sleep. Thus they did several days and nights. Then they sang,—

> Behold ye how these crystal streams do glide,
> To comfort pilgrims by the highway-side.
> The meadows green, besides their fragrant smell,
> Yield dainties for them; and he who can tell
> What pleasant fruit, yea, leaves, these trees do yield,
> Will soon sell all, that he may buy this field.

So when they were disposed to go on (for they were not as yet at their journey's end), they ate, and drank, and departed.

Now, I beheld in my dream that they had not journeyed far, but the river and the way for a time parted, at which they were not a little sorry; yet they durst not go out of the way. Now the way from the river was rough, and their feet tender by reason of their travel; so the souls of the pilgrims were much discouraged because of the way. (Num. xxi. 4.) Wherefore, still as they went on, they wished for a better way. Now, a little before them, there was on the left hand of the road a meadow, and a stile to go over into it, and that meadow is called By-path Meadow. Then said Christian to his fellow, If this meadow lieth along by our wayside, let us go over into it. Then he went to the stile to see, and behold a path lay along by the way on the other side of the fence. 'Tis according to my wish, said Christian. Here is the easiest going; come, good Hopeful, and let us go over.

Hope. But how if this path should lead us out of the way?

Chr. That is not likely, said the other. Look, doth it not go along by the wayside? So Hopeful, being persuaded by his fellow, went after him over the stile. When they were gone over, and were got into the path, they found it very easy for their feet; and withal they, looking before them, espied a man walking as they did, and his name was Vain-confidence:

so they called after him, and asked him whither that way led. He said, To the Celestial Gate. Look, said Christian, did not I tell you so? By this you may see we are right. So they followed, and he went before them. But, behold, the night came on, and it grew very dark; so that they that were behind lost sight of him that went before.

He therefore that went before (Vain-confidence by name), not seeing the way before him, fell into a deep pit (Isa. ix. 16), which was on purpose there made by the prince of those grounds, to catch vain-glorious fools withal, and was dashed in pieces with his fall.

Now Christian and his fellow heard him fall, so they called to know the matter; but there was none to answer, only they heard a groaning. Then said Hopeful, Where are we now? Then was his fellow silent, as mistrusting that he had led him out of the way; and now it began to rain, and thunder, and lighten, in a most dreadful manner, and the water rose amain.

Then Hopeful groaned within himself, saying, Oh that I had kept on my way!

Chr. Who could have thought that this path should have led us out of the way?

Hope. I was afraid on't at the very first, and therefore gave you that gentle caution. I would have spoken plainer, but that you are older than I.

Chr. Good brother, be not offended. I am sorry I have brought thee out of the way, and that I have put thee into such imminent danger. Pray, my brother, forgive me; I did not do it of an evil intent.

Hope. Be comforted, my brother, for I forgive thee; and believe, too, that this shall be for our good.

Chr. I am glad I have with me a merciful brother. But we must not stand here; let us try to go back again.

Hope. But, good brother, let me go before.

Chr. No, if you please, let me go first, that, if there be any danger, I may be first therein; because by my means we are both gone out of the way.

Hope. No, said Hopeful, you shall not go first; for your mind being troubled, may lead you out of the way again.—Then for their encouragement they heard the voice of one saying, "Let thine heart be towards the highway, even the way that thou wentest: turn again." (Jer. xxxi. 21.) But by this time the waters were greatly risen, by reason of which the way of going back was very dangerous. (Then I thought that it is easier going out of the way when we are in, than going in when we are out.) Yet they adventured to go back; but it was so dark, and the flood so high, that in their going back they had like to have been drowned nine or ten times.

Neither could they, with all the skill they had, get again to the stile that night. Wherefore at last, lighting under a little shelter, they sat down there until daybreak; but being weary, they fell asleep. Now there was, not far from the place where they lay, a castle, called Doubting Castle, the owner whereof was Giant Despair; and it was in his grounds they now were sleeping. Wherefore he, getting up in the morning early, and walking up and down in his fields, caught Christian and Hopeful asleep in his grounds. Then with a grim and surly voice he bid them awake, and asked them whence they were, and what they did in his grounds. They told him they were pilgrims, and that they had lost their way. Then said the giant, You have this night trespassed on me, by trampling in and lying on my grounds, and therefore you must go along with me. So they were forced to go, because he was stronger than they. They also had but little to say, for they knew themselves in a fault. The giant, therefore, drove them before him, and put them into his castle, in a very dark dungeon, nasty and stinking to the spirits of these two men. Here, then, they lay from Wednesday morning till Saturday night, without one bit of bread, or drop of drink, or light, or any to ask how they did: they were, therefore, here in evil case, and were far from friends and acquaintance. (Ps. lxxxviii. 8.) Now in this place Christian had double sorrow, because it was through his unadvised counsel that they were brought into this distress.

Now Giant Despair had a wife, and her name was Diffidence: so, when he was gone to bed, he told his wife what he had done; to wit, that he had taken a couple of prisoners, and cast them into his dungeon for trespassing on his grounds. Then he asked her also what he had best do further to them. So she asked him what they were, whence they came, and whither they were bound; and he told her. Then she counselled him that when he arose in the morning he should beat them without mercy. So when he arose he getteth him a grievous crab-tree cudgel, and goes down into the dungeon to them, and there first falls to rating of them as if they were dogs, although they never gave him a word of distaste; then he fell upon them and beat them fearfully, in such sort that they were not able to help themselves, or to turn them upon the floor. This done he withdraws, and leaves them there to condole their misery, and to mourn under their distress: so all that day they spent their time in nothing but sighs and bitter lamentations. The next night she, talking with her husband further about them, and understanding that they were yet alive, did advise him to counsel them to make away with themselves. So, when morning was come, he goes to them in a surly manner as before, and perceiving them to be very sore with the stripes that he had given them the day before, he told them that, since they were never like to come out of that place, their only way would be forthwith to make an end of themselves, either with knife, halter, or poison: For why, said he, should you choose life, seeing it is attended with so much bitterness? But they desired him to let them go. With that he looked ugly upon them, and rushing to them, had doubtless made an end of them himself, but that he fell into one of his fits (for he sometimes, in sunshiny weather, fell into fits), and lost for a time the use of his hands. Wherefore he withdrew, and left them, as before, to consider what to do. Then did the prisoners consult between themselves whether it was best to take his counsel or no; and thus they began to discourse:—

Chr. Brother, said Christian, what shall we do? The life

that we now live is miserable. For my part, I know not whether it is best to live thus or to die out of hand. "My soul chooseth strangling rather than life" (Job vii. 15); and the grave is more easy for me than this dungeon! Shall we be ruled by the giant?

Hope. Indeed our present condition is dreadful, and death would be far more welcome to me than thus for ever to abide. But yet, let us consider, the Lord of the country to which we are going hath said, "Thou shalt do no murder,"—no, not to another man's person; much more then are we forbidden to take his counsel to kill ourselves. Besides, he that kills another can but commit murder upon his body; but for one to kill himself, is to kill body and soul at once. And, moreover, my brother, thou talkest of ease in the grave; but hast thou forgotten the hell whither for certain murderers go? for "no murderer hath eternal life," etc. And let us consider, again, that all the law is not in the hand of Giant Despair; others, so far as I can understand, have been taken by him as well as we, and yet have escaped out of his hands. Who knows but that God, who made the world, may cause that Giant Despair may die, or that, at some time or other, he may forget to lock us in; or that he may in a short time have another of his fits before us, and may lose the use of his limbs? And if ever that should come to pass again, for my part, I am resolved to pluck up the heart of a man, and to try my utmost to get from under his hand. I was a fool that I did not try to do it before; but, however, my brother, let us be patient, and endure awhile. The time may come that may give us a happy release; but let us not be our own murderers. With these words Hopeful at present did moderate the mind of his brother; so they continued together in the dark that day, in their sad and doleful condition.

Well, towards evening the giant goes down into the dungeon again, to see if his prisoners had taken his counsel; but when he came there, he found them alive. And, truly, alive was all; for now, what for want of bread and water, and by reason

of the wounds they received when he beat them, they could do little but breathe. But, I say, he found them alive; at which he fell into a grievous rage, and told them that, seeing they had disobeyed his counsel, it should be worse with them than if they had never been born.

At this they trembled greatly, and I think that Christian fell into a swoon; but coming a little to himself again, they renewed their discourse about the giant's counsel, and whether yet they had best take it or no. Now Christian again seemed for doing it; but Hopeful made his second reply as followeth:—

Hope. My brother, said he, rememberest thou not how valiant thou hast been heretofore? Apollyon could not crush thee, nor could all that thou didst hear, or see, or feel in the Valley of the Shadow of Death. What hardship, terror, and amazement hast thou already gone through, and art thou now nothing but fears? Thou seest that I am in the dungeon with thee, a far weaker man by nature than thou art; also this giant has wounded me as well as thee, and hath also cut off the bread and water from my mouth; and with thee I mourn without the light. But let us exercise a little more patience: remember how thou playedst the man at Vanity Fair, and wast neither afraid of the chain nor cage, nor yet of bloody death. Wherefore let us (at least to avoid the shame that becomes not a Christian to be found in), bear up with patience as well as we can.

Now, night being come again, and the giant and his wife being in bed, she asked him concerning the prisoners, and if they had taken his counsel. To which he replied, They are sturdy rogues; they choose rather to bear all hardships than to make away with themselves. Then said she, Take them into the castle-yard to-morrow, and show them the bones and skulls of those that thou hast already dispatched, and make them believe, ere a week comes to an end, thou also wilt tear them in pieces, as thou hast done their fellows before them.

So when the morning was come, the giant goes to them again, and takes them into the castle-yard, and shows them as his

wife had bidden him. These, said he, were pilgrims, as you are, once, and they trespassed on my grounds, as you have done; and when I thought fit, I tore them in pieces; and so within ten days I will do you. Get you down to your den again: and with that he beat them all the way thither. They lay, therefore, all day on Saturday in a lamentable case, as before. Now, when night was come, and when Mrs. Diffidence and her husband the giant were got to bed, they began to renew their discourse of their prisoners; and, withal, the old giant wondered that he could neither by his blows nor counsel bring them to an end. And with that his wife replied—I fear, said she, that they live in hopes that some will come to relieve them, or that they have picklocks about them, by the means of which they hope to escape. And sayest thou so, my dear? said the giant; I will therefore search them in the morning.

Well, on Saturday, about midnight, they began to pray, and continued in prayer till almost break of day.

Now, a little before it was day, good Christian, as one half amazed, brake out into this passionate speech:—What a fool, quoth he, am I, thus to lie in a stinking dungeon, when I may as well walk at liberty! I have a key in my bosom, called Promise, that will, I am persuaded, open any lock in Doubting Castle. Then said Hopeful, That's good news, good brother; pluck it out of thy bosom and try.

Then Christian pulled it out of his bosom, and began to try at the dungeon-door, whose bolt, as he turned the key, gave back, and the door flew open with ease, and Christian and Hopeful both came out. Then he went to the outward door that leads into the castle-yard, and with his key opened that door also. After that, he went to the iron gate, for that must be opened too. But that lock went desperately hard; yet the key did open it. Then they thrust open the gate to make their escape with speed; but that gate as it opened made such a creaking that it waked Giant Despair, who, hastily rising to pursue his prisoners, felt his limbs to fail, for his fits took him again, so that he could by no means go after them. Then they

went on, and came to the King's highway again, and so were safe, because they were out of his jurisdiction.

Now, when they were gone over the stile, they began to contrive with themselves what they should do at that stile, to prevent those that should come after from falling into the hands of Giant Despair. So they consented to erect there a pillar, and to engrave upon the side thereof this sentence: "Over this stile is the way to Doubting Castle, which is kept by Giant Despair, who despiseth the King of the Celestial Country, and seeks to destroy his holy pilgrims." Many, therefore, that followed after, read what was written, and escaped the danger. This done they sang as follows:—

Out of the way we went, and then we found
What 'twas to tread upon forbidden ground:
And let them that come after have a care
Lest heedlessness makes them as we to fare;
Lest they, for trespassing, his pris'ners are
Whose castle's Doubting, and whose name's Despair.

(From *The Pilgrim's Progress*, Part I.)

IGNORANCE

And I slept and dreamed again, and saw the same two pilgrims going down the mountains along the highway towards the city. Now a little below these mountains on the left hand lieth the country of conceit; from which country there comes into the way in which the pilgrims walked, a little crooked lane. Here, therefore, they met with a very brisk lad, that came out of that country, and his name was Ignorance. So Christian asked him from what parts he came, and whither he was going.

Ignor. Sir, I was born in the country that lieth off there, a little on the left hand, and I am going to the Celestial City.

Chr. But how do you think to get in at the gate, for you may find some difficulty there?

Ignor. As other good people do, said he.

Chr. But what have you to show at that gate, that the gate should be opened to you?

Ignor. I know my Lord's will, and have been a good liver:

I pay every man his own ; I pray, fast, pay tithes, and give alms, and have left my country for whither I am going.

Chr. But thou camest not in at the wicket-gate that is at the head of this way ; thou camest in hither through that same crooked lane, and therefore I fear, however thou mayst think of thyself, when the reckoning-day shall come, thou wilt have laid to thy charge that thou art a thief and a robber, instead of getting admittance into the city.

Ignor. Gentlemen, ye be utter strangers to me ; I know you not : be content to follow the religion of your country, and I will follow the religion of mine. I hope all will be well. And as for the gate that you talk of, all the world knows that that is a great way off of our country. I cannot think that any man in all our parts doth so much as know the way to it ; nor need they matter whether they do or no, since we have, as you see, a fine, pleasant, green lane, that comes down from our country, the next way into the way.

When Christian saw that the man was wise in his own conceit, he said to Hopeful, whisperingly, There is more hope of a fool than of him.

(From *The Same.*)

CHRISTIANA AND OTHER PILGRIMS SUMMONED TO CROSS THE RIVER OF DEATH

Now, while they lay here and waited for the good hour, there was a noise in the town that there was a post come from the Celestial City, with matter of great importance to one Christiana, the wife of Christian the pilgrim. So inquiry was made for her, and the house was found out where she was. So the post presented her with a letter. The contents were, Hail, good woman ! I bring thee tidings that the Master calleth for thee, and expecteth that thou shouldest stand in his presence, in clothes of immortality, within these ten days.

When he had read this letter to her, he gave her therewith a sure token that he was a true messenger, and was come to

bid her make haste to be gone. The token was an arrow with a point sharpened with love, let easily into her heart, which by degrees wrought so effectually with her, that at the time appointed she must be gone.

When Christiana saw that her time was come, and that she was the first of this company that was to go over, she called for Mr. Great-heart her guide, and told him how matters were. So he told her he was heartily glad of the news, and could have been glad had the post come for him. Then she bid him that he should give advice how all things should be prepared for her journey. So he told her, saying, Thus and thus it must be, and we that survive will accompany you to the river side.

Then she called for her children, and gave them her blessing, and told them that she had read with comfort the mark that was set in their foreheads, and was glad to see them with her there, and that they had kept their garments so white. Lastly, she bequeathed to the poor that little she had, and commanded her sons and daughters to be ready against the messenger should come for them.

When she had spoken these words to her guide and to her children, she called for Mr. Valiant-for-truth, and said unto him, Sir, you have in all places showed yourself true-hearted; be faithful unto death, and my King will give you a crown of life. I would also entreat you to have an eye to my children; and if at any time you see them faint, speak comfortably to them. For my daughters, my sons' wives, they have been faithful, and a fulfilling of the promise upon them will be their end. But she gave Mr. Standfast a ring.

Then she called for old Mr. Honest, and said of him, "Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile." Then said he, I wish you a fair day when you set out for Mount Zion, and shall be glad to see that you go over the river dryshod. But she answered, Come wet, come dry, I long to be gone; for however the weather is in my journey, I shall have time enough when I come there to sit down and rest me and dry me.

Then came in that good man Mr. Ready-to-halt, to see her.

So she said to him, Thy travel hitherto has been with difficulty; but that will make thy rest the sweeter. Watch, and be ready; for at an hour when ye think not, the messenger may come.

After him came Mr. Despondency and his daughter Much-afraid; to whom she said, You ought with thankfulness for ever to remember your deliverance from the hands of Giant Despair, and out of Doubting Castle. The effect of that mercy is that you are brought with safety hither. Be ye watchful, and cast away fear; be sober, and hope to the end.

Then she said to Mr. Feeble-mind, Thou wast delivered from the mouth of Giant Slay-good, that thou mightest live in the light of the living, and see thy King with comfort. Only I advise thee to repent of thine aptness to fear and doubt of his goodness, before he sends for thee; lest thou shouldest, when he comes, be forced to stand before him for that fault with blushing.

Now the day drew on that Christiana must be gone. So the road was full of people to see her take her journey. But, behold, all the banks beyond the river were full of horses and chariots, which were come down from above to accompany her to the city gate. So she came forth and entered the river, with a beckon of farewell to those that followed her. The last words that she was heard to say were, I come, Lord, to be with thee, and bless thee. So her children and friends returned to their places, for those that waited for Christiana had carried her out of their sight. So she went and called, and entered in at the gate with all the ceremonies of joy that her husband Christian had entered with before her. At her departure the children wept. But Mr. Great-heart and Mr. Valiant played upon the well-tuned cymbal and harp for joy. So all departed to their respective places.

. . . . .

After this Mr. Feeble-mind had tidings brought him that the post sounded his horn at his chamber door. Then he came in, and told him, saying, I am come to tell thee that thy Master hath need of thee, and that in a very little time thou must behold

his face in brightness. And take this as a token of the truth of my message: "Those that look out at the windows shall be darkened." Then Mr. Feeble-mind called for his friends, and told them what errand had been brought unto him, and what token he had received of the truth of the message. Then he said, Since I have nothing to bequeath to any, to what purpose should I make a will? As for my feeble mind, that I will leave behind me; for that I shall have no need of in the place whither I go, nor is it worth bestowing upon the poorest pilgrims: wherefore, when I am gone, I desire that you, Mr. Valiant, would bury it in a dunghill. This done, and the day being come on which he was to depart, he entered the river as the rest. His last words were, Hold out, faith and patience! So he went over to the other side.

When days had many of them passed away, Mr. Despondency was sent for; for a post was come, and brought this message to him: Trembling man! these are to summon thee to be ready with the King by the next Lord's day, to shout for joy for thy deliverance from all thy doubtings. And, said the messenger, that my message is true, take this for a proof: so he gave him a grasshopper to be a burden unto him. (Eccles. xii. 5.)

Now Mr. Despondency's daughter, whose name was Much-afraid, said, when she heard what was done, that she would go with her father. Then Mr. Despondency said to his friends, Myself and my daughter, you know what we have been, and how troublesomely we have behaved ourselves in every company. My will and my daughter's is, that our desponds and slavish fears be by no man ever received, from the day of our departure, for ever; for I know that after my death they will offer themselves to others. For, to be plain with you, they are ghosts which we entertained when we first began to be pilgrims and could never shake them off after: and they will walk about, and seek entertainment of the pilgrims; but for our sakes shut the doors upon them. When the time was come for them to depart, they went up to the brink of the river. The last words of Mr. Despondency were, Farewell, night; welcome day! His

daughter went through the river signing, but no one could understand what she said.

(From *The Pilgrim's Progress*, Part II.)

THE TOWN OF MANSOUL

In my travels as I walked through many regions and countries, it was my chance to happen into that famous continent of Universe; a very large and spacious country it is. It lieth between the two poles, and just amidst the four points of the heavens. It is a place well-watered, and richly adorned with hills and valleys, bravely situate; and for the most part (at least where I was) very fruitful, also well peopled, and a very sweet air.

. . . . .

Now there is in this gallant country of Universe a fair and delicate town, a corporation, called Mansoul. A town for its building so curious, for its situation so commodious, for its privileges so advantageous—I mean with reference to its original—that I may say of it, as was said before of the continent in which it is placed, There is not its equal under the whole heaven.

. . . . .

(From *The Holy War.*)

The Town of Mansoul is Cautioned by the Prince

Next, O my Mansoul, I do warn you of that of which notwithstanding that reformation that at present is wrought among you, you have need to be warned about. Wherefore hearken diligently unto me. I am now sure, and you will know hereafter, that there are yet of the Diabolonians remaining in the town of Mansoul; Diabolonians that are sturdy and implacable and that do already while I am with you, and that will yet more when I am from you, study, plot, contrive, invent, and jointly attempt to bring you to desolation, and so to a state far worse than that of the Egyptian bondage; they are the avowed friends of Diabolus, therefore look about you; they used heretofore to lodge with their prince in the castle, when Incredulity was the Lord Mayor of this town. But since my coming hither, they

lie more in the outsides, and walls, and have made themselves dens, and caves, and holes, and strongholds therein. Wherefore, O Mansoul, thy work, as to this, will be so much the more difficult and hard. That is to take, mortify and put them to death according to the will of my Father. Nor can you utterly rid yourselves of them, unless you should pull down the walls of your town, the which I am by no means willing you should. Do you ask me, What shall we do then ? Why, be you diligent, and quit you like men, observe their holds, find out their haunts, assault them, and make no peace with them. Wherever they haunt, lurk or abide, and what terms of peace soever they offer you, abhor, and all shall be well twixt you and me. And that you may the better know them from those that are the natives of Mansoul, I will give you this brief schedule of the names of the chief of them, and they are these that follow: The Lord Fornication, the Lord Adultery, the Lord Murder, the Lord Anger, the Lord Lasciviousness, the Lord Deceit, the Lord Evil Eye, Mr. Drunkenness, Mr. Revelling, Mr. Idolatry, Mr. Witchcraft, Mr. Variance, Mr. Emulation, Mr. Wrath, Mr. Strife, Mr. Sedition and Mr. Heresy. These are some of the chief, O Mansoul, of those that will seek to overthrow thee for ever. These, I say, are the skulkers in Mansoul.

(From *The Same.*)

A CONVERSATION CONCERNING EXTORTION

Attentive : I pray you let me hear your judgment of extortion, what it is, and when committed ?

Wiseman : Extortion is a screwing from men more than by the law of God or men is right ; and it is committed sometimes by them in office, about fees, rewards, and the like : but it is most commonly committed by men of trade, who without all conscience, when they have the advantage, will make a prey of their neighbour. And thus was Mr. Badman an extortioner ; for although he did not exact, and force away, as bailiffs and clerks have used to do, yet he had his opportunities, and such cruelty to make use of them, that he would often, in his way,

be extorting and forcing of money out of his neighbour's pocket. For every man that makes a prey of his advantage upon his neighbour's necessities, to force from him more than in reason and conscience, according to the present price of things such commodity is worth, may very well be called an extortioner, and judged for one that hath no inheritance in the Kingdom of God. (1 Cor. vi. 9, 10.)

Attentive : Well, this Badman was a sad wretch.

Wiseman : Thus you have often said before. But now we are in discourse of this, give me leave a little to go on. We have a great many people in the country too that live all their days in the practice and so under the guilt of extortion ; people, alas ! that think scorn to be so accounted. As for example : There is a poor body that dwells, we will suppose, so many miles from the market ; and this man wants a bushel of grist, a pound of butter, or a cheese for himself, his wife, and poor children ; but dwelling so far from the market, if he goes thither, he shall lose his day's work, which will be eightpence or tenpence damage to him, and that is something to a poor man. So he goeth to one of his masters or dames for what he wanteth, and asks them to help him with such a thing ; yes, say they, you may have it ; but withal they will give him a gripe, perhaps make him pay as much or more for it at home as they can get when they have carried it five miles to a market, yea, and that too for the refuse of their commodity. But in this the women are especially faulty, in the sale of their butter and cheese, etc. Now this is a kind of extortion, it is a making a prey of the necessity of the poor, it is a grinding of their faces, a buying and selling of them.

But above all, your hucksters, that buy up the poor man's victuals by wholesale, and sell it to him again for unreasonable gains, by retail ; and as we call it by piecemeal ; they are got into a way, after a stinging rate, to play their game upon such by extortion : I mean such who buy up butter, cheese, eggs, bacon, etc., by wholesale, and sell it again, as they call it, by pennyworths, two pennyworths, a halfpennyworth, or the like,

to the poor, all the week after the market is past. These, though I will not condemn them all, do, many of them, bite and pinch the poor by this kind of evil dealing. These destroy the poor because he is poor, and that is a grevious sin.

(From *The Life and Death of Mr. Badman.*)

Giles Fletcher

1588–1623.

CHRIST'S VICTORY

WHAT hath man done that man shall not undo
Since God to him is grown so near akin ?
Did his foe slay him ? He shall slay his foe ;
Hath he lost all ? He all again shall win :
Is Sin his master ? He shall master Sin :
    Too hardy soul with Sin the field to try,
    The only way to conquer was to fly ;
But thus long Death hath lived, and now Death's self shall die.

He is a path if any be misled,
He is a robe if any naked be,
If any chance to hunger, He is bread,
If any be a bondman, He is free,
If any be but weak, how strong is He !
    To dead men life He is, to sick men health,
    To blind men sight, and to the needy wealth ;
A pleasure without loss, a treasure without stealth.

(From *Christ's Victory in Heaven.*)

THE WILD BEASTS FAWN UPON CHRIST IN THE WILDERNESS

    He praying sat
    And Him to prey, as he to pray began,
    The citizens of the wild forest ran,
And all with open throat would swallow whole the man.

. . . . .

But him their salvage thirst did naught appal,
Though weapons none He had for His defence;
What arms for Innocence but innocence?
For when they saw their Lord's bright cognizance
Shine in His face, soon did they disadvance
And some unto Him kneel, and some about Him dance.

Down fell the lordly lion's angry mood,
And he himself fell down in congies[1] low;
Bidding Him welcome to his wasteful wood;
Sometimes he kissed the grass where He did go
And as to wash His feet he well did know
With fawning tongue he licked away the dust;
And everyone would nearest to Him thrust,
And everyone, with new, forgot his former lust.
Unmindful of himself to mind his Lord
The lamb stood gazing by the tiger's side,
As though between them they had made accord,
And on the lion's back the goat did ride
Forgetful of the roughness of the hide:
If He stood still, their eyes upon Him baited,
If walked, they all in order on Him waited
And when he slept, they as His watch themselves conceited.

(From *Christ's Victory on Earth.*)

THE HOME OF DESPAIR

Ere long they came near to a baleful bower
Much like the mouth of that infernal cave,
That gaping stood, all comers to devour,
"Dark, doleful, dreary—like a dreary grave,
That still for carrion carcases doth crave"[2]
The ground no herbs but venomous did bear
Nor ragged trees did leave, but everywhere
Dead bones and skulls were cast, and bodies hanged were.

[1] Salutations.
[2] Spenser, *Faery Queen*, Book I. Canto ix. Stanza 3[illegible].

Upon the roof the bird of sorrow sat
Elonging joyful day with his sad note,
And through the shady air the fluttering bat
Did wave her leather sails and blindly float;
While with her wings the fatal screech-owl smote
Th' unblessèd house; there on a craggy stone
Celeno hung, and made his direful moan
And all about the murdered ghosts did shriek and groan.

(From *The Same.*)

NATURE REJOICES AFTER CHRIST'S VICTORY OVER TEMPTATION

The birds' sweet notes to sonnet out their joys
Attempered to the lays angelical
And to the birds the winds attune their noise,
And to the winds the waters hoarsely call,
And Echo back again revoicèd all,
That the whole valley rung with victory.
But now our Lord to rest doth homeward fly;
See how the Night comes stealing from the mountains high!

(From *The Same.*)

THE SWAN-SONG OF CHRIST

So down the silver streams of Eridan,
On either side bankt with a lily wall,
Whiter than both, rides the triumphant swan,
And sings his dirge, and prophesies his fall,
Diving into his watery funeral.
But Eridan to Cedron must submit
His flowery shore; nor can he envy it,
If when Apollo sings his swans do silent sit.

That heavenly voice I more delight to hear,
Than gentle airs to breathe, or swelling waves
Against the sounding rocks their bosoms tear,

Or whistling reeds that rutty Jordan laves,
And with their verdure his white head embraves
To chide the winds, or hiving bees, that fly
About the laughing blossoms of sallowy,
Rocking asleep the idle grooms that lazy ly.

(From *Christ's Triumph over Death.*)

THE GRIEF OF THE VIRGIN MARY AT THE DEATH OF CHRIST

Ah, blessed Virgin! what high angels' art
Can ever count thy tears or sing thy smart,
When every nail that pierced His hand, did pierce thy heart?

. . . . .

So when the lark, poor bird, afar espi'th
Her yet unfeathered children (whom to save
She strives in vain) slain by the fatal sithe
Which from the meadow her green locks doth shave
That their warm nest is now become their grave;
The woful mother up to heaven springs,
And all about her plaintive notes she flings,
And their untimely fate most pitifully sings.

(From *The Same.*)

NATURE PREPARES FOR CHRIST'S RESURRECTION

But now the second morning from her bower
Began to glister in her beams; and now
The roses of the Day began to flower
In th' eastern garden; for heaven's smiling brow
Half insolent for joy began to show:
The early sun came lively dancing out,
And the brag lambs ran wantoning about;
That heaven and earth might seem in triumph both to shout.

Th' engladded spring, forgetful now to weep,
Began t' eblazon from her leafy bed;

The waking swallow broke her half year's sleep
And every bush lay deeply purpurèd
With violets; the woods' late-wintry head
With flaming primroses set all on fire,
And his bald trees put on their green attire,
Among whose infant leaves the joyous birds conspire.

Say, Earth, why hast thou got thee new attire,
And stick'st thy habit full of daisies red?
Seems that thou dost to some high thought aspire,
And some new-found-out bridegroom meanst to wed:
Tell me, ye trees, so fresh apparellèd,
So never let the spiteful canker wast you
So never let the heavens with lightning blast you,
Why go you now so trimly dressed, or whither hast you?

Ye primroses and purple violets,
Tell me, why blaze ye from your leafy bed,
And woo man's hands to rent you from your sets,
As though you would somewhere be carrièd,
With fresh perfumes and velvets garnishèd?
But ah, I need not ask, 'tis surely so,
You all would to your Saviour's triumphs go.
There would ye all await and humble homage do.

(From *The Same.*)

Phineas Fletcher

1582–1650.

ENVY

Envy the next, Envy with squinted eyes;
Sick of a strange disease, his neighbours' health:
Best lives he then when any better dies,
Is never poor but in another's wealth.
On best men's harms and griefs he feeds his fill,
Else his own maw doth eat with spiteful will.
Ill must the temper be, where diet is so ill.

Each eye through divers opticks slily leers,
Which both his sight and object self bely;
So greatest virtue as a mote appears,
And molehill faults to mountains multiply;
When needs he must, yet faintly then he praises;
Somewhat the deed, much more the means he raises:
So marreth what he makes, and praising most dispraises.

HOPE

Next went Elpinus,[1] clad in sky-like blue,
And through his arms few stars did seem to peep
Which there the workman's hand so finely drew,
That rocked in clouds they softly seemed to sleep.
His rugged shield was like a rocky mould
On which an anchor bit with surest hold;
"I hold by being held," was written round in gold.

Nothing so cheerful was his thoughtful face
As was his brother Fido's: Fear seem'd dwell
Close by his heart; his colour chang'd apace,
And went, and came, that sure all was not well:
Therefore a comely maid did oft sustain
His fainting steps, and fleeting life maintain:
Pollicita[2] she hight, which ne'er could lie or feign.

(From *The Purple Island.*)

William Browne

1591–1643.

BIRDS AT EARLY MORNING

THE lily-handed morn
Saw Phœbus stealing dew from Ceres' corn.
The mounting lark, day's herald, got on wing
Bidding each bird choose out his bough and sing.

[1] Hope. [2] Promise.

The lofty treble sung the little wren;
Robin the mean, that best of all loves men;
The nightingale the tenor; and the thrush
The counter-tenor sweetly in a bush:
And that the music might be full in parts,
Birds from the grove flew with right willing hearts.
But, as it seemed, they thought, as do the swains
Which tune their pipes on sacked Hibernia's plains,
There should some droning part be, therefore willed
Some bird to fly into a neighbouring field
In embassy unto the king of bees,
To aid his partners on the flowers and trees;
Who condescending gladly flew along
To bear the bass to his well-tuned song.
The crow was willing they should be beholding
For his deep voice, but being hoarse with scolding,
He thus lends aid: upon an oak doth climb
And nodding with his head, so keepeth time.

(From *Britannia's Pastorals.*)

A QUIET SPOT WHERE THE SHEPHERDS DANCE

It was a roundel[1] seated on a plain,
That stood as sentinel unto the main,
Environed round with trees and many an arbour,
Wherein melodious birds did nightly harbour;
And on a bough, within the quickening spring,
Would be a teaching of their young to sing.

. . . . .

Nature herself did there in triumph ride,
And made that place the ground of all her pride,
Whose various flowers deceived the rasher eye
In taking them for curious tapestry.
A silver spring forth of a rock did fall,
That in a drought did serve to water all.
Upon the edges of a grassy bank

[1] A round space of ground.

A tuft of trees grew circling in a rank,
As if they seemed their sports to gaze upon,
Or stood as guard against the wind and sun.
So fair, so fresh, so green, so sweet a ground,
The piercing eyes of Heaven yet never found.

(*The Dance.*)

As when some gale of wind doth nimbly take
A fair white lock of wool, and with it make
Some pretty driving ; here it sweeps the plain,
There stays, here hops, there mounts, and turns again ;
Yet all so quick, that none so soon can say
That now it stops or leaps or turns away :
So was their dancing.

(From *The Same.*)

A SOLITARY GROVE

Between two hills, the highest Phœbus sees
Gallantly crowned with large sky-kissing trees,
Under whose shade the humble village lay,
And wild-boars from their lairs their gambols play,
There lay a gravelled walk o'ergrown with green,
Where neither tract of man nor beast was seen.
And as the plowman when the land he tills,
Throws up the fruitful earth in ridged hills
Between whose chevron form he leaves a balk ;
So 'twixt those hills had Nature formed this walk ;
Nor over dark, nor light, in angles bending,
And like the gliding of a snake descending,
All hushed and silent as the mid of night.
No chattering pie nor crow appeared in sight,
But further in I heard the turtle dove,
Singing sad dirges on her lifeless love ;
Birds that compassion from the rocks could bring
Had only licence in that place to sing ;
Whose doleful notes the melancholy cat,
Close in a hollow tree sat wondering at.

And trees that on the hill-side comely grew,
When any little blast of Æol blew,
Did nod their curled heads, as they would be
The judges to approve their melody.

(From *The Same.*)

BOYS CHASING A SQUIRREL

Then as a nimble squirrel from the wood,
Ranging the hedges for his filbert food,
Sits partly on a bough his brown nuts cracking,
And from the shell the sweet white kernel taking,
Till with their crooks and bags a sort of boys
To share with him come with so great a noise
That he is forced to leave a nut nigh broke,
And for his life leap to a neighbouring oak;
Thence to a beech, thence to a row of ashes;
Whilst through the cragmires and red water plashes,
The boys run dabbling thorough thick and thin,
One tears his hose, another breaks his shin;
This, torn and tattered, hath with much ado
Got by the briars; and that hath lost his shoe;
This drops his band; that headlong falls for haste;
Another cries behind for being last.
With sticks and stones and many a sounding hollo
The little fool, with no small sport they follow,
Whilst he, from tree to tree, from spray to spray,
Gets to the wood and hides him in his dray.

(From *The Same.*)

THE COMING OF NIGHT

And thence apace the gentle twilight fled
That had from hideous caverns ushered
All-drowsy night, who in a car of jet
By steeds of iron-grey which mainly sweat
Moist drops on all the world drawn through the sky,

The helps of darkness waited orderly.
First, thick clouds rose from all the liquid plains;
Then mists from marishes, and grounds whose veins
Were conduit pipes to many a crystal spring:
From standing pools and fens were following
Unhealthy fogs: each river, every rill
Sent up their vapours to attend her will.
These, pitchy curtains drew 'twixt earth and heaven.
And as Night's chariot through the air was driven,
Clamour grew dumb, unheard was shepherd's song,
And silence girt the woods; no warbling tongue
Talked to the echo; satyrs broke their dance,
And all the upper world lay in a trance.
Only the curled streams soft chidings kept,
And little gales that from the green leaf swept
Dry summer's dust, in fearful whisperings stirred
As loath to waken any singing bird.

(From *The Same.*)

REMEMBRANCE

Remembrance sat as portress of this gate,
A lady always musing as she sat
Except when sometime suddenly she rose,
And with a back-bent eye, at length, she throws
Her hands to heaven; and in a wondring guise
Stared on each object with her fixed eyes:
As some wayfaring man passing a wood,
(Whose waving top hath long a sea-mark stood)
Goes jogging on, and in his mind naught hath,
But how the primrose finely strew the path,
Or sweetest violets lay down their heads
At some tree's root on mossy feather-beds,
Until his heel receives an adder's sting,
Whereat he starts, and back his head doth fling.

(From *The Same.*)

Ben Jonson

1573–1637.

(*See also p.* 486.)

SONG

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
  And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
  And I'll not look for wine.
The thirst that from the soul doth rise,
  Doth ask a drink divine:
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
  I would not change for thine.
I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
  Not so much honouring thee,
As giving it a hope, that there
  It could not wither'd be.
But thou thereon didst only breathe,
  And sent'st it back to me:
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,
  Not of itself, but thee.

FRIENDSHIP

What I am not, and what I fain would be,
Whilst I inform myself, I would teach thee,
My gentle Arthur, that it might be said
One lesson we have both learn'd and well read.
I neither am, nor art thou one of those,
That hearkens to a jack's pulse, when it goes;
Nor ever trusted to that friendship yet,
Was issue of the tavern or the sprit:
Much less a name would we bring up, or nurse,
That could but claim a kindred from the purse.
Those are poor ties depend on those false ends,
'Tis virtue alone, or nothing, that knits friends.

And as within your office you do take
No piece of money, but you know, or make
Inquiry of the worth; so must we do,
First weigh a friend, then touch and try him too;
For there are many slips and counterfeits.
Deceit is fruitful: Men have masks and nets;
But these with wearing will themselves unfold,
They cannot last. No lie grew ever old.
Turn him, and see his threads; look if he be
Friend to himself that would be friend to thee.
For that is first required, a man be his own:
But he that's too much that, is friend of none.
Then rest, and a friend's value understand,
It is a richer purchase than of land.

TRUTH

Truth is the trial of itself,
  And needs no other touch;
And purer than the purest gold,
  Refine it ne'er so much.
It is the life and light of love,
  The sun that ever shineth,
And spirit of that special grace,
  That faith and love defineth.
It is the warrant of the word,
  That yields a scent so sweet,
As gives a power to faith to tread
  All falsehood under feet.
It is the sword that does divide
  The marrow from the bone,
And in effect, of heavenly love
  Does show the Holy One.

QUALITY OF LIFE IS ALL

It is not growing like a tree
In bulk, doth make men better be;

Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sear :
A lily of a day,
Is fairer far, in May,
Although it fall and die that night.
It was the plant and flower of light.
In small proportions we just beauties see ;
And in short measures, life may perfect be.

ON THE PORTRAIT OF SHAKSPEARE

This figure that thou here seest put,
It was for gentle Shakspeare cut,
Wherein the graver had a strife
With nature, to out-do the life :
O could he but have drawn his wit
As well in brass, as he has hit
His face ; the print would then surpass
All that was ever writ in brass :
But since he cannot, reader, look
Not on his picture, but his book.

John Donne

1573–1631.

A CHARACTER SKETCH

Towards me did run
A thing more strange, than on Nile's slime the sun
E'er bred, or all which into Noah's ark came ;
A thing which would have posed Adam to name ;
Stranger than seven antiquaries' studies,
Than Afric's monsters, Guiana's rarities ;
Stranger than strangers ; one, who for a Dane,
In the Dane's massacre had sure been slain,
If he had lived then ; and without help dies,
When next the 'prentices 'gainst strangers rise ;
One, whom the watch, at noon, lets scarce go by ;

One, to whom th' examining justice sure would cry,
"Sir, by your priesthood, tell me what you are?"
His clothes were strange, though coarse, and black, though bare;
Sleeveless his jerkin was, and it had been
Velvet, but 'twas now—so much ground was seen—
Become tufftaffaty; and our children shall
See it plain rash awhile, then nought at all.
The thing hath travell'd, and, faith, speaks all tongues,
And only knoweth what to all states belongs.
Made of th' accents and best phrase of all these,
He speaks one language. If strange meats displease,
Art can deceive, or hunger force my taste,
But pedant's motley tongue, soldiers' bombast,
Mountebanks' drug-tongue, nor the terms of law,
Are strong enough preparations, to draw
Me to bear this, yet I must be content
With his tongue, in his tongue, called compliment.

. . . . .

He saith, "Sir,
I love your judgment; whom do you prefer,
For the best linguist?" And I sillily
Said, that I thought Calepine's dictionary.
"Nay, but of men, most sweet Sir"; Beza then,
Some Jesuits, and two reverend men
Of our two Academies I named. Here
He stopped me, and said: "Nay, your apostles were
Good pretty linguists, and so Panurge was;
Yet a poor gentleman all these may pass
By travel." Then, as if he would have sold
His tongue, he praised it, and such wonders told,
That I was fain to say, "If you'd lived, sir,
Time enough to have been interpreter
To Babel's bricklayers, sure the tower had stood."
He adds, "If of court life you knew the good,
You would leave loneness." I said, "Not alone
My loneness is; but Spartan's fashion,

To teach by painting drunkards, doth not taste
Now; Aretine's pictures have made few chaste;
No more can princes' courts—though there be few
Better pictures of vice—teach me virtue."
He, like to a high-stretched lute-string, squeak'd, "O sir,
'Tis sweet to talk of kings." "At Westminster,"
Said I, "the man that keeps the abbey tombs,
And for his price doth with whoever comes
Of all our Harrys and our Edwards talk,
From king to king, and all their kin can walk.
Your ears shall hear nought but kings; your eyes meet
Kings only; the way to it is King's street."
He smack'd and cried, "He's base, mechanic, coarse,
So are all your Englishmen in their discourse,
Are not your Frenchmen neat? Mine, as you see,
I have but one, sir, look—he follows me."
"Certes they're neatly clothed. I of this mind am,
Your only wearing is your grogaram."
"Not so, sir. I have more." Under this pitch
He would not fly; I chafed him. But as itch
Scratched into smart, and as blunt iron ground
Into an edge, hurts worse; so I, fool, found
Crossing hurt me. To fit my sullenness,
He to another key his style doth dress,
And asks, "What news?" I tell him of new plays.
He takes my hand, and as a still which stays
A semi-breve, 'twixt each drop, he niggardly,
As loth to enrich me, so tells many a lie,
More than ten Holinsheds, or Halls, or Stows,
Of trivial household trash. He knows; he knows
When the Queen frown'd, or smiled, and he knows what
A subtle statesman may gather of that;
He knows who loves whom; and who by poison
Hastes to an office's reversion;
He knows who hath sold his land, and now doth beg
A licence, old iron, boots, shoes, and egg-

Shells to transport; shortly boys shall not play
At span-counter, or blow-point, but shall pay
Toll to some courtier; and wiser than all us,
He knows what lady is not painted. Thus
He with home meats cloys me.

. . . . .

Toughly and stubbornly I bear this cross; but th' hour
Of mercy now was come; he tries to bring
Me to pay a fine to 'scape his torturing.
And says "Sir, can you spare me"—I said, "Willingly";
"Nay, sir, can you spare me a crown?" Thankfully I
Gave it as ransom; but as fiddlers, still,
Though they be paid to be gone, yet needs will
Thrust one more jig upon you; so did he
With his long complimental thanks vex me.

THE WILL

Before I sigh my last gasp, let me breathe,
Great Love, some legacies; here I bequeath
Mine eyes to Argus, if mine eyes can see,
If they be blind, then Love, I give them thee;
My tongue to Fame; to ambassadors mine ears;
To women, or the sea, my tears;
Thou, Love, hast taught me heretofore
By making me serve her who had twenty more,
That I should give to none, but such as had too much before.

My constancy I to the planets give,
My truth to them who at the court do live;
Mine ingenuity and openness
To Jesuits; to buffoons my pensiveness;
My silence to any, who abroad hath been;
My money to a Capuchin.
Thou Love, taught'st me, by appointing me
To love there, where no love receiv'd can be,
Only to give to such as have an incapacity.

My faith I give to Roman Catholics;
All my good works unto the schismatics
Of Amsterdam; my best civility
And courtship, to an university;
My modesty I give to shoulders bare;
My patience let gamesters share.
Thou, Love, taught'st me, by making me
Love her that holds my love disparity,
Only to give to those that count my gifts indignity.

I give my reputation to those
Which were my friends; my industry to foes;
To schoolmen I bequeath my doubtfulness;
My sickness to physicians or excess;
To Nature, all that I in rhyme have writ;
And to my company my wit;
Thou, Love, by making me adore
Her, who begot this love in me before,
Taught'st me to make, as though I gave, when I did but restore.

To him for whom the passing bell next tolls
I give my physic books; my written rolls
Of moral counsels I to Bedlam give;
My brazen medals, unto them which live
In want of bread; to them which pass among
All foreigners, my English tongue,
Thou, Love, by making me love one
Who thinks her friendship a fit portion
For younger lovers, dost my gifts thus disproportion.

Therefore I'll give no more; but I'll undo
The world by dying; because love dies too.
Then all your beauties will be no more worth
Than gold in mines, where none doth draw it forth;
And all your graces no more use shall have
Than a sun-dial on a grave.

Thou, Love, taughtest me, by making me
Love her, who doth neglect both me and thee,
To invent and practise this one way to annihilate all three.

GREAT SORROW

Language, thou art too narrow, and too weak
To ease us now, great sorrows cannot speak.
If we could sigh out accents, and weep words,
Grief wears and lessens that tear's breath affords.
Sad hearts, the less they seem, the more they are,
(So guiltiest men stand mutest at the bar)
Not that they know not, feel not their estate,
But extreme sense has made them desperate.

(From the *Elegy on Death.*)

THE SWAN AND THE FISH

[Then] goodly, like a ship in her full trim,
A swan, so white that you may unto him
Compare all whiteness, but himself to none,
Glided along, and as he glided, watch'd,
And with his arched neck this poor fish catch'd.
It moved with state, as if to look upon
Low things it scorned, and yet before that one
Could think he sought it, he had swallowed clear
This, and much such, and unblamed devour'd there
All, but who too swift, too great, or well armed were.

(From *The Progress of the Soul.*)

A LITANY

Hear us, O hear us, Lord; to Thee
A sinner is more music, when he prays
Than spheres' or angels' praises be,
In panegyric alleluias;
Hear us, for till Thou hear us, Lord,
We know not what to say;
Thine ear to our sighs, tears, thoughts, gives voice and word;

O Thou, who Satan heard'st in Job's sick day,
Hear Thyself now, for Thou in us dost pray

. . . . .

That learning, Thine ambassador,
  From Thine allegiance we never tempt;
That beauty, paradise's flower
  For physic made, from poison be exempt;
    That wit—born apt high good to do—
    By dwelling lazily
On nature's nothing be not nothing too;
That our affections kill us not, nor die;
Hear us, weak echoes, O, Thou Ear and Eye.

SONG

Soul's joy, now I am gone,
  And you alone,
  —Which cannot be,
Since I must leave myself with thee,
  And carry thee with me—
  Yet when unto our eyes
    Absence denies
    Each other's sight,
And makes to us a constant night,
  When others change to light;
    O give no way to grief
    But let belief
    Of mutual love
    This wonder to the vulgar prove,
    Our bodies, not we move.

Let not thy wit beweep
    Words but sense deep;
    For when we miss
By distance our hope's joining bliss
  Even then our souls shall kiss;

Fools have no means to meet
But by their feet.
Why should our clay
Over our spirits so much sway,
To tie us to that way.
O give no way to grief, &c.

William Drummond of Hawthornden

1585–1649.

SONNETS

On his Dead Love

What doth it serve to see the Sun's bright face,
And skies enamell'd with the Indian gold?
Or the Moon in a fierce chariot roll'd,
And all the glory of that starry place?
What doth it serve Earth's beauty to behold,
The mountain's pride, the meadow's flow'ry grace,
The stately comeliness of forests old,
The sport of floods which would themselves embrace?
What doth it serve to hear the sylvans' songs,
The cheerful thrush, the nightingale's sad strains,
Which in dark shades seem to deplore my wrongs?
For what doth serve all that this world contains,
Since she, for whom those once to me were dear,
Can have no part of them now with me here?

Life's Sadness

O! it is not to me, bright lamp of day,
That in the east thou show'st thy golden face;
O, it is not to me thou leav'st that sea,
And in those azure lists beginn'st thy race.
Thou shin'st not to the dead in any place;
And I dead from this world am past away,
Or if I seem (a shadow) yet to stay,

It is a while but to bewail my case.
My mirth is lost, my comforts are dismay'd,
And unto sad mishaps their place do yield;
My knowledge represents a bloody field,
Where I my hopes and helps see prostrate laid.
So plaintful is life's course which I have run,
That I do wish it never had begun.

COUNTRY LIFE

Thrice happy he who by some shady grove,
Far from the clamorous world doth live his own,
Though solitary, who is not alone,
But doth converse with that eternal love.
O how more sweet is birds' harmonious moan,
Or the hoarse sobbings of the widow'd dove,
Than those smooth whisp'rings near a prince's throne?
Which good make doubtful, do the evil approve!
O! how more sweet is Zephyr's wholesome breath,
And sighs embalm'd, which newborn flow'rs unfold,
Than that applause vain honour doth bequeath!
How sweet are streams to poison drank in gold!
The world is full of horrors, troubles, slights:
Woods' harmless shades have only true delights.

The Healing-power of Nature

Sweet bird, that sing'st away the early hours,
Of winters past, or coming, void of care,
Well pleased with delights which present are,
Fair seasons, budding sprays, sweet-smelling flow'rs:
To rocks, to springs, to rills, from leafy bow'rs.
Thou thy Creator's goodness dost declare,
And what dear gifts on thee he did not spare,
A stain to human sense in sin that low'rs.
What soul can be so sick, which by thy songs
(Attir'd in sweetness) sweetly is not driven

Quite to forget Earth's turmoils, spites, and wrongs,
And lift a reverend eye and thought to Heaven?
Sweet, artless songster, thou my mind dost raise
To airs of spheres, yea, and to angels' lays.

On John the Baptist

The last and greatest herald of heaven's King,
Girt with rough skins, hies to the deserts wild,
Among that savage brood the words forth bring,
Which he than man more harmless found and mild:
His food was blossoms, and what young doth spring,
With honey that from virgin hives distill'd;
Parched body, hollow eyes, some uncouth thing
Made him appear, long since from earth exiled.
There burst he forth: "All ye, whose hopes rely
On God, with me amidst these deserts mourn,
Repent, repent, and from old errors turn."
Who list'ned to his voice, obey'd his cry?
Only the echoes, which he made relent,
Rung from their marble caves, "Repent, repent."

(From *The Flowers of Sin.*)

William Alexander, Earl of Stirling

1567–1640

SONNET

All that behold me on thy beauty's shelf,
To cast myself away, tossed with conceit,
Since thou wilt have no pity of my state,
Would that I took some pity of myself.
"For what," say they, "though she disdain to bow,
And takes a pleasure for to see thee sad,
Yet there be many a one that would be glad,
To boast themselves of such a one as thou."
But, ah, their counsel of small knowledge savours,
For, O, poor fools, they see not what I see,

Thy frowns are sweeter than their smiles can be,
The worst of thy disdains worth all their favours.
I rather, dear, of thine one look to have,
Than of another all that I would crave.

(From *Aurora.*)

Robert Herrick

1591–1674.

CORINNA'S GOING A MAYING

GET up, get up for shame! the blooming morn
Upon her wings presents the god unshorn.
See how Aurora throws her fair
Fresh-quilted colours through the air;
Get up, sweet slug-a-bed, and see
The dew bespangling herb and tree.

Each flower has wept, and bow'd toward the east,
Above an hour since; yet you not drest,
Nay! not so much as out of bed?
When all the birds have matins said,
And sung their thankful hymns; 'tis sin,
Nay, profanation, to keep in,—
Whereas a thousand virgins on this day,
Spring, sooner than the lark, to fetch in May.

Rise; and put on your foliage, and be seen
To come forth, like the Spring-time, fresh and green,
And sweet as Flora. Take no care
For jewels for your gown, or hair;
Fear not; the leaves will strew
Gems in abundance upon you;
Besides, the childhood of the day has kept,
Against you come, some orient pearls unwept;
Come, and receive them while the light
Hangs on the dew-locks of the night:

And Titan on the eastern hill
Retires himself, or else stands still
Till you come forth. Wash, dress, be brief in praying :
Few beads are best, when once we go a Maying.

Come, my Corinna, come ; and coming, mark
How each field turns a street ; each street a park
Made green, and trimm'd with trees : see how
Devotion gives each house a bough
Or branch : each porch, each door, ere this,
An ark, a tabernacle is
Made up of white-thorn neatly interwove ;
As if here were those cooler shades of love.
Can such delights be in the street,
And open fields, and we not see't ?
Come, we'll abroad : and let's obey
The proclamation made for May :
And sin no more, as we have done, by staying ;
But, my Corinna, come, let's go a Maying.
There's not a budding boy, or girl, this day,
But is got up, and gone to bring in May.
A deal of youth, ere this, is come
Back, and with white-thorn laden home.
Some have dispatch'd their cakes and cream,
Before that we have left to dream ;
And some have wept, and woo'd, and plighted troth,
And chose their priest, ere we can cast off sloth :
Many a green gown has been given ;
Many a kiss, both odd and even :
Many a glance, too, has been sent
From out the eye, love's firmament :
Many a jest told of the keys betraying
This night, and locks pick'd :—yet we're not a Maying.

—Come, let us go, while we are in our prime ;
And take the harmless folly of the time !

We shall grow old apace, and die
Before we know our liberty.
Our life is short; and our days run
As fast away as does the sun:—
And as a vapour, or a drop of rain
Once lost, can ne'er be found again:
So when or you or I are made
A fable, song, or fleeting shade;
All love, all liking, all delight
Lies drown'd with us in endless night.
Then while time serves, and we are but decaying,
Come, my Corinna! come, let's go a Maying.

(From *Hesperides.*)

TO ELECTRA

Let not thy tomb-stone e'er be laid by me;
Nor let my herse be wept upon by thee;
But let that instant when thou dy'st be known,
The minute of mine expiration;
One knell be rung for both; and let one grave
To hold us two an endless honour have.

(From *The Same.*)

TO FORTUNE

Tumble me down, and I will sit
Upon my ruins, smiling yet;
Tear me to tatters, yet I'll be
Patient in my necessity;
Laugh at my scraps of clothes, and shun
Me as a fear'd infection;
Yet scare-crow like I'll walk, as one
Neglecting thy derision.

(From *The Same.*)

TO DAFFADILLS

Faire Daffadills, we weep to see
You haste away so soon;
As yet the early rising sun
Has not attain'd his noon.
Stay, stay.
Until the hasting day
Has run.
But to the even song;
And, having pray'd together, we
Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay as you,
We have so short a spring;
As quick a growth to meet decay,
As you, or anything.
We die
As your hours do, and dry
Away,
Like to the summer's rain;
Or as the pearls of morning's dew,
Ne'er to be found again.

(From *The Same.*)

AN ODE FOR BEN JONSON

Ah, Ben!
Say how or when
Shall we, thy guests,
Meet at those lyric feasts,
Made at the Sun,
The Dog, the Triple Tun;
Where we such clusters had,
As made us nobly wild, not mad?
And yet each verse of thine
Out-did the meat, out-did the frolic wine.

My Ben!
Or come again,
Or send to us
Thy wit's great overplus;
But teach us yet
Wisely to husband it,
Lest we that talent spend;
And having once brought to an end
That precious stock,—the store
Of such a wit the world should have no more.

THE WHITE ISLAND

In this world, the Isle of Dreams,
While we sit by sorrow's streams,
Tears and terrors are our themes,
Reciting:
But when once from hence we fly,
More and more approaching nigh
Unto young eternity,
Uniting—
In that whiter Island, where
Things are evermore sincere;
Candour here, and lustre there,
Delighting:—
There no monstrous fancies shall
Out of hell an horror call,
To create, or cause at all
Affrighting.
There, in calm and cooling sleep,
We our eyes shall never steep,
But eternal watch shall keep,
Attending
Pleasures such as shall pursue
Me immortalized, and you:
And fresh joys, as never too
Have ending.

(From *Noble Numbers*.)

Thomas Carew

? 1598–? 1639.

SONG

Give me more Love, or more Disdain;
The torrid or the frozen zone
Bring equal ease unto my pain,
The temperate affords me none:
Either extreme of love or hate,
Is sweeter than a calm estate.
Give me a storm: if it be Love,
Like *Danæ* in that golden shower,
I swim in pleasure; if it prove
Disdain, that torrent will devour
My vulture-hopes; and he's possessed
Of Heaven, that's but from Hell released.
Then crown my joys, or cure my pain:
Give me more Love or more Disdain.

DISDAIN RETURNED

He that loves a rosy cheek
Or a coral lip admires,
Or from star-like eyes, doth seek
Fuel to maintain his fires
As old Time makes these decay,
So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and steadfast mind,
Gentle thoughts and calm desires,
Hearts with equal love combined,
Kindle never-dying fires.
Where these are not I despise
Love cheeks, or lips, or eyes.

No tears, Celia, now shall win
My resolved heart to return;

I have searched thy soul within,
And find nought but pride and scorn.
I have learn'd thy arts, and now
Can disdain as much as thou.
Some power in my revenge convey
That Love to her I cast away.

SONG

Would you know what's soft? I dare
Not bring you to the down, or air;
Nor to stars, to show what's bright;
Nor to snow to teach you white.

Nor, if you would music hear
Call the orbs to take your ear;
Nor to please your sense, bring forth
Bruised nard, or what's more worth.

Or, on food were your thoughts placed,
Bring you nectar for a taste:
Would you have all these in one?
Name my Mistress, and 'tis done.

AN ELEGY UPON THE DEATH OF DR. DONNE, DEAN OF S. PAUL'S (1631)

Can we not force from widow'd Poetry
Now thou art dead great *Donne*, one Elegy,
To crown thy Hearse?

. . . . .

Thou shall yield no precedence, but of Time;
And the blind fate of Language, whose tuned chime
More charms the outward sense: yet thou may'st claim
From so great disadvantage greater fame,
Since to the awe of thy imperious wit
Our troublesome language bends, made only fit
With her tough thick ribb'd hoops to gird about

Thy giant Fancy, which had proved too stout
For their soft melting phrases. As in time
They had the start, so did they cull the prime
Buds of invention many a hundred year,
And left the rifled fields, besides the fear
To touch their harvest: yet from those bare lands,
Of what was only thine, thy only hands
(And that their smallest work,) have gleaned more
Than all those times and tongues could reap before.

. . . . .

O pardon me, that break with untuned verse
The reverend silence that attends thy Hearse:
Whose solemn awful murmurs were to thee,
More than these rude lines, a loud Elegy,
That did proclaim in a dumb eloquence
The death of all the Arts: whose influence
Grown feeble, in these panting numbers lies,
Gasping short-winded accents, and so dies.

Richard Crashaw

1613—1649.

THE FLAMING HEART

Upon the book and picture of the Seraphical St. Teresa, as she is usually expressed with a Seraphim beside her.

WELL meaning readers; you that come as friends,
And catch the precious name this piece pretends;
Make not too much haste t' admire
That fair-cheek'd fallacy of fire,
That is a seraphim, they say,
And this the great Teresia.
Readers, be rul'd by me, and make
Here a well-plac'd and wise mistake;
You must transpose the picture quite;
And spell it wrong to read it right;
Read him for her, and her for him;
And call the saint the seraphim.

Painter, what did'st thou understand
To put her dart into his hand!
See, even the years and size of him
Show this the mother seraphim.
This is the mistress flame; and duteous he
Her happy fire-works, here, comes down to see.
O most poor-spirited of men!
Had thy cold pencil kiss'd her pen,
Thou could'st not so unkindly err
To show us this faint shade for her.
Why man, this speaks pure mortal frame,
And mocks with female frost love's manly frame.
One would suspect thou mean'st to paint
Some weak, inferior, woman saint.
But had thy pale-fac'd purple took
Fire from the burning cheeks of that bright book,
Thou would'st on her have heap'd up all
That could be found seraphical;
What e'er this youth of fire wears fair,
Rosy fingers, radiant hair,
Glowing cheeks, and glistring wings,
All those fair and flagrant things,
But before all, that fiery dart
Had fill'd the hand of this great heart.
Do then as equal right requires:
Since his the blushes be, and her's the fires,
Resume and rectify thy rude design;
Undress thy seraphim into mine;
Redeem this injury of thy art;
Give him the veil, give her the dart.
Give him the veil, that he may cover
The red cheeks of a rivall'd lover;
Ashamed that our world now can show
Nests of new seraphims here below.
Give her the dart, for it is she
(Fair youth) shoots both thy shaft and thee:

Say, all ye wise and well-pierced hearts
That live and die amidst her darts,
What is't your tasteful spirit do prove
In that rare life of her, and Love ?
Say, and bear witness. Sends she not
A seraphim at every shot ?
What magazines of immortal arms there shine !
Heaven's great artillery in each love spun line.
Give then the dart to her who gives the flame ;
Give him the veil, who gives the shame.
But if it be the frequent fate
Of worst faults to be fortunate ;
If all's prescription ; and proud wrong
Hearkens not to an humble song ;
For all the gallantry of him,
Give me the suffering seraphim.
His be the bravery of all those bright things,
The glowing cheeks, the glistering wings ;
The rosy hand, the radiant dart ;
Leave her alone the flaming heart.
Leave her that ; and thou shalt leave her
Not one loose shaft, but Love's whole quiver ;
For in Love's field was never found
A nobler weapon than a wound.
Love's passions are his activ'st part :
The wounded is the wounding heart.
O heart ! the equal poise of Love's both parts,
Big alike with wound and darts.
Live in these conquering leaves ; live all the same ;
And walk through all tongues one triumphant flame.
Live here, great heart ; and love, and die, and kill ;
And bleed, and wound ; and yield and conquer still.
Let this immortal life where'er it comes
Walk in a crowd of loves and martyrdoms.
Let mystic deaths wait on't ; and wise souls be
The love-slain witnesses of this life of thee.

O sweet incendiary! show here thy art,
Upon this carcass of a hard cold heart;
Let all thy scatter'd shafts of light that play
Among the leaves of thy large books of day,
Combined against this breast at once break in
And take away from me myself and sin;
This gracious robbery shall thy bounty be,
And my best fortunes such fair spoils of me.
O thou undaunted daughter of desires!
By all thy dower of lights and fires;
By all the eagle in thee, all the dove;
By all thy loves and deaths of love;
By thy large draughts of intellectual day,
And by thy thirsts of love more large than they;
By all thy brim-fill'd bowls of fierce desire,
By thy last morning's draught of liquid fire;
By the full kingdom of that final kiss
That seized thy parting soul, and seal'd thee His;
By all the Heaven thou hast in Him
(Fair sister of the seraphim!)
By all of Him we have in thee;
Leave nothing of myself in me.
Let me so read thy life, that I
Unto all life of mine may die.

George Herbert

1593–1633.

SOLITUDE

By all means use sometimes to be alone,
Salute thyself; see what thy soul doth wear,
Dare to look in thy chest; for 'tis thy own:
And tumble up and down what thou find'st there.
Who cannot rest until he good fellows find,
He breaks up house, turns out of doors his mind.

CALMNESS IN DISPUTE

Be calm in arguing : for fierceness makes
Error a fault, and truth discourtesy.
Why should I feel another man's mistakes
More than his sicknesses or poverty ?
  In love I should : but anger is not love,
  Nor wisdom neither ; therefore gently move.

SCORN NO LOVE

Scorn no man's love, though of a mean degree ;
Love is a present for a mighty king ;
Much less make any one thine enemy.
As guns destroy, so may a little sling.
  The cunning workman never doth refuse
  The meanest tool that he may chance to use.

(From the *Church Porch.*)

THE WORLD

Love built a stately house ; where Fortune came ;
And spinning fancies she was heard to say,
That her fine cobwebs did support the frame,
Whereas they were supported by the same :
But wisdom quickly swept them all away.

Then Pleasure came, who, liking not the fashion,
Began to make balconies, terraces,
Till she had weakened all by alteration :
But reverend laws and many a proclamation
Reformed all at length with menaces.

Then entered Sin, and with that sycamore,
Whose leaves first sheltered man from drought and dew,
Working and winding slily evermore
The inward walls and summers cleft and tore :
But Grace shored these, and cut that as it grew.

Then Sin combined with Death in a firm band,
To rase the building to the very floor:
Which they effected, none could them withstand;
But Love and Grace took Glory by the hand,
And built a braver palace than before.

VIRTUE

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky,
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night;
For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue angry and brave
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die.

Sweet spring, full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie,
My music shows ye have your closes,
And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul
Like seasoned timber, never gives;
But though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives.

A DIALOGUE ANTHEM

CHRISTIAN, DEATH

Chr. Alas, poor Death! where is thy glory?
Where is thy famous force, thy ancient sting?

Dea. Alas, poor mortal, void of story,
Go spell and read how I have killed thy King.

Chr. Poor death! and who was hurt thereby?
Thy curse being laid on Him mak'st thee accurst.

Dea. Let losers talk, yet thou shalt die
These arms shall crush thee.

Chr. Spare not, do thy worst.
I shall be one day better than before:
Thou so much worse, that thou shalt be no more.

HEAVEN

O who will show me those delights on high?
Echo. *I.*
Thou, Echo! thou art mortal, all men know.
Echo. *No.*
Wert thou not born among the trees and leaves?
Echo. *Leaves.*
And are there any leaves that still abide?
Echo. *Bide.*
What leaves are they? impart the matter wholly.
Echo. *Holy.*
Are holy leaves the echo then of bliss?
Echo. *Yes.*
Then tell me what is that supreme delight?
Echo. *Light.*
Light to the mind: what shall the will enjoy?
Echo. *Joy.*
But are there cares and business with the pleasure?
Echo. *Leisure.*
Light, joy and leisure, but shall they persevere?
Echo. *Ever.*

LOVE

Love bade me welcome: yet my soul drew back,
Guilty of dust and sin.
But quick-eyed Love, observing me grow slack
From my first entrance in,
Drew nearer to me sweetly questioning,
If I lacked anything.

A guest, I answered, worthy to be here :
    Love said, You shall be he.
I the unkind, grateful ? Ah, my dear,
    I cannot look on thee.
Love took my hand and smiling did reply,
    Who made the eyes but I ?

Truth, Lord, but I have marred them : let my shame
    Go where it doth deserve.
And know you not, says Love, who bore the blame ?
    My dear, then I will serve.
You must sit down, says Love, and taste my meat :
    So I did sit and eat.

Henry Vaughan

1621–1693.

THE WORLD

I saw Eternity the other night,
Like a great ring of pure and endless light,
    All calm, as it was bright ;
And round beneath it, Time in hours, days, years,
    Driv'n by the spheres
Like a vast shadow mov'd ; in which the world
    And all her train were hurl'd.

THEY ARE ALL GONE INTO THE WORLD OF LIGHT

They are all gone into the world of light !
    And I alone sit ling'ring here ;
Their very memory is fair and bright,
    And my sad thoughts doth clear.

It glows and glitters in my cloudy breast,
    Like stars upon some gloomy grove,
Or those faint beams in which this hill is dress'd
    After the sun's remove.

I see them walking in an air of glory,
Whose light doth trample on my days:
My days, which are at best but dull and hoary,
Mere glimmering and decays.

O holy Hope! and high Humility,
High as the heavens above!
These are your walks, and you have show'd them me,
To kindle my cold love.

THE PURSUIT

Lord! what a busy restless thing
Hast Thou made man!
Each day and hour he is on wing,
Rests not a span;
Then having lost the sun and light,
By clouds surpris'd,
He keeps a commerce in the night
With air disguis'd.
Hadst thou given to this active dust
A state untir'd,
The lost son had not left the husk,
Nor home desir'd.
That was Thy secret, and it is
Thy mercy too;
For when all fails to bring to bliss,
Then this must do.
Ah, Lord! and what a purchase will that be,
To take us sick, that sound would not take Thee!

THE RETREAT

Happy those early days when I
Shin'd in my angel-infancy!
Before I understood this place
Appointed for my second race,
Or taught my soul to fancy ought

But a white celestial thought;
When yet I had not walk'd above
A mile or two from my first love,
And looking back—at that short space—
Could see a glimpse of His bright face;
When on some gilded cloud, or flow'r,
My gazing soul would dwell an hour,
And in those weaker glories spy
Some shadows of eternity;
Before I taught my tongue to wound
My conscience with a sinful sound,
Or had the black art to dispense
A sev'ral sin to ev'ry sense,
But felt through all this fleshly dross
Bright shoots of everlastingness.
O how I long to travel back
And tread again that ancient track!
There I might once more reach that plain,
Where first I left my glorious train;
From whence th' enlightened spirit sees
That shady City of palm-trees.
But ah! my soul with too much stay
Is drunk and staggers in the way!
Some men a forward motion love,
But I by backward steps would move.
And when this dust falls to the urn,
In that state I came, return.

CHEERFULNESS

Lord, with what courage, and delight
I do each thing,
When Thy least breath sustains my wing!
I shine and move
Like those above,

And, with much gladness,
Quitting sadness,
Make me fair days of every night.

2.

Affection thus mere pleasure is;
And hap what will,
If Thou be in't, 'tis welcome still.
But since Thy rays
In sunny days
Thou dost thus lend,
And freely spend,
Ah! what shall I return for this.

3

O that I were all soul! that Thou
Would'st make each part
Of this poor sinful frame, pure heart!
Then would I drown
My single one
And to Thy praise
A consort raise
Of hallelujahs here below.

William Habington

1605–1654.

TO THAMES

Swift in thy watry chariot, courteous Thames,
Hast by the happy error of thy streams,
To kiss the banks of Marlow, which doth show
Fair Seymors, and beyond that never flow.
Then summon all thy swans, that who did give
Music to death, may henceforth sing, and live.
For my Castara. She can life restore,
Or quicken them who had no life before.

How should the poplar else the pine provoke,
The stately cedar challenge the rude oak
To dance at sight of her ? They have no sense
From Nature given, but by her influence,
If Orpheus did those senseless creatures move,
He was a prophet and foresang my love.

(From *Castara.*)

TO CASTARA

Against Opinion

Why should we build, Castara, in the air
Of frail opinion ? Why admire as fair,
What the weak faith of man give us for right ?
The juggling world cheats but the weaker sight,
What is in greatness happy ? As free mirth,
As ample pleasures of the indulgent earth,
We joy who on the ground our mansion find,
As they, who sail like witches in the wind
Of court applause. What can their powerful spell
Over enchanted man more than compel
Him into various forms ? Nor serves their charm
Themselves to good, but to work others harm.
Tyrant opinion but depose ; and we
Will absolute i' th' happiest empire be.

(From *Castara.*)

George Wither

1588–1667.

A LAKE

Two pretty rills do meet, and meeting make
Within one valley a large silver lake :
About whose banks the fertile mountains stood
In ages passéd bravely crowned with wood,

Which lending cold sweet shadows gave it grace
To be accounted Cynthia's bathing place;
And from her father Neptune's brackish court,
Fair Thetis often would resort
Attended by the fishes of the sea,
Which in those sweeter waters came to plea.
There would the daughter of the Sea God dive,
And thither came the land Nymphs every eve
To wait upon her; bringing for her brows
Rich garlands of sweet flowers and beechy boughs.
For pleasant was that pool, and near it then
Was neither rotten marsh nor boggy fen,
It was not overgrown with boisterous sedge
Nor grew there rudely then along the edge
A bending willow, nor a prickly bush,
Nor broad-leaved flag, nor reed, nor knotty rush.
But here well-ordered was a grove with bowers,
There grassy plots set round about with flowers.
Here you might through the water see the land
Appear, strowed o'er with white or yellow sand;
Yon deeper was it, and the wind by whiffs
Would make it rise and wash the little cliffs
On which oft pluming, sat unfrighted than
The gaggling wild goose or the snow-white swan,
With all those flocks of fowls which to this day,
Upon those quiet waters breed and play.
For though those excellences wanting be
Which once it had, it is the same that we
By transposition name the Ford of Arle,
And out of which, along a chalky marle,
That river trills whose waters wash the fort
In which brave Arthur kept his royal court.

(From *The Mistress of Philarete.*)

IN PRAISE OF HIS MISTRESS

Her true beauty leaves behind
Apprehensions in my mind
Of more sweetness than all art
Or inventions can impart.
Though too deep to be expressed,
And too strong to be suppressed,
Which oft raiseth my conceits
To such unbelievéd heights
That I fear some shallow brain
Thinks my Muses do but feign.
Sure he wrongs them if he do:
For could I have reachéd to
So like strains as these you see;
Had there been no such as she;
Is it possible that I
Who scarce heard of poesy,
Should a mere idea raise
To as true a pitch of praise
As the learned poets could
Now, or in the times of old,
All those real beauties bring
Honoured by their sonneting,
Having arts and favours too
More to encourage what they do?
No, if I had never seen
Such a beauty, I had been
Piping in the country shades
To the homely dairy-maids
For a country fiddler's fees,
Clouted cream, and bread and cheese.

. . . . .

I must praise her as I may,
Which I do mine own rude way;
Sometimes setting forth her glories
By unheard-of allegories.

Think not that my muse now sings
Mere absurd or feignéd things.
If to gold I like her hair,
Or to stars her eyes so fair:
Though I praise her skin by snow,
Or by pearls her double row;
'Tis that you may gather thence
Her unmatchéd excellence.

CONTENTMENT

Lordly gallants! tell me this
(Though my safe content you weigh not),
In your greatness, what one bliss
Have you gained, that I enjoy not?
You have honours, you have wealth;
I have peace and I have health:
All the day I merry make,
And at night no care I take.

Bound to none my fortunes be,
This or that man's fall I fear not:
Him I love that loveth me,
For the rest a pin I care not.
You are sad when others chafe,
And grow merry as they laugh;
I that hate it, and am free,
Laugh and weep as pleaseth me.

You may boast of favours shown,
Where your service is applied;
But my pleasures are my own,
And to no man's humour tied.
You oft flatter, soothe, and feign;
I such baseness do disdain;
And to none be slave I would
Though my fetters might be gold.

By great titles some believe
Highest honours are attained;
And yet kings have power to give
To their fools, what these have gained.
Where they favour there they may
All their names of honour lay;
But I look not raised to be,
Till mine own wing carry me.

Seek to raise your titles higher
They are toys not worth my sorrow:
Those that we to-day admire,
Prove the age's scorn to-morrow.
Take your honours; let me find
Virtue in a free born mind—
This, the greatest kings that be
Cannot give, nor take from me.

(From *The Same.*)

A ROCKING HYMN

Sweet Baby, sleep! What ails my Dear?
What ails my darling thus to cry?
Be still, my child, and lend thine ear,
To hear me sing thy lullaby.
My pretty lamb, forbear to weep;
Be still, my Dear; sweet Baby, sleep.

Thou blessed soul, what canst thou fear?
What thing to thee can mischief do?
Thy God is now thy Father dear,
His holy Spouse thy mother too.
Sweet Baby, then, forbear to weep;
Be still, my Babe; sweet Baby, sleep.

Whilst thus thy lullaby I sing,
For thee great blessings ripening be,
Thine Eldest Brother is a King

And hath a Kingdom bought for thee.
Sweet Baby, then, forbear to weep;
Be still, my Babe; sweet Baby, sleep.

When God-with-us was dwelling here,
In little Babes he took delight,
Such innocents, as thou, my Dear,
Are ever precious in His sight
Sweet Baby, then, forbear to weep;
Be still, my Babe; sweet Baby, sleep.

Sweet Baby, sleep and nothing fear;
For whosoever thee offends
By thy Protector threatened are,
And God and angels are thy friends.
Sweet Baby, then, forbear to weep;
Be still, my Babe; sweet Baby, sleep.

(From *Hallelujah.*)

Francis Quarles

1592–1644.

THE WORLD'S EMPTINESS[1]

(*Nahum ii.* 10: *She is empty, void and waste.*)

She's empty: hark, she sounds: there's nothing there
But noise to fill thy ear.
Thy vain enquiry can at length but find
A blast of murmuring wind,
It is a cask that seems as full as fair
But merely tunned with air.
Fond youth, go build thy hopes on better grounds;
The soul that vainly founds
Her joys upon this world but feeds on empty sounds.

She's empty; hark, she sounds; there's nothing in 't.
The spark-ingendring flint

[1] The woodcut facing this poem (Emblem x. Bk. ii.) shows a child striking a hollow globe, and an angel looking on.

Shall sooner melt, and hardest raunce shall first
Dissolve and quench thy thirst
Ere this false world shall still thy stormy breast
With smooth-faced calms of rest.
Thou mayst as well expect meredian light
From shades of black-mouthed night
As in this empty world to find a full delight.

She's empty; hark, she sounds: 'tis void and vast.
What if some flattering blast
Of flatuous honour should perchance be there
And whisper in thine ear.
It is but wind, and blows but where it list,
And vanishes like a mist.
Poor honour earth can give. What generous mind
Would be so base to bind
Her Heaven-bred soul a slave to serve a blast of wind?

She's empty; hark, she sounds: 'tis but a ball
For fools to play with all.
The painted film but of a stronger bubble,
That's lined with silken trouble.
It is a world whose work and recreation
Is vanity and vexation.
A hag repaired with vice-complexion, paint,
A quest-house of complaint.
It is a saint, a fiend—worse fiend when most a saint.

She's empty; hark, she sounds: 'tis vain and void.
What's here to be enjoyed
But grief and sickness, and large bills of sorrow,
Drawn now and crossed to-morrow?
Or what are men but puffs of dying breath
Revived with living death?
Fond lad, O build thy hopes on surer grounds
Than what dull flesh profounds.
Trust not this hollow world; she's empty: hark, she sounds.

(From *Divine Emblems.*)

Henry More

1614–1687.

THE SOUL AND INFINITY

WHEREFORE with leave the infinity I'll sing
Of Time, of Space: or, without leave; I'm brent
With eager rage, my heart for joy doth spring,
And all my spirits move with pleasant trembeling.

An inward triumph doth my soul upheave,
And spread abroad through endless 'spersèd air.
My nimble mind this clammy clod doth leave,
And lightly stepping on from star to star
Swifter than lightning, passeth wide and far,
Measuring th' unbounded Heavens and wasteful sky;
Ne ought she finds her passage to debar,
For still the azure orb as she draws nigh
Gives back, new stars appear, the world's walls 'fore her fly.

(From *The Infinity of Worlds.*)

HYMN

Ah! my dear Lord! dread Sovereign of souls
Who with thy life and love so warmèd hast
My wounded heart, that when thy story's told,
Sweet Love, methinks, in's silver wings me all enfolds.

How do I hang upon thy sacred lips
More sweet than manna or the honey-dew!
Thy speech like rosy drops doth cool my wits
And calm my fierce affections untrue,
And win my heart unto obeisance due.
Blest, O thrice blessed, be that holy will
Whereon thou didst instruct thy faithful crew
In ways of peace, of patience and good will
Forbidding base self-love, revenge and speeches ill.

(From the *Præexistency of the Soul.*)

Joseph Beaumont

1616–1699.

STORM AND CALM

Sometime the winds conspire upon the main
To plow the deeps and throw them at the sky,
To let them thunder headlong down again,
And with new wrath return them up as high,
Till all the sea be on a foaming sweat,
And rocks, and ships, and hearts of sailors, split.

Yet when these breaths their furies out have blown,
The Ocean slides into a polished plain,
Mildly excusing every billowy frown
With smiling looks; the Sirens play again;
The seamen poise their sails; the halcyon lays
Her eggs, and gives her name to quiet days.

(From *Psyche, or Love's Mystery.*)

RISE UP, MY LOVE

(*See Canticles, Chap.* ii.)

Rise up, my Love, my fairest one,
Make no delay
Now winter's utmost blast hath blown
Himself away.

The cloudy curtain's drawn aside
To free the light;
No drop is left, pure Heaven to hide
From thy full sight.

The chearly earth doth, as she may,
Reflect heaven's face
With flowery constellations gay
In every place.

Our birds sit tuning their soft throats
The angels' quire
To echo back : the turtle's notes
With them conspire.

The teeming fig-trees new-born brood
Abroad appear,
Vines and young grapes breathe out a good
And wholesome air.

All sweets invite us to lay down
Our dull delay ;
Rise up, my Love, my fairest one,
And come away.

AN EVENING HYMN

Never yet could careless sleep
On Love's watchful eyelid creep ;
Never yet could gloomy night
Damp his eye's immortal light :
Love is his own day, and sees
Whatsoe'er himself doth please.
Love his piercing look can dart
Through the shades of my dark heart,
And read plainer far than I
All the spots which there do lie.
Pardon then what thou dost see,
Mighty Love, in wretched me ;
Let the sweet wrath of Thy ray
Chide my sinful night to day,
To the blessed day of grace
Whose dear East smiles in thy face.
So no powers of darkness shall
In this night my soul appall ;
So shall I the sounder sleep,
'Cause my heart awake I keep ;

Meekly waiting upon Thee
Whilst Thou deign'st to watch for me.

THE TIMES

Why slander we the times?
What crimes
Have days and years, that we
Thus charge on them iniquity?
If we would rightly scan,
'Tis not the times are bad, but man.

Constant obedience they
Do pay
To their great Maker; and
Do we do so? Nay, never stand
To study shifts; 'tis plain
'Tis our blot which the times doth stain.

If thy desire it be
To see
The times prove good, be thou
But such thy self, and surely know
That all thy days to thee
Shall, spite of mischief, happy be.

FRIENDS

Thy Friends! nay, spare the plural there,
Such things as friends are singular:
Thou of thy Phœnixes as well
Mayst tell
Thy tale, and be believed as soon
That thou hast many of what scarce is one.

Shines thy sun fair? that glaring light
To show a friend is too too bright;

The day with gloomy shades oppressed
Will best
Discover him, whose worth by none
But its own generous rays is seen alone.

Alas! thy fawning courtiers be
Friends of thy fortune, not of thee:
Let her but frown, and they will do
So too.
Be wary then, and just as far
Rely on them, as thou canst trust to her.

But hast thou met a faithful heart?
In spite of fortune blest thou art.
Write others down acquaintance, yet
Admit
Sole him into thy friends' dear roll;
Them in thine arms embrace, him in thy soul.

John Milton

(*See also p.* 543.) 1608–1674.

AT A SOLEMN MUSIC

BLEST pair of Sirens, pledges of Heaven's joy,
Sphere-born harmonious sisters, Voice and Verse,
Wed your divine sounds, and mixed power employ,
Dead things with inbreathed sense able to pierce;
And to our high-raised phantasy present
That undisturbèd song of pure concent,
Aye sung before the sapphire-coloured throne
To Him that sits thereon,
With saintly shout, and solemn jubilee,
Where the bright Seraphim in burning row
Their loud uplifted angel-trumpets blow,
And the Cherubic host in thousand quires
Touch their immortal harps of golden wires.

With those just Spirits that wear victorious palms,
Hymns devout and holy psalms
Singing everlastingly:
That we on Earth with undiscording voice
May rightly answer that melodious noise;
As once we did, till disproportioned sin
Jarred against nature's chime, and with harsh din
Broke the fair music that all creatures made
To their great Lord, whose love their motion swayed
In perfect diapason, whilst they stood
In first obedience, and their state of good.
O may we soon again renew that song,
And keep in tune with Heaven, till God ere long
To His celestial concert us unite,
To live with Him, and sing in endless morn of light.

INVOCATION TO MIRTH

Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
Jest, and youthful Jollity,
Quips and cranks and wanton wiles,
Nods and becks and wreathéd smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek;
And love to live in dimple sleek;
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.
Come, and trip it, as you go,
On the light fantastic toe;
And in thy right hand lead with thee
The mountain-nymph, sweet Liberty;
And, if I give thee honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreproved pleasures free;
To hear the lark begin his flight,
And, singing, startle the dull night,
From his watch-tower in the skies;

Then to come, in spite of sorrow
And at my window bid good-morrow,
Through the sweet briar or the vine
Or the twisted eglantine;
While the cock, with lively din,
Scatters the rear of darkness thin;
And to the stack, or the barn-door,
Stoutly struts his dames before:
Oft listening how the hounds and horn
Cheerly rouse the slumbering morn,
From the side of some hoar hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill:
Sometimes walking, not unseen,
By hedgerow elms, or hillocks green,
Right against the eastern gate
Where the great Sun begins his state,
Robed in flames and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries dight;
While the ploughman, near at hand,
Whistles o'er the furrowed land,
And the milkmaid singeth blithe
And the mower wets his scythe,
And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.

(From *L'Allegro.*)

INVOCATION TO MELANCHOLY

Come, pensive Nun, devout and pure,
Sober, steadfast and demure,
All in a robe of darkest grain,
Flowing with majestic train,
And sable stole of cypress lawn
Over thy decent shoulders drawn.
Come; but kept thy wonted state,
With even step, and musing gait,
And looks commercing with the skies,

Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes:
There, held in holy passions still,
Forget thyself to marble, till
With a sad leaden downward cast
Thou fix them on the earth as fast.
And join with thee calm Peace and Quiet,
Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet,
And hears the Muses in a ring
Aye round about Jove's altar sing;
And add to these retired Leisure,
That in trim gardens takes his pleasure;
But, first and chiefest, with thee bring
Him that yon soars on golden wing,
Guiding the fiery-wheeléd throne,
The Cherub Contemplation;
And the mute Silence hist along,
'Less Philomel will deign a song,
In her sweetest saddest plight,
Smoothing the rugged brow of Night
While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke
Gently o'er the accustomed oak.
Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy!
Thee, chauntress, oft the woods among
I woo, to hear thy even-song;
And, missing thee, I walk unseen
On the dry smooth-shaven green,
To behold the wandering moon
Riding near her highest noon,
Like one that had been led astray
Through the heaven's wide pathless way,
And oft, as if her head she bowed,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.

(From *Il Penseroso.*)

SPEECH OF THE ATTENDANT SPIRIT

Before the starry threshold of Jove's court
My mansion is, where those immortal shapes
Of bright aërial spirits live insphered
In regions mild of calm and serene air,
Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot,
Which men call Earth, and with low-thoughtéd care
Confined and pestered in this pinfold here,
Strive to keep up a frail and feverish being,
Unmindful of the crown that Virtue gives,
After this mortal change, to her true servants
Amongst the enthronéd gods on sainted seats.
Yet some there be that by due steps aspire
To lay their just hands on that golden key,
That opes the palace of eternity;
To such my errand is; and but for such,
I would not soil these pure ambrosial weeds
With the rank vapours of this sin-worn mould.

(From *Comus*.)

THE REVELRY OF COMUS

The star that bids the shepherd fold
Now the top of heaven doth hold;
And the gilded car of day
His glowing axle doth allay
In the steep Atlantic stream;
And the slope sun his upward beam
Shoots against the dusky pole,
Pacing toward the other goal
Of his chamber in the east.
Meanwhile welcome joy, and feast,
Midnight shout and revelry,
Tipsy dance and jollity.
Braid your locks with rosy twine,
Dropping odours, dropping wine.

Rigour now is gone to bed,
And Advice with scrupulous head,
Strict Age, and sour Severity,
With their grave saws in slumber lie.
We that are of purer fire
Imitate the starry quire,
Who in their nightly watchful spheres
Lead in swift round the months and years.
The sounds and seas, with all their finny drove,
Now to the moon in wavering morrice move ;
And on the tawny sands and shelves
Trip the pert fairies and the dapper elves.
By dimpled brook, and fountain brim,
The wood-nymphs decked with daisies trim,
Their merry wakes and pastimes keep.
What hath night to do with sleep ?

(From *The Same.*)

THE POWER OF VIRTUE

Virtue could see to do what Virtue would
By her own radiant light, though sun and moon
Were in the flat sea sunk. And Wisdom's self
Oft seeks to sweet retired solitude,
Where with her best nurse Contemplation
She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings,
That in the various bustle of resort
Were all to-ruffled, and sometimes impaired.
He that has light within his own clear breast,
May sit i' th' centre, and enjoy bright day :
But he that hides a dark soul, and foul thoughts,
Benighted walks under the mid-day sun ;
Himself is his own dungeon.

(From *The Same.*)

INVOCATION TO SABINA

Sabina fair,
Listen where thou art sitting
Under the glossy, cool, translucent wave,
In twisted braids of lilies knitting
The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair;
Listen for dear honour's sake,
Goddess of the silver lake,
Listen and save.

(From *The Sams.*)

THE EPILOGUE OF THE ATTENDANT SPIRIT

To the ocean now I fly,
And those happy climes that lie
Where day never shuts his eye,
Up in the broad fields of the sky:
There I suck the liquid air
All amidst the gardens fair
Of Hesperus, and his daughters three
That sing about the golden tree:
Along the crispéd shades and bowers
Revels the spruce and jocund Spring,
The Graces, and the rosy-bosom'd Hours,
Thither all their bounties bring;
There eternal Summer dwells,
And west winds, with musky wing
About the cedarn alleys fling
Nard and cassia's balmy smells.
Iris there with humid bow
Waters the odorous banks, that blow
Flowers of more mingled hue
Than her purfled scarf can shew,
And drenches with Elysian dew
(List mortals, if your ears be true)
Beds of hyacinth and roses,

Where young Adonis oft reposes,
Waxing well of his deep wound
In slumber soft, and on the ground
Sadly sits th' Assyrian queen;
But far above in spangled sheen
Celestial Cupid her famed son advanced,
Holds his dear Psyche sweet intranced,
After her wand'ring labours long,
Till free consent the gods among
Make her his eternal bride,
And from her fair unspotted side
Two blissful twins are to be born,
Youth and Joy; so Jove hath sworn.
But now my task is smoothly done,
I can fly, or I can run
Quickly to the green earth's end,
Where the bowed welkin slow doth bend,
And from thence can soar as soon
To the corners of the moon.
  Mortals, that would follow me,
Love Virtue, she alone is free,
She can teach ye how to climb
Higher than the sphery chime:
Or, if Virtue feeble were,
Heav'n itself would stoop to her.

(From *The Same.*)

LYCIDAS

In this Monody the author bewails a learned friend, unfortunately drowned in his passage from Chester on the Irish seas, 1637; and by occasion foretells the ruin of our corrupted clergy, then in their height.

Yet once more, O ye laurels, and once more
Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never sere,
I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude,
And with forced fingers rude,
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.

Bitter constraint, and sad occasion dear,
Compels me to disturb your season due:
For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,
Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer.
Who would not sing for Lycidas? He knew
Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.
He must not float upon his watery bier
Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,
Without the meed of some melodious tear.
Begin then, Sisters of the sacred well,
That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring,
Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string.
Hence with denial vain, and coy excuse,
So may some gentle Muse
With lucky words favour my destined urn,
And as he passes turn,
And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud.
For we were nursed upon the self-same hill,
Fed the same flock by fountain, shade, and rill.
Together both, ere the high lawns appeared
Under the covering eyelids of the morn,
We drove afield, and both together heard
What time the gray-fly winds her sultry horn,
Batt'ning our flocks with the fresh dews of night,
Oft till the star that rose, at evening, bright,
Toward heav'n's descent had sloped his west'ring wheel.
Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute,
Tempered to the oaten flute,
Rough Satyrs danced, and Fauns with cloven heel
From the glad sound would not be absent long,
And old Damœtas loved to hear our song.
But, O the heavy change, now thou art gone,
Now thou art gone, and never must return!
Thee, Shepherd, thee the woods, and desert caves
With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown,
And all their echoes mourn.

The willows, and the hazel copses green
Shall now no more be seen
Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays.
As killing as the canker to the rose,
Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that graze,
Or frost to flowers, that their gay wardrobe wear,
When first the white-thorn blows;
Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherd's ear.
  Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorseless deep
Closed o'er the head of your loved Lycidas?
For neither were ye playing on the steep,
Where your old Bards, the famous Druids, lie,
Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,
Nor yet where Deva spreads her wizard stream:
Ay me! I fondly dream!
Had ye been there . . . for what could that have done?
What could the Muse herself that Orpheus bore,
The Muse herself for her enchanting son,
Whom universal nature did lament,
When by the rout that made the hideous roar,
His gory visage down the stream was sent,
Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore?
  Alas! what boots it with incessant care
To tend the homely slighted shepherd's trade,
And strictly meditate the thankless Muse?
Were it not better done as others use,
To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair?
Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
(That last infirmity of noble mind)
To scorn delights, and live laborious days;
But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes the blind Fury with the abhorréd shears,
And slits the thin-spun life. "But not the praise,"
Phœbus replied, and touched my trembling ears;

"Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
Nor in the glistering foil
Set off to the world, nor in broad rumour lies;
But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes,
And perfect witness of all-judging Jove;
As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
Of so much fame in heaven expect thy meed."
O fountain Arethuse, and thou honoured flood,
Smooth-sliding Mincius, crowned with vocal reeds,
That strain I heard was of a higher mood:
But now my oat proceeds,
And listens to the herald of the sea
That came in Neptune's plea;
He asked the waves, and asked the felon winds,
What hard mishap hath doomed this gentle swain?
And questioned every gust of rugged wings
That blows from off each beakéd promontory:
They knew not of his story,
And sage Hippotades their answer brings,
That not a blast was from his dungeon strayed,
The air was calm, and on the level brine
Sleek Panope with all her sisters played.
It was that fatal and perfidious bark,
Built in th' eclipse, and rigged with curses dark,
That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.
  Next Camus, reverend sire, went footing slow,
His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge,
Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge
Like to that sanguine flower inscribed with woe.
"Ah! who hath reft" (quoth he) "my dearest pledge?"
Last came, and last did go,
The pilot of the Galilean lake.
Two massy keys he bore of metals twain,
(The golden opes, the iron shuts amain)
He shook his mitred locks, and stern bespake,
"How well could I have spared for thee, young swain,

Enow of such as for their bellies' sake
Creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold!
Of other care they little reckoning make,
Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast,
And shove away the worthy bidden guest;
Blind mouths! that scarce themselves know how to hold
A sheep-hook, or have learned aught else the least
That to the faithful herdsman's art belongs!
What recks it them? What need they? They are sped;
And when they list, their lean and flashy songs
Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw;
The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,
But swoln with wind, and the rank mist they draw,
Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread;
Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw
Daily devours apace, and nothing said;
But that two-handed engine at the door
Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more."

Return, Alpheus, the dread voice is past,
That shrunk thy streams; return, Sicilian Muse,
And call the vales, and bid them hither cast
Their bells, and flowerets of a thousand hues.
Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use
Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing brooks
On whose fresh lap the swart-star sparely looks:
Throw hither all your quaint enamelled eyes,
That on the green turf suck the honied showers,
And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.
Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,
The white pink, and the pansy freaked with jet,
The glowing violet,
The musk-rose, and the well-attired woodbine,
With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
And every flower that sad embroidery wears.
Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,

And daffodillies fill their cups with tears,
To strow the laureate hearse where Lycid lies.
For so to interpose a little ease,
Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise.
Ay me! Whilst thee the shores, and sounding seas
Wash far away, where'er thy bones are hurled,
Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,
Where thou perhaps under the whelming tide,
Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world;
Or whether thou to our moist vows denied,
Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old,
Where the great vision of the guarded mount
Looks towards Namancos and Bayona's hold.
Look homeward, Angel, now, and melt with ruth.
And, O ye dolphins, waft the hapless youth.
  Weep no more, woful Shepherds, weep no more,
For Lycidas your sorrow is not dead,
Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor.
So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, and with new spangled ore
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky;
So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,
Thro' the dear might of Him that walked the waves
Where other groves, and other streams along,
With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,
And hears the unexpressive nuptial song,
In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love.
There entertain him all the saints above,
In solemn troops, and sweet societies,
That sing, and singing in their glory move,
And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.
Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more;
Henceforth thou art the genius of the shore,
In thy large recompense, and shalt be good
To all that wander in that perilous flood.

Thus sang the uncouth swain to the oaks and rills,
While the still morn went out with sandals gray,
He touched the tender stops of various quills,
With eager thought warbling his Doric lay:
And now the sun had stretched out all the hills,
And now was dropped into the western bay;
At last he rose, and twitched his mantle blue:
To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures new.

ON HIS BEING ARRIVED TO THE AGE OF TWENTY-THREE

1631

How soon hath Time, the subtle thief of youth,
Stolen on his wing my three and twentieth year!
My hasting days fly on with full career,
But my late spring no bud or blossom showeth.
Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth,
That I to manhood am arrived so near,
And inward ripeness doth much less appear,
That some more timely-happy spirits indu'th.
Yet be it less or more, or soon or slow,
It shall be still in strictest measure even
To that same lot, however mean or high,
Toward which Time leads me, and the will of Heaven.
All is, if I have grace to use it so,
As ever in my great Task-master's eye.

ON HIS BLINDNESS

When I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent which is death to hide,
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest He returning chide;
"Doth God exact day-labour, light denied?"

I fondly ask: but Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies: "God doth not need
Either man's work, or His own gifts; who best
Bear His mild yoke, they serve Him best: His state
Is kingly; thousands at His bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait."

ON THE LATE MASSACRE IN PIEDMONT

Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints, whose bones
Lie scattered in the Alpine mountains cold;
Even them who kept Thy truths so pure of old,
When all our fathers worshipped stocks and stones,
Forget not: in thy book record their groans
Who were thy sheep, and in thy ancient fold
Slain by the bloody Piedmontese, that rolled
Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans
The vale redoubled to the hills, and they
To heaven. Their martyred blood and ashes sow
O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth sway
The triple Tyrant; that from these may grow
A hundredfold, who, having learnt Thy way,
Early may fly the Babylonian woe.

SATAN AROUSES THE FALLEN ANGELS IN HELL

He scarce had ceased, when the superior fiend
Was moving toward the shore; his ponderous shield
Ethereal temper, massy, large, and round,
Behind him cast; the broad circumference
Hung on his shoulders like the moon, whose orb
Through optic glass the Tuscan artist views
At evening, from the top of Fesole
Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands,
Rivers or mountains in her spotted globe.
His spear—to equal which the tallest pine,
Hewn on Norwegian hills to be the mast

Of some great Ammiral, were but a wand—
He walked with to support uneasy steps
Over the burning marle, not like those steps
On heaven's azure; and the torrid clime
Smote on him sore besides, vaulted with fire.
Nathless he so endured, till on the beach
Of that inflaméd sea, he stood, and called
His legions, Angel forms, who lay entranced,
Thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks
In Vallombrosa, where th' Etrurian shades
High overarched embower; or scattered sedge
Afloat, when with fierce winds Orion armed
Hath vexed the Red-sea coast, whose waves o'erthrew
Busiris and his Memphian chivalry,
While with perfidious hatred they pursued
The sojourners of Goshen, who beheld
From the safe shore their floating carcases
And broken chariot wheels: so thick bestrown
Abject and lost lay these, covering the flood,
Under amazement of their hideous change.
He called so loud, that all the hollow deep
Of hell resounded: "Princes, Potentates,
Warriors, the Flower of heav'n, once yours, now lost,
If such astonishment as this can seize
Eternal spirits; or have ye chosen this place
After the toil of battle to repose
Your wearied virtue, for the ease you find
To slumber here, as in the vales of heav'n?
Or in this abject posture have ye sworn
To adore the Conqueror? who now beholds
Cherub and Seraph rolling in the flood
With scattered arms and ensigns, till anon
His swift pursuers from heaven gates discern
The advantage, and descending tread us down
Thus drooping, or with linkéd thunderbolts
Transfix us to the bottom of this gulf.

Awake, arise, or be for ever fallen"
They heard, and were abashed, and up they sprung
Upon the wing, as when men wont to watch
On duty, sleeping found by whom they dread,
Rouse and bestir themselves ere well awake.

THE ASSEMBLING OF THE FALLEN ANGELS

All these and more came flocking; but with looks
Down-cast and damp, yet such wherein appeared
Obscure some glimpse of joy, to have found their chief
Not in despair, to have found themselves not lost
In loss itself; which on his countenance cast
Like doubtful hue: but he, his wonted pride
Soon recollecting, with high words, that bore
Semblance of worth not substance, gently raised
Their fainting courage, and dispelled their fears.
Then straight commands, that at the warlike sound
Of trumpets loud and clarions be upreared
His mighty standard: that proud honour claimed
Azazel as his right, a cherub tall;
Who forthwith from the glittering staff unfurled
The imperial ensign, which, full high advanced,
Shone like a meteor, streaming to the wind,
With gems and golden lustre rich emblazed,
Seraphic arms and trophies; all the while
Sonorous metal blowing martial sounds:
At which the universal host up-sent
A shout that tore Hell's concave, and beyond
Frighted the reign of Chaos and old Night.
All in a moment through the gloom were seen
Ten thousand banners rise into the air
With orient colours waving: with them rose
A forest huge of spears; and thronging helms
Appeared, and serried shields in thick array,
Of depth immeasurable: anon they move
In perfect phalanx to the Dorian mood

Of flutes and soft recorders; such as raised
To highth of noblest temper heroes old
Arming to battle; and instead of rage
Deliberate valour breathed, firm, and unmoved
With dread of death to flight or foul retreat;
Nor wanting power to mitigate and swage
With solemn touches troubled thoughts, and chase
Anguish and doubt and fear and sorrow and pain
From mortal or immortal minds. Thus they,
Breathing united force, with fixéd thought,
Moved on in silence to soft pipes that charmed
Their painful steps o'er the burnt soil; and now
Advanced in view they stand, a horrid front
Of dreadful length and dazzling arms, in guise
Of warriors old with ordered spear and shield,
Awaiting what command their mighty chief
Had to impose. He through the arméd files
Darts his experienced eye, and soon traverse
The whole battalion views; their order due,
Their visages and stature as of gods;
Their number last he sums. And now his heart
Distends with pride, and hardening in his strength
Glories; for never, since created man,
Met such embodied force as, named with these
Could merit more than that small infantry
Warred on by cranes—though all the giant brood
Of Phlegra with th' heroic race were joined
That fought at Thebes and Ilium on each side
Mixed with auxiliar gods; and what resounds
In fable or romance of Uther's son,
Begirt with British and Armoric knights;
And all who since, baptized or infidel,
Jousted in Aspramont or Montalban,
Damasco, or Marocco, or Trebisond,
Or whom Biserta sent from Afric shore,
When Charlemain with all his peerage fell

By Fontarabbia. Thus far these beyond
Compare of mortal prowess, yet observed
Their dread commander. He, above the rest
In shape and gesture proudly eminent,
Stood like a tower. His form had yet not lost
All her original brightness, nor appeared
Less than Archangel ruined, and the excess
Of glory obscured : as when the sun new-risen
Looks through the horizontal misty air,
Shorn of his beams ; or from behind the moon,
In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds
On half the nations, and with fear of change
Perplexes monarchs. Darkened so, yet shone
Above them all th' Archangel : but his face
Deep scars of thunder had intrenched, and care
Sat on his faded cheek, but under brows
Of dauntless courage, and considerate pride
Waiting revenge : cruel his eye, but cast
Signs of remorse and passion to behold
The fellows of his crime, the followers rather,
Far other once beheld in bliss, condemned
For ever now to have their lot in pain,
Millions of spirits for his fault amerced
Of heaven, and from eternal splendours flung
For his revolt—yet faithful how they stood,
Their glory withered : as when heaven's fire
Hath scathed the forest oaks or mountain pines,
With singéd top their stately growth, though bare,
Stands on the blasted heath. He now prepared
To speak ; whereat their doubled ranks they bend
From wing to wing, and half enclose him round
With all his peers : attention held them mute.
Thrice he assayed, and thrice in spite of scorn,
Tears, such as angels weep, burst forth ; at last
Words interwove with sighs found out their way :
" O myriads of immortal Spirits ! O Powers

Matchless, but with th' Almighty !—and that strife
Was not inglorious, though the event was dire,
As this place testifies, and this dire change
Hateful to utter : but what power of mind,
Foreseeing or presaging, from the depth
Of knowledge past or present, could have feared,
How such united force of gods, how such
As stood like these, could ever know repulse ?
For who can yet believe, though after loss,
That all these puissant legions, whose exile
Hath emptied heaven, shall fail to reascend
Self-raised, and repossess their native seat ?
For me, be witness all the host of Heaven,
If counsels different or danger shunned
By me have lost our hopes : but He, who reigns
Monarch in Heaven, till then as one secure
Sat on His throne, upheld by old repute,
Consent, or custom, and His regal state
Put forth at full, but still His strength concealed,
Which tempted our attempt, and wrought our fall.
Henceforth His might we know, and know our own,
So as not either to provoke, or dread
New war, provoked ; our better part remains
To work in close design, by fraud or guile,
What force effected not ; that He no less
At length from us may find, who overcomes
By force, hath overcome but half his foe.
Space may produce new worlds, whereof so rife
There went a fame in heaven, that He ere long
Intended to create, and therein plant
A generation, whom His choice regard
Should favour equal to the Sons of Heaven.
Thither, if but to pry, shall be perhaps
Our first eruption—thither or elsewhere ;
For this infernal pit shall never hold
Celestial spirits in bondage, nor th' Abyss

Long under darkness cover. But these thoughts
Full counsel must mature: peace is despaired;
For who can think submission? War, then, war
Open or understood, must be resolved."
He spake: and to confirm his words outflew
Millions of flaming swords, drawn from the thighs
Of mighty Cherubim; the sudden blaze
Far round illumined Hell: highly they raged
Against the Highest, and fierce with graspéd arms
Clashed on their sounding shields the din of war,
Hurling defiance toward the vault of Heaven.

(From *Paradise Lost.*)

SATAN REACHES PARADISE

Now to the ascent of that steep savage hill
Satan had journeyed on, pensive and slow;
But further way found none, so thick entwined,
As one continued brake, the undergrowth
Of shrubs and tangling bushes had perplexed
All path of man or beast that passed that way.
One gate there only was, and that looked east
On the other side: which when the Arch-felon saw,
Due entrance he disdained, and in contempt
At one slight bound high overleaped all bound
Of hill or highest wall, and sheer within
Lights on his feet. As when a prowling wolf,
Whom hunger drives to seek new haunt for prey,
Watching where shepherds pen their flocks at eve
In hurdled cotes amid the field secure,
Leaps o'er the fence with ease into the fold:

. . . . .

Beneath him with new wonder now he views,
To all delight of human sense exposed,
In narrow room Nature's whole wealth, yea more,
A heaven on earth: for blissful Paradise
Of God the garden was, by Him in the east

Of Eden planted; Eden stretched her line
From Auran eastwards to the royal tow'rs
Of great Seleucia, built by Grecian kings,
Or where the sons of Eden long before
Dwelt in Telassar. In this pleasant soil
His far more pleasant garden God ordained;
Out of the fertile ground He caused to grow
All trees of noblest kind for sight, smell, taste;
And all amid them stood the Tree of Life,
High eminent, blooming ambrosial fruit
Of vegetable gold; and next to Life
Our death, the Tree of Knowledge, grew fast by,
Knowledge of good bought dear by knowing ill.
Southward through Eden went a river large,
Nor changed his course, but through the shaggy hill
Passed underneath ingulfed; for God had thrown
That mountain as His garden-mould, high raised
Upon the rapid current, which, through veins
Of porous earth with kindly thirst up drawn,
Rose a fresh fountain, and with many a rill
Watered the garden; thence united fell
Down the steep glade, and met the nether flood,
Which from his darksome passage now appears;
And now divided into four main streams,
Runs diverse, wandering many a famous realm
And country, whereof here needs no account;
But rather to tell how, if art could tell,
How from that sapphire fount the crispèd brooks,
Rolling on orient pearl and sands of gold,
With mazy error under pendent shades
Ran nectar, visiting each plant, and fed
Flowers worthy of Paradise, which not nice art
In beds and curious knots, but nature boon
Poured forth profuse on hill, and dale, and plain,
Both where the morning sun first warmly smote
The open field, and where the unpierced shade

Imbrowned the noontide bowers. Thus was this place
A happy rural seat of various view:
Groves whose rich trees wept odorous gums and balm,
Others whose fruit, burnished with golden rind,
Hung amiable—Hesperian fables true,
If true, here only—and of delicious taste.
Betwixt them lawns, or level downs, and flocks
Grazing the tender herb, were interposed,
Or palmy hillock, or the flowery lap
Of some irriguous valley spread her store,
Flowers of all hue, and without thorn the rose.
Another side, umbrageous grots and caves
Of cool recess, o'er which the mantling vine
Lays forth her purple grape, and gently creeps
Luxuriant: meanwhile murmuring waters fall
Down the slope hills, dispersed, or in a lake,
That to the fringéd bank with myrtle crowned
Her crystal mirror holds, unite their streams.
The birds their choir apply; airs, vernal airs,
Breathing the smell of field and grove, attune
The trembling leaves, while universal Pan,
Knit with the Graces and the Hours in dance,
Led on the eternal Spring.

(From *The Same.*)

SATAN FINDS EVE IN PARADISE

He sought them both, but wished his hap might find
Eve separate; he wished, but not with hope
Of what so seldom chanced, when to his wish,
Beyond his hope, Eve separate he spies,
Veiled in a cloud of fragrance, where she stood,
Half spied, so thick the roses bushing round
About her glowed, oft stooping to support
Each flower of tender stalk, whose head, though gay
Carnation, purple, azure, or speckled with gold,
Hung drooping unsustained; them she upstays

Gently with myrtle band, mindless the while
Herself, though fairest unsupported flower,
From her best prop so far, and storm so nigh.
Nearer he drew, and many a walk traversed
Of stateliest covert, cedar, pine, or palm,
Then voluble and bold, now hid, now seen
Among thick-woven arborets and flowers
Imbordered on each bank, the hand of Eve:
Spot more delicious than those gardens feigned
Or of revived Adonis, or renowned
Alcinous, host of old Laertes' son,
Or that, not mystic, where the sapient king
Held dalliance with his fair Egyptian spouse.
Much he the place admired, the person more.
As one who long in populous city pent,
Where houses thick and sewers annoy the air,
Forth issuing on a summer's morn to breathe
Among the pleasant villages and farms
Adjoined, from each thing met conceives delight,—
The smell of grain, or tedded grass, or kine,
Or dairy, each rural sight, each rural sound;—
If chance with nymph-like step fair virgin pass,
What pleasing seemed, for her now pleases more,
She most, and in her look sums all delight:
Such pleasure took the Serpent to behold
This flowery plat, the sweet recess of Eve
Thus early, thus alone: her heavenly form
Angelic, but more soft and feminine,
Her graceful innocence, her every air
Of gesture or least action, over-awed
His malice, and with rapine sweet bereaved
His fierceness of the fierce intent it brought.
That space the Evil One abstracted stood
From his own evil, and for the time remained
Stupidly good, of enmity disarmed,
Of guile, of hate, of envy, of revenge.

But the hot hell that always in him burns,
Though in mid heaven, soon ended his delight,
And tortures him now more, the more he sees
Of pleasure not for him ordained: then soon
Fierce hate he recollects, and all his thoughts
Of mischief, gratulating, thus excites:
"Thoughts, whither have ye led me? with what sweet
Compulsion thus transported to forget
What hither brought us? hate, not love, nor hope
Of Paradise for hell, hope there to taste
Of pleasure, but all pleasure to destroy,
Save what is in destroying: other joy
To me is lost. Then let me not let pass
Occasion which now smiles; behold alone
The Woman opportune to all attempts—
Her husband, for I view far round, not nigh,
Whose higher intellectual more I shun,
And strength, of courage haughty, and of limb
Heroic built, though of terrestrial mould;
Foe not informidable, exempt from wound—
I not: so much hath hell debased, and pain
Infeebled me, to what I was in heaven.
She fair, divinely fair, fit love for gods,
Not terrible, though terror be in love,
And beauty, not approached by stronger hate,
Hate stronger under show of love well feigned;
The way which to her ruin now I tend."
So spake the Enemy of Mankind, enclosed
In serpent, inmate bad, and toward Eve
Addressed his way—not with indented wave,
Prone on the ground, as since, but on his rear,
Circular base of rising folds, that towered
Fold above fold a surging maze, his head
Crested aloft, and carbuncle his eyes;
With burnished neck of verdant gold, erect
Amidst his circling spires, that on the grass

Floated redundant: pleasing was his shape,
And lovely, never since of serpent-kind
Lovelier. . . .
. . . With tract oblique
At first, as one who sought access, but feared
To interrupt, side-long he works his way.
Nigh river's mouth or foreland, where the wind
Veers oft, as oft so steers, and shifts her sail;
So varied he, and of his tortuous train
Curled many a wanton wreath in sight of Eve,
To lure her eye; she, busied, heard the sound
Of rustling leaves, but minded not, as used
To such disport before her through the field
From every beast, more duteous at her call,
Than at Circean call the herd disguised.
He, bolder now, uncalled before her stood;
But as in gaze admiring: oft he bowed
His turret crest, and sleek enamelled neck,
Fawning, and licked the ground whereon she trod.
His gentle dumb expression turned at length
The eye of Eve to mark his play; he glad
Of her attention gained, with serpent tongue
Organic, or impulse of vocal air,
His fraudulent temptation thus began:

(From *The Same.*)

ADAM'S ACCOUNT OF HIS AWAKENING TO LIFE

. . . As new-waked from soundest sleep,
Soft on the flowery herb I found me laid,
In balmy sweat, which with his beams the Sun
Soon dried, and on the reeking moisture fed.
Straight towards Heaven my wondering eyes I turned.
And gazed awhile the ample sky, till, raised
By quick instinctive motion, up I sprung,
As thitherward endeavouring, and upright
Stood on my feet. About me round I saw

Hill, dale, and shady woods, and sunny plains,
And liquid lapse of murmuring streams; by these,
Creatures that lived and moved, and walked or flew,
Birds in the branches warbling: all things smiled;
With fragrance and with joy my heart o'erflowed.
Myself I then perused, and limb by limb
Surveyed, and sometimes went and sometimes ran
With supple joints, as lively vigour led;
But who I was, or where, or from what cause
Knew not. To speak I tried, and forthwith spake;
My tongue obeyed and readily could name
Whate'er I saw. "Thou Sun," said I, "fair light"
And thou, enlightened Earth, so fresh and gay,
Ye hills and dales, ye rivers, woods, and plains,
And ye that live and move, fair creatures, tell,
Tell if ye saw how I came thus, how here?—
Not of myself: by some great Maker then,
In goodness and in power pre-eminent:
Tell me, how may I know him, how adore,
From whom I have that thus I move and live,
And feel that I am happier than I know!

(From *The Same.*)

MICHAEL'S LAST CHARGE TO ADAM. ADAM AND EVE LEAVE PARADISE

Only add
Deeds to thy knowledge answerable; add faith;
Add virtue, patience, temperance; add love,
By name to come called Charity, the soul
Of all the rest; then wilt thou not be loth
To leave this Paradise, but shalt possess
A Paradise within thee, happier far.
Let us descend now, therefore, from this top
Of speculation, for the hour precise
Exacts our parting hence; and see, the guards,
By me encamped on yonder hill, expect

Their motion, at whose front a flaming sword,
In signal of remove, waves fiercely round;
We may no longer stay: go, waken Eve;
Her also I with gentle dreams have calmed,
Portending good, and all her spirits composed
To meek submission: thou at season fit
Let her with thee partake what thou hast heard,
Chiefly what may concern her faith to know,
The great deliverance by her seed to come,
(For by the Woman's Seed), on all mankind;
That ye may live, which will be many days,
Both in one faith unanimous, though sad,
With cause, for evils past; yet much more cheered
With meditation on the happy end."

He ended, and they both descend the hill:
Descended, Adam to the bower, where Eve
Lay sleeping, ran before, but found her waked;
And thus with words not sad she him received;

"Whence thou return'st, and whither went'st, I know;
For God is also in sleep, and dreams advise,
Which He hath sent propitious, some great good
Presaging, since with sorrow and heart's distress
Wearied I fell asleep: but now lead on;
In me is no delay; with thee to go
Is to stay here; without thee here to stay
Is to go hence unwilling; thou to me
Art all things under heav'n, all places thou,
Who for my wilful crime art banished hence.
This further consolation yet secure
I carry hence: though all by me is lost,
Such favour I unworthy am vouchsafed,
By me the Promised Seed shall all restore."

So spake our mother Eve, and Adam heard
Well pleased, but answered not; for now too nigh
The Archangel stood, and from the other hill
To their fixed station all in bright array

The Cherubim descended; on the ground
Gliding meteorous, as evening mist
Risen from a river o'er the marish glides,
And gathers ground fast at the labourer's heel
Homeward returning. High in front advanced,
The brandished sword of God before them blazed
Fierce as a comet; which with torrid heat,
And vapour as the Libyan air adust,
Began to parch that temperate clime: whereat
In either hand the hastening angel caught
Our lingering parents, and to the eastern gate
Led them direct, and down the cliff as fast
To the subjected plain; then disappeared.
They looking back all the eastern side beheld
Of Paradise, so late their happy seat,
Waved over by that flaming brand; the gate
With dreadful faces thronged and fiery arms:
Some natural tears they dropped, but wiped them soon;
The world was all before them, where to choose
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide.
They, hand in hand, with wandering steps and slow,
Through Eden took their solitary way.

(From *The Same.*)

DESCRIPTION OF ATHENS

Look once more, ere we leave this specular mount,
Westward, much nearer by south-west, behold
Where on the Ægean shore a city stands,
Built nobly, pure the air, and light the soil,
Athens the eye of Greece, mother of arts
And eloquence, native to famous wits,
Or hospitable, in her sweet recess,
City or suburban, studious walks and shades;
See there the olive grove of Academe,
Plato's retirement, where the Attic bird
Trills her thick-warbled notes the summer long;

There, flowery hill, Hymettus, with the sound
Of bees' industrious murmur oft invites
To studious musing; there Ilissus rolls
His whispering stream. Within the walls then view
The schools of ancient sages—his who bred
Great Alexander to subdue the world:
Lyceum there, and painted Stoa next.
There thou shalt hear and learn the secret power
Of harmony, in tones and numbers hit
By voice or hand, and various-measured verse,
Æolian charms and Dorian lyric odes,
And his who gave them breath, but higher sung,
Blind Melesigenes, thence Homer called,
Whose poem Phœbus challenged for his own.
Thence what the lofty grave tragedians taught
In chorus or iambick, teachers best
Of moral prudence, with delight received,
In brief sententious precepts, while they treat
Of fate, and chance, and change in human life;
High actions and high passions best describing.
Thence to the famous orators repair,
Those ancient, whose resistless eloquence
Wielded at will that fierce democraty,
Shook the Arsenal, and fulmined over Greece,
To Macedon, and Artaxerxes' throne.
To sage Philosophy next lend thine ear,
From heaven descended to the low-roofed house
Of Socrates—see there his tenement—
Whom, well inspired, the oracle pronounced
Wisest of men; from whose mouth issued forth
Mellifluous streams that watered all the schools.

(From *Paradise Regained.*)

DESCRIPTION OF DELILAH

But who is this? what thing of sea or land—
Female of sex it seems—

That, so bedecked, ornate, and gay,
Comes this way sailing,
Like a stately ship
Of Tarsus, bound for the isles
Of Javan or Gadire,
With all her bravery on, and tackle trim,
Sails filled and streamers waving,
Courted by all the winds that hold therein play;
An amber scent of odorous perfume
Her harbinger, a damsel train behind?
Some rich Philistian matron she may seem;
And now, at nearer view, no other certain
Than Dalila, thy wife.

(From *Samson Agonistes*.)

ON THE DEATH OF SAMSON

Come, come, no time for lamentation now,
Nor much more cause: Samson hath quit himself
Like Samson, and heroically hath finished
A life heroic, on his enemies
Fully revenged; hath left them years of mourning,
And lamentation to the sons of Caphtor
Through all Philistian bounds. To Israel
Honour hath left and freedom, let but them
Find courage to lay hold on this occasion;
To himself and father's house eternal fame;
And, which is best and happiest yet, all this
With God not parted from him, as was feared,
But favouring and assisting to the end.
Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail
Or knock the breast; no weakness, no contempt,
Dispraise, or blame; nothing but well and fair,
And what may quiet us in a death so noble.

. . . . .

CHOR. All is best, though we oft doubt,
What the unsearchable dispose
Of Highest Wisdom brings about,

And ever best found in the close.
Oft He seems to hide His face,
But unexpectedly returns,
And to His faithful champion hath in place
Bore witness gloriously; whence Gaza mourns,
And all that band them to resist
His uncontrollable intent:
His servants He, with new acquist
Of true experience from this great event,
With peace and consolation hath dismissed,
And calm of mind, all passion spent.

(From *The Same.*)

BOOK V

WALLER TO ADDISON

Edmund Waller

BERMUDA

1605–1687.

BERMUDA, wall'd with rocks, who does not know ?
That happy island where huge lemons grow,
And orange-trees, which golden fruit do bear,
Th' Hesperian garden boasts of none so fair ;
Where shining pearl, coral, and many a pound,
On the rich shore, of ambergris is found.
The lofty cedar, which to heaven aspires,
The prince of trees ! is fuel to their fires ;
The smoke by which their loaded spits do turn,
For incense might on sacred altars burn ;
Their private roofs on od'rous timber borne,
Such as might palaces for kings adorn.

. . . . .

Tobacco is the worst of things, which they
To English landlords, as their tribute, pay.
Such is the mould, that the bless'd tenant feeds
On precious fruits, and pays his rent in weeds.
With candied plantains, and the juicy pine,
On choicest melons and sweet grapes, they dine,
And with potatoes fat their wanton swine.
Nature these cates with such a lavish hand
Pours out among them, that our coarser land
Tastes of that bounty, and does cloth return,
Which not for warmth, but ornament, is worn ;
For the kind spring, which but salutes us here,
Inhabits there, and courts them all the year.
Ripe fruits and blossoms on the same trees live ;
At once they promise what at once they give.
So sweet the air, so moderate the clime,
None sickly lives, or dies before his time

Heaven sure has kept this spot of earth uncursed,
To show how all things were created first.

(From the *Battle of the Summer Islands.*)

THE SOUL'S DARK COTTAGE

The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,
Lets in new light through chinks that time has made:
Stronger by weakness, wiser men become,
As they draw near to their eternal home:
Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view,
That stand upon the threshold of the new.

(From verses *On the Foregoing Divine Poems.*)

Sir John Denham

1615–1658.

THE THAMES

My eye, descending from the hill, surveys
Where Thames among the wanton valleys strays.
Thames, the most loved of all the ocean's sons,
By his old sire, to his embraces runs;
Hasting to pay his tribute to the sea,
Like mortal life to meet eternity.
Though with those streams he no resemblance hold,
Whose foam is amber, and their gravel gold,
His genuine and less guilty wealth t' explore,
Search not his bottom, but survey his shore,
O'er which he kindly spreads his spacious wing,
And hatches plenty for th' ensuing spring;
Nor then destroys it with too fond a stay,
Like mothers which their infants overlay;
Nor with a sudden and impetuous wave,
Like profuse kings, resumes the wealth he gave.
No unexpected inundations spoil
The mower's hopes, nor mock the ploughman's toil:
But godlike his unwearied bounty flows;
First loves to do, then loves the good he does.

Nor are his blessings to his banks confined,
But free and common as the sea or wind;
When he, to boast or to disperse his stores,
Full of the tributes of his grateful shores,
Visits the world, and in his flying towers
Brings home to us, and makes both Indies ours;
Finds wealth where 'tis, bestows it where it wants,
Cities in deserts, woods in cities plants;
So that to us no thing, no place is strange,
While his fair bosom is the world's exchange.
Oh, could I flow like thee, and make thy stream
My great example, as it is my theme!
Though deep, yet clear, though gentle, yet not dull,
Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full.

(From *Cooper's Hill.*)

Abraham Cowley

(*See also p.* 704.) 1618–1667.

THE EPICURE

Fill the bowl with rosy wine
Around our temples roses twine
And let us cheerfully awhile,
Like the wine and roses, smile.
Crowned with roses, we contemn
Gyges' wealthy diadem.
To-day is ours, what do we fear?
To-day is ours, we have it here:
Let's treat it kindly that it may
Wish, at least, with us to stay.
Let's banish business, banish sorrow;
To the gods belongs to-morrow.

(From *Anacreontiques.*)

AN ELEGY

It was a dismal and a fearful night,
Scarce could the morn drive on th' unwilling light,
When sleep, death's image, left my troubled breast,
By something liker death possest.

My eyes with tears did uncommanded flow,
  And on my soul hung the dull weight
  Of some intolerable fate.
What bell was that? ah me! too much I know.

My sweet companion and my gentle peer,
Why hast thou left me thus unkindly here,
Thy end for ever, and my life, to moan?
  O, thou hast left me all alone!
Thy soul and body, when death's agony
  Besieged around thy noble heart,
  Did not with more reluctance part,
Than I, my dearest friend! do part from thee.

My dearest friend, would I had died for thee!
Life and this world henceforth will tedious be,
Nor shall I know hereafter what to do,
  If once my griefs prove tedious too.
Silent and sad I walk about all day,
  As sullen ghosts stalk speechless by
  Where their hid treasures lie;
Alas! my treasure's gone! Why do I stay?

He was my friend, the truest friend on earth;
A strong and mighty influence joined our birth;
Nor did we envy the most sounding name
  By friendship given of old to fame.
None but his brethren he and sisters knew.
  Whom the kind youth preferred to me,
  And even in that we did agree,
For much above myself I loved them too.

. . . . .

Ye fields of Cambridge, our dear Cambridge, say
Have ye not seen us walking every day?
Was there a tree about which did not know
  The love betwixt us two?
Henceforth, ye gentle trees, for ever fade;

Or your sad branches thicker join,
And into darksome shades combine,
Dark as the grave wherein my friend is laid!

. . . . .

Large was his soul; as large a soul as e'er
Submitted to inform a body here;
High as the place 'twas shortly in heaven to have,
But low and humble as his grave;
So high, that all the virtues there did come,
As to their chiefest seat
Conspicuous and great;
So low, that for me too it made a room.

. . . . .

And, if the glorious saints cease not to know
Their wretched friends who fight with life below,
Thy flame to me does still the same abide,
Only more pure and rarefied.
There, whilst immortal hymns thou dost rehearse,
Thou dost with holy pity see
Our dull and earthly poesy
Where grief and misery can be joined with verse.

(From a poem on *The Death of Mr. William Harvey.*

THE KINGDOM OF LUCIFER

Beneath the silent chambers of the earth,
Where the sun's fruitful beams give metals birth,
Where he the growth of fatal gold does see,
Gold, which above more influence has than he;
Beneath the dens where unfletcht tempests lie,
And infant winds their tender voices try;
Beneath the mighty ocean's wealthy caves;
Beneath th' eternal fountain of all waves,
Where their vast court the mother waters keep,
And undisturbed by moons, in silence sleep,—
There is a place deep, wondrous deep, below,
Which genuine Night and Horror does o'erflow;
No bound controls the unwearied space, but hell

Endless as those dire pains that in it dwell.
Here no dear glimpse of the sun's lovely face
Strikes through the solid darkness of the place;
No dawning morn does her kind red display;
One slight weak beam would here be thought the day:
No gentle stars with their fair gems of light
Offend the tyrannous and unquestioned night.
Here Lucifer, the mighty captive, reigns;
Proud midst his woes, and tyrant in his chains;
Once general of a gilded host of sprites,
Like Hesper, leading forth the spangled nights;
But down like lightning, which him struck, he came;
And roared at his first plunge into the flame.

(From *The Davideis*).

CLAUDIAN'S OLD MAN OF VERONA

Happy the man who his whole time doth bound
Within th' inclosure of his little ground.
Happy the man, whom the same humble place
(Th' hereditary cottage of his race)
From his first rising infancy has known,
And by degrees sees gently bending down,
With natural propension, to that earth
Which both preserved his life, and gave him birth.
Him no false distant lights, by fortune set,
Could ever into foolish wanderings get.
He never dangers either saw or feared:
The dreadful storms at sea he never heard;
He never heard the shrill alarms of war,
Or the worse noises of the lawyer's bar.
No change of consuls marks to him the year,
The change of seasons is his calendar.
The cold and heat, winter and summer shows;
Autumn by fruits, and spring by flowers, he knows.
He measures time by landmarks, and has found
For the whole day the dial of his ground.

A neighbouring wood, born with himself, he sees,
And loves his old contemporary trees.
He's only heard of near Verona's name,
And knows it, like the Indies, but by fame.
Does with a like concernment notice take
Of the Red Sea, and of Benacus' lake.
Thus health and strength he to a third age enjoys,
And sees a long posterity of boys.
About the spacious world let others roam,
The voyage, life, is longest made at home.

(*Translated in the Essay on the Dangers of an Honest Man in Much Company.*)

Andrew Marvell

THE EMIGRANT'S SONG

1621–1678.

WHERE the remote Bermudas ride,
In the ocean's bosom unespied,
From a small boat, that rowed along,
The listening winds received this song:
"What should we do but sing His praise,
That led us through the watery maze,
Unto an isle so long unknown,
And yet far kinder than our own?
Where the huge sea-monsters wracks,
That lift the deep upon their backs;
He lands us on a grassy stage,
Safe from the storms, and prelate's rage.
He gave us this eternal spring,
Which here enamels everything,
And sends the fowls to us in care,
On daily visits through the air;
He hangs in shades the orange bright
Like golden lamps in a green night,
And does in the pomegranates close
Jewels more rich than Ormus shows;
He makes the figs our mouths to meet,

And throws the melons at our feet;
But apples plants of such a price,
No tree could ever bear them twice;
With cedars chosen by his hand
From Lebanon, He stores the land,
And makes the hollow seas, that roar,
Proclaim the ambergris on shore;
He cast (of which we rather boast)
The Gospel's pearl upon our coast,
And in these rocks for us did frame
A temple where to sound His name.
Oh! let our voice His praise exalt,
Till it arrive at Heaven's vault,
Which, thence perhaps rebounding, may
Echo beyond the Mexique Bay."

Thus sang they, in the English boat
An holy and a cheerful note,
And all the way, to guide their chime,
With falling oars, they kept the time.

IN A FOREST

Then as I careless on the bed
Of gelid strawberries do tread,
And through the hazels thick espy
The hatching throstle's shining eye,
The heron from the ash's top
The eldest of its young lets drop,
As if it stork-like did pretend
That tribute to its lord to send.
But most the hewel's wonders are,
Who here has the holtselster's care;
He walks still upright from the root,
Measuring the timber with his foot,
And all the way, to keep it clean,
Doth from the bark the wood-moths glean;

He, with his beak, examines well
Which fit to stand, and which to fell;
The good he numbers up, and hacks
As if he marked them with an axe;
But where he, tinkling with his beak,
Does find the hollow oak to speak,
That for his building he designs,
And through the tainted side he mines.
Who could have thought the tallest oak
Should fall by such a feeble stroke?
Nor would it, had the tree not fed
A traitor worm, within it bred,
(As first our flesh, corrupt within,
Tempts impotent and bashful sin,)
And yet that worm triumphs not long,
But serves to feed the hewel's young,
While the oak seems to fall content,
Viewing the treason's punishment.
  Thus I, easy philosopher,
Among the birds and trees confer,
And little now to make me wants
Or of the fowls, or of the plants:
Give me but wings as they, and I
Straight floating on the air shall fly;
Or turn me but, and you shall see
I was but an inverted tree.
Already I begin to call
In their most learned original,
And, where I language want, my signs
The bird upon the bough divines,
And more attentive there doth sit
Than if she were with lime-twigs knit.
No leaf does tremble in the wind,
Which I returning cannot find;
Out of these scattered Sibyl's leaves
Strange prophecies my fancy weaves,

And in one history consumes,
Like Mexique paintings, all the plumes;
What Rome, Greece, Palestine, e'er said,
In this light Mosaic read.
Thrice happy he, who, not mistook,
Hath read in Nature's mystic book!
And see how chance's better wit
Could with a mask my studies hit!
The oak-leaves me embroider all,
Between which caterpillars crawl;
And ivy, with familiar trails,
Me licks and clasps, and curls and hales,
Under this attic cope I move,
Like some great prelate of the grove;
Then, languishing with ease, I toss
On pallets swoln of velvet moss,
While the wind, cooling through the boughs,
Flatters with air my panting brows.
Thanks for my rest, ye mossy banks,
And unto you, cool zephyrs, thanks,
Who, as my hair, my thoughts too shed,
And winnow from the chaff my head.

(From *Appleton House.*)

CHARLES II

Of a tall stature, and of sable hue,
Much like the son of Kish, that lofty Jew,
Twelve years complete he suffered in exile,
And kept his father's asses all the while.

(From *A Historical Poem.*)

THE MOWER TO THE GLOW-WORMS

Ye living lamps, by whose dear light
  The nightingale does sit so late,
And studying all the summer night,
  Her matchless songs does meditate;

Ye country comets, that portend
  No war nor prince's funeral,
Shining unto no other end
  Than to presage the grass's fall;

Ye glow-worms, whose officious flame
  To wandering mowers shows the way,
That in the night have lost their aim,
  And after foolish fires do stray;

Your courteous lights in vain you waste,
  Since Juliana here is come,
For she my mind hath so displaced
  That I shall never find my home.

Samuel Butler

1612–1680.

THE LOGIC AND RHETORIC OF SIR HUDIBRAS

He was in logic a great critic,
Profoundly skilled in analytic;
He could distinguish, and divide
A hair 'twixt south and south-west side;
On either which he would dispute,
Confute, change hands, and still confute:
He'd undertake to prove, by force
Of argument, a man's no horse;
He'd prove a buzzard is no fowl,
And that a lord may be an owl,
A calf an alderman, a goose a justice,
And rooks committee men and trustees.
He'd run in debt by disputation,
And pay with ratiocination.
All this by syllogism, true
In mood and figure he would do.
  For rhetoric, he could not ope

His mouth, but out there flew a trope;
And when he happen'd to break off
I' th' middle of his speech, or cough,
H' had hard words ready to show why,
And tell what rules he did it by;
Else, when with greatest art he spoke,
You'd think he talk'd like other folk;
For all a rhetorician's rules
Teach nothing but to name his tools.
But, when he pleas'd to show 't, his speech,
In loftiness of sound, was rich;
A Babylonish dialect,
Which learned pedants much affect;
It was a party-colour'd dress
Of patch'd and piebald languages;
'Twas English cut on Greek and Latin,
Like fustian heretofore on satin;
It had an odd promiscuous tone,
As if h' had talk'd three parts in one;
Which made some think, when he did gabble,
Th' had heard three labourers of Babel.

(From *Sir Hudibras*.)

John Dryden

1631–1700.

A PROPHECY OF THE FUTURE GLORY OF LONDON AFTER THE GREAT FIRE OF 1666

METHINKS already from this chemic flame,
I see a city of more precious mould;
Rich as the town which gives the Indies name,
With silver paved and all divine with gold.

Already labouring with a mighty fate,
She shakes the rubbish from her mountain brow,
And seems to have renewed her charter's date
Which heaven will to the death of Time allow.

More great than human now, and more august,
  Now deified she from her fires does rise;
Her widening streets on new foundations trust,
  And opening into larger parts she flies.

Before, she like some shepherdess did show
  Who sat to bathe her by a river's side;
Not answering to her fame, but rude and low,
  Nor taught the beauteous arts of modern pride.

Now like a Maiden Queen she will behold,
  From her high turrets hourly suitors come;
The East with incense, and the West with gold,
  Will stand like suppliants to receive her doom.

The silver Thames, her own domestic flood,
  Shall bear her vessels like a sweeping train;
And often wind, as of his mistress proud,
  With longing eyes to meet her face again.

The wealthy Tagus and the wealthier Rhine,
  The glory of their towns no more shall boast;
And Seyne that would with Belgian rivers join,
  Shall find her lustre stained and traffic lost.

The venturous merchant who designed more far,
  And touches on our hospitable shore
Charmed with the splendour of this northern star,
  Shall here unlade him and depart no more.

(From *Annus Mirabilis.*)

ABSALOM

Early in foreign fields he won renown,
With king and states allied to Israel's crown;
In peace the thoughts of war he could remove,
And seemed as he were only born for love.
Whate'er he did was done with so much ease,

In him alone was natural to please;
His motions all accompanied with grace
And paradise was opened in his face.
With secret joy indulgent David viewed
His youthful image in his son renewed;
To all his wishes nothing he denied,
And made the charming Annabel his bride.
What faults he had—for who from faults is free?—
His father could not, or he would not, see.
Some warm excesses which the law forbore,
Were construed youth that purged by boiling o'er;
And Amnon's murder by a specious name,
Was called a just revenge for injured fame.
Thus praised and loved the noble youth remained,
While David undisturbed in Sion reigned.

(From *Absalom and Achitophel.*)

ACHITOPHEL

Of these the false Achitophel was first;
A name to all succeeding ages curst:
For close designs and crooked counsels fit,
Sagacious, bold, and turbulent of wit,
Restless, unfixed in principles and place;
In power unpleased, impatient of disgrace;
A fiery soul, which, working out its way,
Fretted the pigmy body to decay,
And o'er-informed the tenement of clay.
A daring pilot in extremity,
Pleased with the danger, when the waves went high
He sought the storms; but for a calm unfit,
Would steer too nigh the sands, to boast his wit.
Great wits are sure to madness near allied,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide.
Else why should he, with wealth and honour blest,
Refuse his age the needful hours of rest?
Punish a body which he could not please;

Bankrupt of life, yet prodigal of ease?
And all to leave what with his toil he won,
To that unfeathered two-legged thing, a son;
Got while his soul did huddled notions try,
And born a shapeless lump, like anarchy.
In friendship false, implacable in hate;
Resolved to ruin or to rule the State.
To compass this the triple bond he broke;
The pillars of the public safety shook;
And fitted Israel for a foreign yoke.
Then seized with fear, yet still affecting fame,
Usurped a patriot's all-atoning name.

(From *The Same.*)

ZIMRI

In the first rank of these did Zimri stand;
A man so various that he seemed to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome;
Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong,
Was everything by starts, and nothing long;
But in the course of one revolving moon,
Was chemist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon;
Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking,
Besides ten thousand freaks that died in thinking.
Blest madman, who could every hour employ,
With something new to wish or to enjoy!
Railing and praising were his usual themes;
And both, to show his judgment, in extremes.
So over violent, or over civil,
That every man with him was god or devil.
In squandering wealth was his peculiar art;
Nothing went unrewarded but desert.
Beggared by fools whom stlll he found too late;
He had his jest and they had his estate.
He laughed himself from court; then sought relief
By forming parties, but could ne'er be chief;

For spite of him, the weight of business fell
On Absalom and wise Achitophel;
Thus, wicked but in will, of means bereft,
He left not faction, but of that was left.

(From *The Same.*)

THE HIND

A milk-white Hind, immortal and unchanged,
Fed in the lawns, and in the forest ranged;
Without unspotted, innocent within,
She feared no danger, for the knew no sin.
Yet had she oft been chased with horns and hounds,
And Scythian shafts and many winged wounds
Aimed at her heart; was often forced to fly,
And doomed to death, though fated not to die.
  Not so her young; for their unequal line
Was hero's make, half human, half divine.
Their earthly mould obnoxious was to fate,
The immortal part assumed immortal state.
Of these a slaughtered army lay in blood,
Extended o'er the Caledonian wood,
Their native walk; whose vocal blood arose,
And cried for pardon on their perjured foes.
Their fate was fruitful, and the sanguine seed,
Endued with souls, increased the sacred breed.
So captive Israel multiplied in chains,
A numerous exile, and enjoyed her pains.
With grief and gladness mixed, their mother viewed
Her martyred offspring and their race renewed;
Their corps to perish, but their kind to last,
So much the deathless plant the dying fruit surpassed.
  Panting and pensive now she ranged alone,
And wandered in the kingdoms once her own.
The common hunt, though from their rage restrained
By sovereign power, her company disdained,
Grinned as they passed, and with a glaring eye

Gave gloomy signs of secret enmity.
'Tis true she bounded by and tripped so light,
They had not time to take a steady sight;
For truth has such a face and such a mien
As to be loved needs only to be seen.

(From *The Hind and the Panther.*)

FROM THE ODE TO THE MEMORY OF MRS. ANNE KILLIGREW

Thou youngest virgin-daughter of the skies,
  Made in the last promotion of the blest;
Whose palms, new plucked from Paradise,
In spreading branches more sublimely rise,
  Rich with immortal green above the rest:
Whether, adopted to some neighbouring star,
Thou roll'st above us in thy wandering race,
  Or in procession fixed and regular
Mov'st with the heavens' majestic pace,
  Or called to more superior bliss,
Thou treadst with seraphims the vast abyss:
Whatever happy region be thy place,
Cease thy celestial song a little space;
Thou wilt have time enough for hymns divine,
Since Heaven's eternal year is thine.
Hear then a mortal Muse thy praise rehearse
    In no ignoble verse,
But such as thy own voice did practise here,
When thy first fruits of poesy were given,
To make thyself a welcome inmate there;
    While yet a young probationer,
      And candidate of Heaven.

LINES PRINTED UNDER THE ENGRAVED PORTRAIT OF MILTON

Three poets in three distant ages born,
Greece, Italy, and England did adorn,

The first in loftiness of thought surpassed,
The next in majesty, in both the last.
The force of Nature could no further go;
To make a third she joined the former two.

The Duke of Buckingham

1628–1687.

RULES FOR WRITING PLAYS

BAYES. I do here aver that no man yet the sun e'er shone upon has parts sufficient to furnish out a stage, except it were by the help of these my rules.

JOHNSON. What are those rules, I pray?

BAYES. Why, sir, my first rule is the rule of transversion, or *regula duplex*: changing verse into prose, or prose into verse, *alternative* as you please.

SMITH. Well, but how is this done by rule, Sir?

BAYES. Why, thus, Sir; nothing so easy when understood; I take a book in my hand, either at home or elsewhere, for that's all one, if there be any wit in 't, as there is no book but has some, I transverse it; that is, if it be prose, put it into verse (but that takes up some time), and if it be verse put it into prose.

JOHNS. Methinks, Mr. Bayes, that putting verse into prose should be called transposing.

BAYES. By my troth, Sir, 'tis a very good notion, and hereafter it shall be so.

SMITH. Well, Sir, and what d'ye do with it then?

BAYES. Make it my own. 'Tis so changed that no man can know it. My next rule is the rule of record, by way of table-book. Pray observe.

JOHNS. We hear you, Sir, go on.

BAYES. As thus, I come into a coffee-house or some other place where witty men resort; I make as if I minded nothing: (do you mark?) but as soon as any one speaks, pop, I slap it down, and make that too my own.

JOHNS. But, Mr. Bayes, are you not sometimes in danger of their making you restore, by force, what you have gotten thus by art?

BAYES. No, Sir; the world's unmindful: they never take notice of these things.

SMITH. But pray, Mr. Bayes, among all your other rules, have you no one rule for Invention?

BAYES. Yes, Sir; that's my third rule that I have here in my pocket.

SMITH. What rule can that be, I wonder?

BAYES. Why, Sir, when I have anything to invent, I never trouble my head about it, as other men do; but presently turn over this book, and there I have at one view, all that Persius, Montaigne, Seneca's Tragedies, Horace, Juvenal, Claudian, Pliny, Plutarch's lives, and the rest have ever thought upon this subject; and so in a trice, by leaving out a few words, or putting in others of my own, the business is done.

JOHNSON. Indeed, Mr. Bayes, this is as sure and compendious a way of wit as ever I heard of.

(From *The Rehearsal*, Act I., Sc. 1.)

Matthew Prior

1664–1721.

PEACE AFTER VICTORY

NOR beaks of ships in naval triumph borne,
Nor standards from the hostile ramparts torn,
  Nor trophies brought from battles won,
Nor oaken wreath, nor mural crown,
  Can any future honours give
  To the victorious monarch's name.
  The plenitude of William's fame
Can no accumulated stores receive.
Shut then, auspicious god, thy sacred gate,
And make us happy, as our king is great.
  Be kind, and with a milder hand,

Closing the volume of the finish'd age
(Thou noble, 'twas an iron page)
A more delightful leaf expand,
Free from alarms, and fierce Bellona's rage:
Bid the great months begin their joyful round,
By Flora some, and some by Ceres crown'd;
Teach the glad hours to scatter as they fly,
Soft quiet, gentle love and endless joy:
Lead forth the years for peace and plenty fam'd,
From Saturn's rule, and better metal nam'd.

(From *Carmen Seculare for the year* MDCC.)

A LETTER

To the Hon. Lady Margaret Cavendish Holles-Harley when a Child

My noble, lovely, little Peggy,
Let this my first epistle beg ye,
At dawn of morn and close of even,
To lift your heart and hands to Heaven.
In double beauty say your prayer:
Our Father first, then *Notre Père.*
And, dearest child, along the day,
In everything you do and say,
Obey and please my lord and lady,
So God shall love and angels aid ye.
If to these precepts you attend
No second letter need I send,
And so I rest your constant friend.

WRITTEN IN THE BEGINNING OF MEZERAY'S HISTORY OF FRANCE

Whate'er thy countrymen have done,
By law and wit, by sword and gun,
In thee is faithfully recited:

And all the living world, that view
Thy work, give thee the praises due
  At once instructed and delighted.

Yet for the fame of all these deeds...,
What beggar in the Invalides,
  With lameness broke, with blindness smitten,
Wish'd ever decently to die,
To have been either Mezeray,
  Or any monarch he has written.

It's strange, dear author, yet it true is,
That, down from Pharamond to Louis,
  All covet life, yet call it pain:
All feel the ill, yet shun the cure:
Can sense this paradox endure?
  Resolve me, Cambray, or Fontaine.

The man in graver tragic known
(Though his best part long since was done)
  Still on the stage desires to tarry:
And he who play'd the Harlequin,
After the jest still loads the scene
  Unwilling to retire, though weary.

TRUE'S EPITAPH

If wit or honesty could save
Our mouldering ashes from the grave,
This stone had still remain'd unmark'd,
I still writ prose, True still have bark'd.
But envious fate has claimed its due,
Here lies the mortal part of True;
His deathless virtues must survive,
To better us that are alive.
  His prudence and his wit were seen
In that, from Mary's grace and mien,
He own'd the power and lov'd the Queen.

By long obedience he confest
That serving her was to be blest.—
Ye murmurers, let True evince
That men are beasts and dogs have sense!
His faith and truth all Whitehall knows.
He ne'er could fawn or flatter those
Whom he believ'd were Mary's foes:
Ne'er skulked from whence his sovereign led him
Or snarled against the hand that fed him.—
Read this, ye statesmen, now in favour,
And mend your own by True's behaviour.

Matthew Prior and Charles Montague

IMPROVING A FABLE

(BAYES, JOHNSON *and* SMITH *step into the "Rose Tavern" "for one quarter of an hour to talk over old stories."* BAYES *tells them he has written a fable.*)

BAYES. I have taken Horace's design, but I'gad, I have so outdone him, you shall be ashamed for your old friend. You remember in him the story of the Country Mouse and the City Mouse; what a plain simple thing it is; it has no more life and spirit in it, I'gad, than a hobby horse; and his mice talk so meanly, such common stuff, so like mere mice, that I wonder it has pleased the world so long. But now will I undeceive mankind, and teach 'em to heighten and elevate a fable. I'll bring you in the very same mice disputing the depth of philosophy, searching into the fundamentals of religion, quoting texts, fathers, councils, and all that, I'gad, as you shall see either of 'em could easily make an ass of a country vicar. Now whereas Horace keeps to the dry naked story, I have more copiousness than to do that, I'gad. Here I draw you general characters, or describe all the beasts of the Creation; there I launch out into long digressions; and leave my mice for twenty pages together

then I fall into raptures, and make the finest soliloquies, as would ravish you. Won't this do, think you ?

JOHNSON. Faith, Sir, I don't well conceive you ; all this about two mice ?

BAYES. Ay, why not ? Is it not great and heroical ? But come, you'll understand it better when you hear it ; and pray be as severe as you can ; I'gad, I defy all critics. Thus it begins :

A milk-white mouse immortal and unchang'd,
Fed on soft cheese, and o'er the dairy rang'd ;
Without, unspotted ; innocent within,
She fear'd no danger, for she knew no sin.

JOHNSON. Methinks, Mr. Bayes, soft cheese is a little too coarse diet for an immortal mouse ; were there any necessity for her eating, you should have consulted Homer for some cœlestial provision.

BAYES. Faith, gentlemen, I did so ; but, indeed, I have not the Latin one, which I have mark'd, by me, and could not readily find it in the original.

Yet had she oft been scar'd by bloody claws
Of winged owls, and stern grimalkin's paws
Aim'd at her destin'd head, which made her fly,
Though she was doom'd to death, and fated not to die.

SMITH. How came she, that *fear'd no danger*, in the line before, to be *scar'd* in this, Mr. Bayes ?

BAYES. Why, then, you may have it *chas'd*, if you will ; for I hope a man may run away without being *afraid*, mayn't he ?

JOHNSON. But pray give me leave ; how was she *doom'd to death*, if she was *fated not to die* ; are not *doom* and *fate* much the same thing ?

BAYES. Nay, gentlemen, if you question my skill in the language, I'm your humble servant ; the rogues, the critics, that will allow me nothing else, give me that ; sure I that made the word, know best what I meant by it : I assure you *doomed* and *fated* are quite different things.

SMITH. Faith, Mr. Bayes, if you were *doom'd* to be hanged, whatever you were *fated* to, 'twould give you but small comfort.

BAYES. Never trouble your head with that, Mr. Smith ; mind the business in hand.

(From *The Country Mouse.*)

Sir Charles Sedley

1639-1701.

SONG

PHILLIS is my only joy
  Faithless as the winds or seas,
Sometimes cunning, sometimes coy,
  Yet she never fails to please ;
    If with a frown
    I am cast down,
    Phillis smiling
    And beguiling
Makes me happier than before.

Though alas ! too late I find
  Nothing can her fancy fix,
Yet the moment she is kind
  I forgive her with her tricks ;
    Which though I see,
    I can't get free—
    She deceiving,
    I believing—
What need lovers wish for more ?

John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester

1647-1680.

CONSTANCY

ALL my past life is mine no more ;
  The flying hours are gone,

Like transitory dreams given o'er,
Whose images are kept in store
By memory alone.

The time that is to come is not;
How can it then be mine?
The present moment's all my lot;
And that as fast as it is got
Phillis, is only thine.

Then talk not of inconstancy,
False hearts, and broken vows;
If I by miracle can be
This live-long minute true to thee
'Tis all that Heaven allows.

ADDRESS TO NOTHING

Nothing, thou Elder brother, eve to shade,
Thou hadst a being ere the world was made,
Well fixed alone, of ending not afraid.

. . . . .

Great negative! How vainly would the wise
Inquire, define, distinguish, teach, devise,
Didst not thou stand to point their blind philosophies.

Is or *Is not*, the two great ends of fate,
Of true or false the subject of debate,
That perfects or destroys designs of state;

When they have wracked the politicians' breast,
Within thy bosom most securely rest,
Reduced to *thee* are least, though safe and best.

. . . . .

Nothing! that dwells with fools in grave disguise
For whom they reverend forms and shapes devise,
Lawn sleeves, and furs, and gowns, when they like thee look wise.

French truth, Dutch prowess, British policy,
Hibernian learning, Scotch civility,
Spaniard's dispatch, Danes' wit are seen in thee.

Charles Sackville, Earl of Dorset

1638–1760.

SONG

(*Written at Sea during the Dutch War of* 1665.)

To all you ladies now at land
  We men at sea indite
But first would have ye understand
  How hard it is to write :
The Muses now and Neptune, too,
We must implore to write to you.

For though the Muses should prove kind
  And fill our empty brain,
Yet, if rough Neptune call the wind,
  To rouse the azure main,
Our paper, pen and ink, and we
Roll up and down our ships at sea.

Then if we write not by each post
  Think not we are unkind,
Nor yet conclude our ships are lost
  By Dutchman or by wind :
Our tears we'll send a speedier way,
The tide shall bring them twice a day.

The King with wonder and surprise
  Will swear the seas grow bold,
Because the tides will higher rise
  Than e'er they did of old ;
But let him know it is our tears
Bring floods of grief to Whitehall-stairs

. . . . .

In justice you can not refuse
  To think of our distress
When we for hopes of honour lose
  Our certain happiness;
All those designs are but to prove
Ourselves more worthy of your love.

And now we've told you all our loves,
  And likewise all our fears,
In hopes this declaration moves
  Some pity from your tears:
Let's hear of no inconstancy,
We have too much of that at sea.

John Dryden

(*See also p.* 658)

1631–1700.

ON SHAKESPEARE

He was the man who of all modern, and perhaps ancient poets, had the largest and most comprehensive soul. All the images of Nature were still present to him, and he drew them, not laboriously, but luckily; when he describes anything, you more than see it, you feel it too. Those who accuse him to have wanted learning, give him the greater commendation: he was naturally learned; he needed not the spectacles of books to read Nature; he looked inwards and found her there. I cannot say he is everywhere alike; were he so, I should do him injury to compare him with the greatest of mankind. He is many times flat, insipid; his comic wit degenerating into clenches, his serious swelling into bombast. But he is always great, when some great occasion is presented to him; no man can say he ever had a fit subject for his wit, and did not then raise himself as high above the rest of the poets.

Quantum lenta solent inter viburna cupressi.

The consideration of this made Mr. Hales of Eaton say that there was no subject of which any poet ever writ but he could produce it much better done in Shakespeare ; and however others are now generally preferred before him, yet the age wherein he lived, which had contemporaries with him Fletcher and Johnson, never equalled them to him in their esteem : and in the last King's court, when Ben's reputation was at highest, Sir John Suckling, and with him the greater part of the courtiers, set our Shakespeare far above him.

(From an *Essay of Dramatic Poesy.*)

ON TRANSLATION

For, after all, a translator is to make his author appear as charming as possibly he can, provided he maintains his character, and makes him not unlike himself. Translation is a kind of drawing after the life : where every one will acknowledge there is a double sort of likeness, a good one and a bad. 'Tis one thing to draw the outlines true, the features like, the proportions exact, the colouring itself perhaps tolerable ; and another thing to make all these graceful by the posture, the shadowings, and, chiefly, by the spirit which animates the whole. I cannot, without some indignation, look on an ill copy of an excellent original; much less can I behold with patience Virgil, Homer, and some others, whose beauties I have been endeavouring all my life to imitate, so abused, as I may say, to their faces by a botching interpreter. What English readers, unacquainted with Greek or Latin, will believe me, or any other man, when we commend those authors, and confess we derive all that is pardonable in us from their fountains, if we take those to be the same poets whom our Oglebys have translated ? But I dare assure them, that a good poet is no more like himself in a dull translation, than his carcass would be to his living body. There are many who understand Greek and Latin, and yet are ignorant of their mother-tongue. The proprieties and delicacies of the English are known to few ; 'tis impossible even for a good wit to understand and practise them, without the help of a liberal

education, long reading, and digesting of those few good authors we have amongst us, the knowledge of men and manners, the freedom of habitudes and conversation with the best company of both sexes ; and, in short, without wearing off the rust which he contracted while he was laying in a stock of learning. Thus difficult it is to understand the purity of English, and critically to discern not only good writers from bad, and a proper style from a corrupt, but also to distinguish that which is pure in a good author from that which is vicious and corrupt in him. And for want of all these requisites, or the greatest part of them, most of our ingenious young men take up some cried up English poet for their model, adore him and imitate him, as they think without knowing wherein he is defective, where he is boyish and trifling, wherein either his thoughts are improper to his subject or his expressions unworthy of his thoughts, or the turn of both is unharmonious. Thus it appears necessary, that a man should be a nice critic in his mother tongue before he attempts to translate a foreign language. Neither is it sufficient that he be able to judge of words and style ; but he must be a master of them too ; he must perfectly understand his author's tongue and absolutely command his own. So that to be a thorough translator he must be a thorough poet. Neither is it enough to give his author's sense in good English, in poetical expressions, and in musical numbers ; for though all these are exceeding difficult to perform, there yet remains an harder task ; and 'tis a secret of which few translators have sufficiently thought. I have already hinted a word or two concerning it ; that is the maintaining the character of an author, which distinguishes him from all others, and makes him appear that individual poet whom you would interpret. For example, not only the thoughts, but the style and versification of Virgil and Ovid are very different : yet I see, even in our best poets, who have translated some parts of them, that they have confounded their several talents ; and, by endeavouring only at the sweetness and harmony of numbers, have made them both so much alike, that, if I did not know the originals, I should never be

able to judge which was Virgil and which was Ovid. It was objected against a late noble painter, that he drew many graceful pictures, but few of them were like. In such translators I can easily distinguish the hand which performed the work, but I cannot distinguish their poet from another. Suppose two authors are equally sweet, yet there is a great distinction to be made in sweetness as in that of sugar and that of honey.

(From the Preface to *Sylva.*)

ON CHAUCER

He must have been a man of a most wonderful comprehensive nature, because, as it has been truly observed of him, he has taken into the compass of his *Canterbury Tales* the various manners and humours (as we now call them) of the whole English nation, in his age. Not a single character has escaped him. All his pilgrims are severally distinguished from each other; and not only in their inclinations, but in their very physiognomies and persons. Baptista Porta could not have described their natures better than by the marks which the poet gives them. The matter and manner of their tales, and of their telling, are so suited to their different educations, humours and callings, that each of them would be improper in any other mouth. Even the grave and serious characters are distinguished by their several sorts of gravity: their discourses are such as belong to their age, their calling, and their breeding; such as are becoming of them and of them only. Some of his persons are vicious, and some virtuous; some are unlearned, or (as Chaucer calls them) lewd, and some are learned. Even the ribaldry of the low characters is different: the Reeve, the Miller and the Cook are several men, and distinguished from each other as much as the mincing Lady Prioress and the broad-speaking, gap-toothed Wife of Bath. But enough of this; there is such a variety of game springing up before me, that I am distracted in my choice, and know not which to follow. 'Tis sufficient to say, according to the proverb that *here is God's plenty.* We have our forefathers and great grand-dames all before us, as

they were in Chaucer's days: their general characters are still remaining in mankind, and even in England, though they are called by other names than those of Monks, and Friars and Canons, and Lady Abbesses, and Nuns; for mankind is ever the same, and nothing lost out of Nature, though everything is altered.

(From the Preface to the *Fables*.)

John Hales

1584–1656.

CHRISTIAN GIVING

The writings of the fathers run much in commendation of the ancient monks, and were they such as they report, well did they deserve to be commended; for their manner was to sit in the fields, and by the highway sides, for this end, that they might direct wandering passengers into the way, that they might relieve all that were distressed by want, or bruising or breaking of any member, and carry them home into their cells, and perform unto them all the duties of humanity. This serves well to tax us, who affect a kind of intempestive prudence, and unseasonable discretion, in performing that little good we do, from whom hardly, after long enquiry and entreaty, drops some small benevolence, like the sun in winter, long ere it rise, and quickly gone. How many occasions of Christian charity do we let slip when we refuse to give our alms, unless we first cast doubts, and examine the persons, their lives, their necessities, though it be only to reach out some small thing which is due unto him whatsoever he be. It was anciently a complaint against the Church, that the liberality of the Christians made many idle persons. Be it that it was so, yet no other thing befel them than what befalls their Lord who knows and sees that His sunshine and His rain is every day abused, and yet the sun becomes not like sackcloth, nor the heavens as brass; unto Him must we, by His own command, be like: and whom then can we exclude, that have a pattern of such courtesy proposed

to us to follow? We read in our books of a rich Athenian being entertained in a place by one given to hospitality, finding anon that another was received with the like courtesy, and then a third, growing very angry: "I looked," said he, "for a friend's house, but I am fallen into an inn to entertain all comers, rather than a lodging for some private and special friends." Let it not offend any that I have made Christianity rather an inn to receive all than a private home to receive some few.

(From a Sermon *Of Dealing with Erring Christians.*)

William Chillingworth

1602–1644.

THE MAMMON OF UNRIGHTEOUSNESS

THE mammon of unrighteousness: What is that? Shall I deal freely and honestly with you? Indeed I will: for woe unto me if I should dare to come into this place to flatter you; and woe unto me if I should dare to come into this place to vent my spleen against any. Then all this, for which there is such ado kept, not only here, but all the world over; such making of friends, nay, such undermining of friends, so many dangers sought out and despised; this is the *mammon of unrighteousness.* An untoward name, I confess, for a thing so much set by, so carefully and ambitiously courted, so insatiably thirsted after; but yet a name of Christ's devising. He has offered this idol, riches, no better a title; and therefore I must, and dare call them so, anywhere.

But may it not be lawful to inquire after, or give some guesses at least, at the reasons which might move our Saviour to put so disgraceful a name upon riches? Without question, it is not only lawful to be so curious, but also very useful and expedient. A main reason (I have heard) is, because ordinarily riches leave a tincture and infection in the persons who have anything to do with them. It is a hard thing, almost impossible, for a man anyways to meddle with them without sin: ordinarily, they are got with sin, they are possessed with sin, they are spent

with sin. A man (saith Siracides) cannot hasten to be rich without sin; and when he has once got them, how unwilling will he be to let a lust pass unsatisfied, seeing he is furnished with that to which (in his opinion at least) nothing can be denied! How unwilling will he be to be worsted, though in the most unjust cause, seeing he is furnished with that which will blind the eyes of the prudent, and perevrt the understanding of the wise; for (saith the same wise man) *as a man's riches, so his anger increaseth.* And upon the same grounds it may be said that as a man's riches increase, so likewise his desires and lusts increase. I will undertake to give you one reason more why riches are called *mammon of unrighteousness*; and it is because they are mammon, riches, indeed only to unrighteous men; none beside such will rest contented wth them, and suffer God to depart from him without a greater blessing than they can be.

(From a Sermon on St. Luke, chap. xvi., *v.* 9.)

John Tillotson

1630–1694.

THE FAILINGS OF GOOD MEN

From what cause it proceeds that good men have so often the hard fate to be ill spoken of, and to be severely censured; and to have their worth much detracted from while they are alive?

And this proceeds partly from good men themselves, and partly from others.

Good men themselves are many times the cause of it. For the best men are imperfect, and present and visible imperfections do very much lessen and abate the reputation of a man's goodness. It cannot be otherwise but that the lustre of a great piety and virtue should be somewhat obscured by that mixture of human frailty which does necessarily attend this state of imperfection. And though a man of great care and consideration by great vigilancy and pains with himself, be

arrived to that degree and pitch of goodness as to have but a very few visible failings, and those small in comparison, yet when these come to be scanned and commented upon by envy or ill-will, they will be strangely inflamed and magnified, and made much greater and more than in truth they are. But there are few persons in the world of that excellent goodness but besides the common and more pardonable frailties of humanity they do now and then discover something which might perhaps justly deserve a severe censure if some amends were not made for it by many and great virtues.

Very good men are subject to considerable imprudences and sudden passions, and especially to an affected severity and moroseness of carriage, which is very disgustful, and apt to beget dislike. And they are the more incident to these kind of imperfections, because out of a just hatred of the vicious customs and practices of the world, and to keep out of temptation they think it safest to retire from the world as much as they can, being loth to venture themselves more than needs in so infectious an air. By this means their spirits are apt to be a little sour, and they must necessarily be ignorant of many points of civility and good humour, which are great ornaments of virtue, though not of the essence of it.

Now two or three faults in a good man, if an uncharitable man have the handling and managing of them, may easily cast a considerable blemish upon his reputation, because the better a man is so much the more conspicuous are his faults, as spots are soonest discovered and most taken notice of in a pure and white garment. Besides that, in matters of censure mankind do much incline to the harder side, and but very few persons are so charitable and equal as to construe things to the best sense, and to consider a man altogether, and fairly to set the good that is in him against his faults and imperfections.

(From a Sermon on *The Reputation of Good Men.*)

Ralph Cudworth

1617–1638.

THE UNIVERSE MUST BE JUDGED AS A WHOLE

First therefore we say, that in judging of the works of God, we ought not to consider the parts of the world alone by themselves; and then, because we could fancy much finer things, thereupon blame the Maker of the whole. As if one should attend only to this earth, which is but the lowest and most dreggy part of the universe; or blame plants because they have not sense; brutes, because they have not reason; men, because they are not demons or angels; and angels, because they are not gods, or want divine perfection. Upon which account God should either have made nothing at all, since there can be nothing besides Himself absolutely perfect, or else nothing but the higher rank of angelical beings, free from mortality, and all those evils that attend mankind, or such fine things as Epicurus's gods were feigned to be, living in certain delicious regions, where there was neither blustering winds, nor any lowering clouds, nor nipping frosts, nor scorching heat, nor night, nor shadow, but the calm and unclouded ether, always smiling with gentle serenity; whereas were there but one kind of thing (the best) thus made, there could have been no music nor harmony at all in the world, for want of variety. But we ought, in the first place, to consider the whole, whether that be not the best that could be made, having all that belongeth to it; and then the parts in reference to the whole, whether they be not, in their several degrees and ranks, congruous and agreeable thereunto.

(From *The Intellectual System of the Universe.*)

THE UNIVERSE MAY BE WIDER THAN WE KNOW

Nevertheless, as we cannot possibly imagine the sun to be a quarter, or even an hundredth part so big as we know it to be; so much more may the whole corporeal universe far transcend those narrow bounds which our imagination would circumscribe

it in. The new celestial phenomena, and the late improvements of astronomy and philosophy made thereupon, render it so probably, that even this dull earth of ours is a planet, and the sun a fixed star in the centre of that vortex wherein it moves, that many have shrewdly suspected that there are other habitable globes, besides this world of ours (which may be sailed round about in a year or two), as also more suns, with their respective planets, than one. However, the distance of all the fixed stars from us being so vast, that the diameter of the great orb makes no discernible parallax in the site of them ; from whence it is also probable, that the other fixed stars are likewise vastly distant from one another : this, I say, widens the corporeal universe to us, and makes those " flammantia mœnia mundi," as Lucretius calls them those flaming walls of the world, to fly away before us. Now, it is not reasonable to think, that all this immense vastness should lie waste, desert, and uninhabited, and have nothing in it that could praise the Creator thereof, save only this one small spot of earth. " In my Father's house (saith our Saviour) are many mansions." And Baruch (chapter iii., appointed by our Church to be read publicly), " Oh, Israel, how great is the house of God, and how large is the place of his possession ? Great and hath no end ; high and unmeasureable."

(From *The Same.*)

Isaac Barrow

1630–1677.

THE USES OF ADVERSITY

It is indeed scarcely possible, that without tasting it somewhat deeply, any man should become in good measure either wise or good. He must be very ignorant of himself (of his own temper and inclinations, of the strength and forces of his reason) who hath not met with some ruts and crosses to try himself and them with : the greater part of things he must little understand, who hath not experienced the worst part : he cannot skill to wield and govern his passions, who never had them stirred

up, and tossed about by cross accidents. He can be no good pilot in matters of human life, who hath not for some time sailed in a rough sea, in foul weather among sands and shelves; he could have no good opportunity of employing thoroughly, or improving his wit, his courage, his industry, who hath had no straits to extricate himself from, no difficulties to surmount, no hardships to sustain: the virtues of humility, of patience, of contentedness, necessarily must be unknown to him, to whom no disgraces, no wants, no sore pains, have arrived, by well enduring which, those virtues are learnt, and planted in the soul: scarce can he become very charitable or compassionate to others, who never himself hath felt the smart of affliction, or inconveniences of any distress; for even, as the apostle teacheth us, our Saviour himself was obliged *to suffer tribulation*, that he thence might become *merciful* and *disposed to succour the afflicted*. (No wonder if he that liveth in continual prosperity be a Nabal, churlish and discourteous, insensible of other men's grievances): and how can he express much piety or love to God, who is not (in submission to God's will, and for His sake) put to suffer anything grievous or want anything desirable? . . .

When the *deceit of riches* possesseth us, how can we judge right of things? When cares about them distract us, how can we think about anything that is good? When their snares entangle us, and their clogs encumber us, how can we be free and expedite in doing good? When abundance fatteneth our hearts, and ease softeneth our spirits, and success puffeth up our minds; when pride, sensuality, stupidity and sloth (the almost inseparable adherents to large and prosperous estates) do continually insinuate themselves into us, what wisdom, what virtue are we like to have?

Seeing, then, adversity is so wholesome and useful, the remedy of so great mischiefs, the cause of so great benefits to us, why should we be displeased therewith? To be displeased with it, is to be displeased with that which is most needful or most convenient for us, to be displeased with the health and welfare of our

souls; that we are rescued from errors and vices, with all their black train of miseries and mischiefs; to be displeased that we are not detained under the reign of folly and wickedness, that we are not inevitably made fools and beasts. To be disgusted with Providence for affliction or poverty, is no other than as if we should be angry with our physician for administering a purge or for prescribing abstinence to us; as if we should fret at our chirurgeon for searching our wounds, or applying needful corrosives; as if we should complain of the hand which draweth us from a precipice, or pulleth us out of the fire. Many benefits (saith Seneca) have a sad and rough countenance, as to burn and cut in order to healing; such a benefit of God is adversity to us; and as such with a gladsome and thankful mind should we receive it.

(From a Sermon on *Contentment.*)

Edward Stillingfleet

1635–1699.

THE GAIN OF THE WORLD AND THE LOSS OF THE SOUL

THE gain here proposed is at the best but possible to one, but the hazard of losing the soul is certain to all. And what folly is it for men to run themselves upon so great and certain danger for so uncertain gain, which never any man yet attained to or is like to do it! Our Saviour knew how hard a matter it was to set any bounds to the ambitious thoughts or the covetous desires of men: every step the ambitious man takes higher gives him the fairer prospect before him; it raises his thoughts, enlarges his desires, puts new projects into his mind which like the circles of water spread still farther and farther, till his honour and he be both laid in the dust together. The covetous person is never satisfied with what he enjoys, the more he gets still the more he hopes for; and like the grave whither he is going is always devouring and always craving, yet neither of these

can be thought so vain as to propose no less to themselves than the empire or riches of the whole world. But our Saviour allows them the utmost that ever can be supposed as to men's designs for this world; let men be never so covetous or ambitious, they could desire no more than all the world; though they would have all this, yet this all would never make amends for the loss of the soul. It is a thing possible that one person might by degrees bring the whole world into subjection to him, but it is possible in so remote a degree that no man in his wits can be thought to design it. How small a part of the inhabited world have the greatest conquerors been able to subdue! And if the Macedonian Prince was ever so vain to weep that he had no worlds to conquer, he gave others a just occasion to laugh at so much ignorance which made him think he had conquered this. And to put a check to such a troublesome ambition of disturbing the world in others, how early was he taken away in the midst of his vast thoughts and designs! What a small thing would the compass of the whole earth appear to one that should behold it at the distance of the fixed stars, and yet the mighty empires which have made the greatest noise in the world have taken up but an inconsiderable part of the whole earth! What are then those mean designs which men continually hazard their souls for, as much as if they aimed at the whole world? For we are not to imagine that only kings and princes are in any hazard of losing their souls for the sake of this world; for it is not the greatness of men's condition, but their immoderate love to the world which ruins and destroys their souls. And covetousness and ambition do not always reign in courts and palaces, they can stoop to the meanness of a cottage, and ruin the souls of such as want the things of this world as well as those that enjoy them.

(From a Sermon on St. Matthew, chap. xvi., *v.* 26.)

Thomas Sherlock

1641–1707.

LAWFUL AND UNLAWFUL CONVERSATION

Now then, if it does appear that men may meet for mutual society and conversation, it follows that nothing can render conversation unlawful that is not sinful: for God made us for the society of each other, and has commanded us to love each other; and therefore if our discourses are friendly and social they are so far virtuous as they serve the end of Nature. . . .

Now to discourse profitably upon the most profitable subjects requires a good share of reason, a clear conception, and a distinguishing judgment: without these qualifications men do but expose the noblest subjects they take in hand, and, in proportion, there are but few men thus qualified. I ask therefore what must the rest do? Would you have them choose great and noble subjects which they do not understand? Or would you have them hold their tongues? The first I think they ought not to do; the last, I am sure, they will not do. It remains then that they must talk of such things as lie level to their capacities, that is of mean and everyday subjects: for these men are fitted for society, and have a relish of conversation, as well as brighter spirits, and they ought not to be excluded from it; and therefore, they must be allowed to follow their genius, which is not likely to lead to any very useful or improving topics of discourse. It is fit, you may say, that these people should learn, and that others should instruct them; so say I too; but to be always under instruction is not very diverting, and not many will submit to it; and when men of the same stamp meet together, who shall be the instructor?

I think it would be a good composition if we could prevail so far with the meaner people as to restrain them from envious and malicious discourse, from lewd and filthy jesting, which are great ingredients in their conversation; for since God has designed them for society as well as you, and given them no great share

of understanding, you can neither restrain them from society, nor exact more wisdom from them than they have received.

This consideration will likewise reach the case of wiser men; you must not despise your weak brother. Charity obliges you to be civil and courteous to him; and when a man of understanding is joined in society with a weak man, the discourse must be according to the meanest capacity, and it is sometimes a piece of charity to submit to the conversation of men of much less ability than yourself.

From all these considerations together, then, it appears that the conversation of the world upon common and trivial subjects is not blameworthy. It is a diversion in which we must not spend too much time; if we offend in this respect, we shall be answerable for the neglect of weightier matters; but otherwise, if we trangress not the bounds of innocence and virtue, we trust in Christ that our harmless, though weak and unprofitable words, shall not rise up in judgment against us.

(From a Sermon on *Idle Words.*)

Robert South

1633–1716.

COVETOUSNESS

COVETOUSNESS implies in it also a rapacity in getting. When men, as it were, with open mouth fly upon the prey, and catch with that eagerness, as if they would never open their hands wide enough, nor reach them out far enough to compass the objects of their boundless desires. So that, had they (as the fable goes of Briareus) each of them an hundred hands, they would all of them be employed in grasping and gathering, and hardly one of them in giving or laying out; but all in receiving, and none in restoring; a thing in itself so monstrous, that nothing in nature besides is like it except it be death and the grave, the only things I know which are always robbing and carrying off the spoils of the world and never making restitution. For otherwise all the

parts of the universe, as they borrow of one another, so they still pay what they borrow, and that by so just and well-balanced an equality, that their payments always keep pace with their receipts. But, on the contrary, so great and so voracious a prodigy is covetousness, that it will not allow a man to set bounds to his appetites, though he feels himself stinted in his capacities, but impetuously pushes him on to get more, while he is at a loss for room to bestow and an heart to enjoy what he has already. This ravenous vulture-like disposition the wise man expresses by making haste to be rich (Prov. xxviii. 20), adding withal that he who does so "shall not be innocent." The words are a meiosis, and import much more than they express, as there is great reason they should; for so much of violence is there in the course or practice here declared against, that neither reason nor religion, duty nor danger, shall be able to stop such an one in his career, but that he will leap over all mounds and fences, break through right and wrong, and even venture his neck in pursuit of the design his head and his heart are so set upon. And this I confess is haste with a witness, but not one degree more than what is implied in "making haste to be rich." For from hence it is that we see some estates, like mushrooms, spring up in a night, and some who were begging or borrowing at the beginning of the year ready to be purchasers before it comes about. But this is by no means the course or method of nature, the advances of which are still gradual, and scarce discernible in their motions, but only visible in their issue. For nobody perceives the grass grow, or the shadow move upon the dial, till after some time and leisure we reflect upon their progress. In like manner, usually and naturally, riches, if lawful, rise by degrees, and rather come dropping by small proportions into the honest man's coffers, than pouring in like a torrent or land-flood, which never brings so much plenty where at length it settles, but it does as much mischief all along where it passes.

(From a Sermon on *Covetousness*.)

Thomas Hobbes

1588–1679.

THE LEVIATHAN

NATURE (the art whereby God hath made and governs the world) is by the art of man, as in many other things, so in this also imitated, that it can make an artificial animal. For seeing life is but a motion of the limbs, the beginning whereof is in some principal part within, why may we not say that all automata (engines that move themselves by springs and wheels as doth a watch) have an artificial life? For what is the heart but a spring; and the nerves but so many strings; and the joints but so many wheels, giving motion to the whole body, such as was intended by the artificer? Art goes yet further, imitating that rational and most excellent work of nature, man. For by art is created that great Leviathan, called a Commonwealth or State (in Latin *Civitas*), which is but an artificial man, though of greater stature and strength than the natural, for whose protection and defence it was intended, and in which the Sovereignty is an artificial soul, as giving life and motion to the whole body, the magistrates and other officers of judicature and execution, artificial joints; reward and punishment (by which fastened to the seat of the Sovereignty every joint and member is moved to perform his duty) are the nerves that do the same in the body natural; the wealth and riches of all the particular members are the strength; *salus populi* (the people's safety) its business; counsellors, by whom all things needful for it to know are suggested unto it, are the memory; equity and laws, an artificial reason and will; concord, health; sedition, sickness; and civil war, death. Lastly, the pacts and covenants by which the parts of the body politic were at first made, set together, and united, resemble that Fiat, or the *Let us make man* pronounced by God in the creation.

(From the Preface to *The Leviathan*.)

THE INSTITUTION OF A COMMONWEALTH

A Commonwealth is said to be instituted when a multitude of men do agree and covenant, every one with every one, that to whatsoever man or assembly of men shall be given by the major part, the right to present the person of them all (that is to say, be their representative); every one as well he that voted for it as he that voted against it, shall authorise all the actions and judgments of that man or assembly of men in the same manner as if they were his own, to the end to live peaceably amongst themselves and be protected against other men. From this institution of a Commonwealth are derived all the rights and faculties of him or them on whom sovereign power is conferred by the consent of the people assembled.

First, because they covenant it is to be understood they are not obliged by former covenant to anything repugnant hereunto. And consequently they that have already instituted a commonwealth, being thereby bound by covenant to own the actions and judgments of one, cannot lawfully make a new covenant amongst themselves, to be obedient to any other, in anything whatsoever, without his permission. And, therefore, they that are subjects to a monarch, cannot without his leave cast off monarchy and return to the confusion of a disunited multitude, nor transfer their person from him that beareth it to another man or other assembly of men: for they are bound, every man to every man, to own and be reputed author of all that he that already is their sovereign shall do and judge fit to be done; so that any man dissenting all the rest should break their covenant made to that man; and they have also every man given the sovereignty to him that beareth their person, and therefore if they depose him they take from him that which is his own, and so again it is injustice.

(From *Leviathan*, chap. xviii.)

Algernon Sidney

1622–1683.

ON THE LIBERTY OF THE SUBJECT

If kings desire that in their word there should be power, let them take care that it be always accompanied with truth and justice. Let them seek the good of their people, and the hands of all good men will be with them. Let them not exalt themselves insolently, and every one will desire to exalt them. Let such as are most addicted to them talk no more of Cæsars, nor the tributes due to them. We have nothing to do with the name of Cæsar. They who at this day live under it, reject the prerogatives anciently usurped by those who had it, and are governed by no other laws than their own. We know no law to which we owe obedience but that of God and ourselves. Asiatic slaves usually pay such tributes as are imposed upon them ; and whilst braver nations lay under the Roman tyranny, they were forced to submit to the same burdens. But even those tributes were paid for maintaining armies, fleets, and garrisons without which the poor and abject life they led could not have been preserved. We owe none but what we freely give. None is or can be imposed upon us unless by ourselves. We measure our grants according to our own will or the present occasions, for our own safety. Our ancestors were born free. And as the best provision they could make for us, they left us that liberty entire with the best laws they could devise to defend it. It is no way impaired by the opinions of the fathers, the words of Solomon do rather confirm it. The happiness of those who enjoy the like and the shameful misery under which they lie who have suffered themselves to be forced or created out of it, may persuade, and the justice of the cause encourage us, to think nothing too dear to be hazarded in the defence of it.

(From *Discourses concerning Government*, chap. iii. section 8.)

John Locke

1632–1704.

THE COMMUNITY IS THE ULTIMATE SUPREME POWER

THOUGH in a constituted Commonwealth standing upon its own basis, and acting according to its own nature, that is, acting for the preservation of the community, there can be but one supreme power, which is the Legislature, to which all the rest are and must be subordinate, yet the Legislature being only a fiduciary power to act for certain ends, there remains still in the people a supreme power to remove or alter the Legislature when they find the Legislature act contrary to the trust reposed in them. For all power given with trust for the attaining an end is manifestly neglected, or opposed, the trust must necessarily be forfeited, and the power devolve into the hands of those that gave it, who may place it anew where they shall think best for their safety and security. And thus the community perpetually retains a supreme power of saving themselves from the attempts and designs of any body, even of their own legislators, whenever they shall be so foolish or so wicked, as to lay and carry on designs against the liberties and properties of the subject. For no man, or society of men, having a power to deliver up their preservation, or consequently the means of it, to the absolute will and arbitrary dominion of another, whenever anyone shall go about to bring them into such a slavish condition, they will always have a right to preserve what they have not a power to part with; and to rid themselves of those who invade this fundamental, sacred and unalterable law of self-preservation, for which they entered into society. And thus the community may be said in this respect to be always the supreme power, but not as considered under any form of government, because this power of the people can never take place till the government be dissolved.

(From the *Essay on Civil Government.*)

TRUE RELIGION

Since you are pleased to enquire what are my thoughts about the mutual toleration of Christians in their different professions of religion, I must needs answer you freely, that I esteem that toleration to be the chief characteristical mark of the true church. For whatsoever some people boast of the antiquity of places and names, or of the pomp of their outward worship; others of the reformation of their discipline; these things, and all others of this nature, are much rather marks of men striving for power and empire over one another, than of the Church of Christ. Let any one have ever so true a claim to all these things, yet if he be destitute of charity, meekness, and goodwill in general to all mankind, even to those that are not Christians, he is certainly yet short of being a true Christian himself. "The kings of the Gentiles exercise lordship over them," said our Saviour to His disciples, "but ye shall not be so" (Luke xxii.). The business of true religion is quite another thing. It is not instituted in order to the erecting an external pomp, nor to the obtaining of ecclesiastical dominion, nor to the exercising of compulsive force; but to the regulating of men's lives according to the rules of virtue and piety. Whosoever will list himself under the banner of Christ, must, in the first place and above all things make war upon his own lusts and vices. It is in vain for any man to usurp the name of Christian without holiness of life, purity of manners, and benignity and meekness of spirit. "Let everyone that nameth the name of Christ, depart from iniquity." Thou, when thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren," said our Lord to Peter (Luke xxii.). It would indeed be very hard for one that appears careless about his own salvation, to persuade me that he were extremely concerned for mine. For it is impossible that those should sincerely and heartily apply themselves to make other people Christians, who have not really embraced the Christian religion in their own hearts. If the Gospel and the Apostles may be credited, no man can be a

Christian without charity, and without the faith which works, not by force, but by love.

(From the first *Letter on Toleration.*)

CHARITY IN DIVERSITY OF OPINION

Since therefore it is unavoidable to the greatest part of men, if not all, to have several opinions, without certain and indubitable proofs of their truths; and it carries too great an imputation of ignorance, lightness, or folly, for men to quit and renounce their former tenets presently upon the offer of an argument which they cannot immediately answer and show the insufficiency of; it would, methinks, become all men to maintain peace and the common offices of humanity and friendship in the diversity of opinions, since we cannot reasonably expect that any one should readily and obsequiously quit his own opinion, and embrace ours with a blind resignation to an authority which the understanding of man acknowledges not. For, however it may often mistake, it can own no other guide but reason, nor blindly submit to the will and dictates of another. If he you would bring over to your sentiments be one that examines before he assents, you must give him leave at his leisure to go over the account again, and recalling what is out of his mind examine the particulars, to see on which side the advantage lies; and if he will not think our arguments of weight enough to engage him anew in so much pains, it is but what we do often ourselves in the like case; and we should take it amiss if others should prescribe to us what points we should study; and if he be one who takes his opinion upon trust, how can we imagine that he should renounce those tenets which time and custom have so settled in his own mind that he thinks them self-evident, and of an unquestionable certainty; or which he takes to be impressions he has received from God himself, or from men sent by Him? How can we expect, I say, that opinions thus settled should be given up to the arguments or authority of a stranger or adversary? especially if there be any suspicion of interest or design, as there never fails to be where men find them-

selves ill-treated. We should do well to commiserate our mutual ignorance, and endeavour to remove it in all the gentle and fair ways of information, and not instantly treat others ill as obstinate and perverse because they will not renounce their own and receive our opinions, or at least those we would force upon them, when it is more than probable that we are no less obstinate in not embracing some of theirs. For where is the man that has incontestable evidence of the truth of all that he holds, or of the falsehood of all he condemns; or can say, that he has examined to the bottom all his own or other men's opinions? The necessity of believing without knowledge, nay, often upon very slight grounds, in this fleeting state of action and blindness we are in, should make us more busy and careful to inform ourselves than to constrain others. At least, those who have not thoroughly examined to the bottom of all their own tenets, must confess they are unfit to prescribe to others, and are unreasonable in imposing that as truth on other men's belief which they themselves have not searched into, nor weighed the arguments of probability on which they should receive or reject it. Those who have fairly and truly examined and are thereby got past doubt in all the doctrines they profess and govern themselves by, would have a juster pretence to require others to follow them: but these are so few in number, and find so little reason to be magisterial in their opinions, that nothing insolent and imperious is to be expected from them; and there is reason to think, that if men were better instructed themselves, they would be less imposing on others.

(From the *Essay Concerning Human Understanding*, book iv. chap. 16.)

Samuel Butler

1612–1680.

(*See also* p. 657.)

A SMALL POET

Is one that would fain make himself that which Nature never meant him; like a fanatic, that inspires himself with his own

whimsies. He sets up haberdasher of small poetry with a very small stock and no credit. . . . Whatsoever he hears well said he seizes upon by political licence ; and one way makes it his own, that is, by ill-repeating of it. This he believes to be no more theft than it is to take that which others throw away. By his means his writings are, like a tailor's cushion, of mosaic work, made up of several scraps sewed together. He calls a slovenly, nasty description great nature ; and dull flatness strange easiness. He writes down all that comes in his head and makes no choice, because he has nothing to do it with, that is judgment. . . . He is like an Italian thief that never robs but he murders, to prevent discovery ; so sure is he to cry down the man from whom he purloins, that his petty larceny of wit may pass unsuspected. . . . He takes jests from the owners and breaks them, as justices do false weights, and pots that want measure. When he meets with anything that is very good he changes it into small money, like three groats for a shilling, to serve several ocasions. He disclaims study, pretends to take things in motion, and to shoot flying, which appears to be very true of his often missing of his mark. His wit is much troubled with obstructions ; and he has fits as painful as those of the spleen. He fancies himself a dainty, spruce shepherd, with a flock and a fine silken shepherdess, that follows his pipe as rats did the conjurers in Germany. . . . We read that Virgil used to make fifty or sixty verses in a morning, and afterwards reduce them to ten. This was an unthrifty vanity, and argues him as well ignorant in the husbandry of his own poetry as Seneca says he was in that of a farm ; for in plain English it was no better than bringing a noble to ninepence. And as such courses brought the prodigal son to eat with hogs, so they did him to feed with horses, which were not much better company, and may teach us to avoid doing the like. For certainly it is more noble to take four or five grains of sense, and like a gold-beater hammer them into so many leaves as will fill a whole book, than to write nothing but epitomes, which many wise men believe will be the bane and calamity of learning. . . .

When he writes he never proposes any scope or purpose to himself, but gives his genius all freedom : for as he that rides abroad for his pleasure can hardly be out of his way, so he that writes for his pleasure can seldom be beside his subject. It is an ungrateful thing to a noble wit to be confined to anything. For what purpose did the ancients feign Pegasus to have wings if he must be confined to the road and stages like a pack-horse, or be forced to be obedient to hedges and ditches ? Therefore he has no respect to decorum and propriety of circumstance ; for the regard of persons, times and places is a restraint too servile to be imposed upon poetical licence.

(From the *Genuine Remains in Prose and Verse by Mr. Samuel Butler.*)

Walter Charleton

1619–1707.

THE RANGING WIT

In the second place comes Ranging Wit, whose pregnancy is so diffused, that it flies at all things ; and commonly assisted with prolix eloquence discourseth copiously rather than closely ; without premeditation supplying itself with words and sentences as out of a treasury inexhaustible. Men of this talent are usually in high esteem with the people, if of such professions as give them opportunities to show their copiousness in public assemblies or councils : nor ungrateful in private conversation, at least when once they have learned to be silent at some times, as to speak profusely at others. Which they cannot easily do. For, as all brute animals know by natural instinct, in what part their chief power lies, and delight in the frequent use of that part above all the rest of their members : so these men, highly delighted with their faculty of eloquence, wherein alone they excell, are hardly brought to observe decorum, and opportunities when to contract or expatiate, when to speak or hold their peace ; but carried violently on by an itch of declaiming on every subject, how trivial or impertinent soever,

often entangle themselves in arguments above their understanding, and so satiate, but not satisfy their hearers. So that even a wise man may justly wonder, their imprudence considered, how they are able to speak so much, and so little at once, so well and to so little purpose. Having at length ended (not finished) their fine harangues, they scarcely refrain from openly applauding themselves, and if their auditors show any signs of complacency and good humour, they are apt to refer it only to a satisfaction of judgment resulting from the elegancy of their discourses, though the same ariseth from joy that they are at length delivered from the importunity of them. Notwithstanding this vanity, it must be confessed these Wits have long wings, and incited by a secret impetus of nature, delight to fly abroad and range over the whole field of sciences; but then again such is their speed and precipitancy, they stay nowhere long enough to *examine*, *select* and *gather*; like bees in a windy day they take only a superficial taste of various flowers and return to their hives unloaded. Whence it comes that while they are discoursing of one part of learning if a new limit chance to arise and intrude itself into their imagination, instantly quitting their former theme, they as ardently pursue the new one; and so often divert to fresh arguments till they have wholly forgotten the question first started; as unstanch hounds, meeting with a new scent, follow it with full cry, and lose the beast first chased.

(From a *Discourse Concerning the Different Wits of Men.*)

Izaak Walton

1593–1687.

THE CHARACTER OF ANGLERS

PISCATOR. You know, gentlemen, 'tis an easy thing to scoff at any recreation; a little wit, mixed with ill-nature, confidence and malice, will do it; but though they venture boldly, they are often caught in their own trap, according to that of Lucian, the father of the family of scoffers.

Lucian, well skilled in scoffing, this hath writ ;
Friend, that's your folly, which you think your wit,
This you vent freely, void of wit and fear,
Meaning another when yourself you jeer.

If to this you add what Solomon says of scoffers, that they are an abomination to men, let him that thinks fit be a scoffer still ; I count them enemies to me and to all that love virtue and angling. And for you that have heard many grave serious men pity Anglers, let me tell you, Sir, there are many who are taken by others to be serious grave men which we contemn and pity : men that are taken to be grave because Nature hath made them of a sour complexion ; money-getting men, that spend all their time first in getting, and next in anxious care to keep it ; men that are condemned to be rich, and then always busy, or discontented. For these poor rich men, we Anglers pity them perfectly, and stand in no need to borrow their thought to think ourselves happy. No, no, Sir, we enjoy a contentedness above the reach of such dispositions ; and as the learned and ingenious Montaigne says (like himself freely) :—

" When my cat and I entertain each other with mutual apish tricks, as playing with a garter, who knows but that I make my cat more sport than she makes me ? Shall I conclude her to be simple that has her time to begin or refuse sportiveness as freely as myself ? Nay, who knows but it is a defect of my not understanding her language (for doubtless cats talk and reason with one another) that we agree no better ? Or who can tell but that she pities me for being no wiser, and laughs and censures my folly, for making sport for her when we play together ? " Thus freely speaks Montaigne concerning cats, and I hope I may take as great a liberty to blame any man and laugh at him, let him be never so serious, that hath not heard what Anglers can say in justification of their art, which I may again tell you, is so full of pleasure that we need not borrow their thoughts to think ourselves happy.

VENATOR. Sir, you have almost amazed me, for though I am no scoffer, yet, let me speak it without offence, I have always

looked upon Anglers as more patient and simple men than I fear I shall find you to be.

PISCATOR. Sir, I hope you will not judge my earnestness to be impatience; and for my simplicity, if by that you mean my harmlessness, or that simplicity which was usually found in the primitive Christians, who were like most anglers quiet men and followers of peace, men that were so simply wise as not to sell their conscience to buy riches, and with them, vexation and a fear to die. If you mean such simple men as lived in those times when there were fewer lawyers, when men might have had a lordship safely conveyed to them in a parchment no bigger than your hand, though several sheets will not do it safely in this wiser age; I say, Sir, if you take us anglers to be such simple men as I have spoke of, then myself and those of my profession will be glad to be so understood; but if by simplicity you mean a general defect, I hope in time to disabuse you, and make the contrary appear so plainly as shall remove all prejudices you have entertained against my laudable and ancient art; for I know it is worthy the knowledge and practice of a wise man.

(From *The Compleat Angler.*)

ANGLING IS AN ART

PISCATOR. Come, scholar, lay down your rod, and help me to land this trout as you did the other. So now we shall be sure to have a good dish of fish for supper.

VENATOR. I am glad of that, but I have no fortune. Sure, Master, yours is a better rod and better tackling.

PISCATOR. Nay, then, take mine, and I will fish with yours. Look you, scholar, I have another. Come, do as you did before. And now I have a bite at another. Oh me! he has broke all; there is half a line and a good hook lost.

VENATOR. Master, I can neither catch with the first nor second angle. I have no fortune.

PISCATOR. Look you, scholar, I have yet another. And now having caught three brace of trouts, I will tell you a short tale as we walk towards our breakfast. A scholar, a preacher I

should say, that was attempting to procure the approbation of a parish for their lecturer, had got from his fellow pupil the copy of a sermon that was first preached with great commendation by him that composed it; and though the borrower of it delivered it word for word as it was at first, yet it was utterly disliked as it was preached by the second, which the sermon-borrower complained of to the lender of it, and was thus answered: "I lent you, indeed, my fiddle, but not my fiddlestick; for you are to know, that everyone cannot make music with my words, which are fitted for my own mouth." And so, my scholar, you are to know, that as the ill pronunciation, or ill accenting of words in a sermon spoils it, so the ill carriage of your line, or not fishing even to a foot in a right place, makes you lose your labour. And though you have my fiddle, that is, my very rod and tacking with which you see I catch fish, yet you have not my fiddlestick; that is, you have not my skill to carry your hand and line, nor how to guide it to a right place; and this must be taught you (for you are to remember I told you angling is an art) either by practice or long observation, or both. (From *The Same.*)

THE LIFE OF THE ANGLER

Piscator. And now, scholar, I think it will be time to repair to our angle-rods, which we left in the water to fish for themselves; you shall choose which shall be yours, and it is an even lay one of them catches. And, let me tell you, this kind of fishing with a dead-rod and laying night-hooks, is like putting money to use, for they both work for the owners when they do nothing but sleep or eat, or rejoice, as you know we have done this last hour, and sat as quietly and as free from cares, under this sycamore, as Virgil's Tityrus and his Melibæus did under their broad beech tree. No life, my honest scholar, no life so happy and so pleasant, as the life of a well-governed angler; for when the lawyer is swallowed up with business, and the statesman is preventing or contriving plots, then we sit on cowslip banks, hear the birds sing, and possess ourselves in

as much quietness as these silent silver streams which we now see glide so quietly by us. Indeed, my good scholar, we may say of angling as Dr. Boteler said of strawberries, "Doubtless, God could have made a better berry; but, doubtless, God never did." And so, if I might be judge, God never did allow a more calm, quiet, innocent recreation than angling. I will tell you, scholar, when I sat last on this primrose bank, and looked down these meadows, thought of them as Charles the emperor did of the city of Florence: that they were too pleasant to be looked on but only on holy days.

(From *The Same.*)

GEORGE HERBERT AND HIS WALKS TO SALISBURY

His chiefest recreation was music, in which heavenly art he was a most excellent master, and did himself compose many divine hymns and anthems which he set and sung to his lute or viol: and though he was a lover of retiredness, yet his love to music was such that he went usually twice every week, on certain appointed days to the Cathedral Church in Salisbury; and at his return would say, "That his time spent in prayer and Cathedral-music elevated his soul, and was his Heaven upon earth." But before his return thence to Bemerton, he would usually sing and play his part at an appointed private music-meeting; and to justify this practice, he would often say, "Religion does not banish mirth, but only moderates and sets rules to it."

And as his desire to enjoy his Heaven upon earth drew him twice every week to Salisbury, so his walks thither were the occasion of many happy accidents to others, of which I will mention some few.

In one of his walks to Salisbury he overtook a gentleman that is still living in that city, and in their walk together Mr. Herbert took a fair occasion to talk with him, and humbly begged to be excused if he asked him some account of his faith, and said, "I do this the rather, because though you are not of my parish, yet I receive tithe from you by the hand of your

tenant; and, Sir, I am the bolder to do it, because I know there be some sermon hearers that be like those fishes that always live in salt water and yet are always fresh."

After which expression, Mr. Herbert asked him some needful questions, and having received his answer, gave him such rules for the trial of his sincerity, and for a practical piety, and in so loving and meek a manner that the gentleman did so fall in love with him and his discourse, that he would often contrive to meet him in his walk to Salisbury, or to attend him back to Bemerton; and still mentions the name of Mr. George Herbert with veneration, and still praiseth God for the occasion of knowing him . . . In another walk to Salisbury, he saw a poor man with a poorer horse, that was fallen under his load. They were both in distress, and needed present help, which Mr. Herbert perceiving put off his canonical coat, and helped the poor man to unload, and after to load, his horse. The poor man blessed him for it and he blessed the poor man; and was so like the good Samaritan that he gave him money to refresh both himself and his horse, and told him, "That if he loved himself he should be merciful to his beast." Thus he left the poor man; and at his coming to his musical friends at Salisbury, they began to wonder that Mr. George Herbert, which used to be so trim and clean, came into that company so soiled and discomposed: but he told them the occasion. And when one of the company told him, "He had disparaged himself by so dirty an employment," his answer was, "That the thought of what he had done would prove music to him at midnight, and that the omission of it would have upbraided and made discord in his conscience, whensoever he should pass by that place, for if I be bound to pray for all that be in distress, I am sure that I am bound, so far as it is in my power, to practise what I pray for. And though I do not wish for the like occasion every day, yet let me tell you, I would not willingly pass one day of my life without comforting a sad soul or showing mercy; and I praise God for this occasion. Now let's tune our instruments."

(From the *Life of Mr. George Herbert.*)

Abraham Cowley

1618–1667.

SOLITUDE

THE first minister of state has not so much business in public as a wise man has in private: if the one have little leisure to be alone, the other has less leisure to be in company; the one has but part of the affairs of one nation, the other all the works of God and nature under his consideration. There is no saying shocks me so much as that which I hear very often, "that a man does not know how to pass his time." It would have been but ill-spoken by Methuselah in the nine hundred and sixth-ninth year of his life, so far it is from us, who have not time enough to attain to the utmost perfection of any part of any science, to have cause to complain that we are forced to be idle for want of work. But this, you will say, is working for the learned; others are not capable either of the employments or divertisements that arrive from letters. I know they are not; and therefore cannot much recommend solitude to a man totally illiterate. But, if any man be so unlearned as to want entertainment of the little intervals of accidental solitude which frequently occur in almost all conditions (except the very meanest of the people, who have business enough in the necessary provisions for life), it is truly a great shame both to his parents and himself; for a very small portion of any ingenious art will stop up all those gaps of our time: either music, or painting, or designing, or chemistry, or history, or gardening, or twenty other things, will do it usefully and pleasantly; and if he happen to set his affections upon poetry (which I do not advise him too immoderately) that will over-do it; no wood will be thick enough to hide him from the importunities of company or business, which would abstract him from his beloved.

(From the *Essay on Solitude.*)

John Evelyn

1620–1706.

SOME ENTRIES IN HIS DIARY, 1667

February 18.—I was present at a magnificent ball or masque in the theatre at Court, where their Majesties and all the great lords and ladies danced, infinitely gallant, the men in their richly embroidered most becoming vests.

February 19. I saw a comedy acted at Court. In the afternoon I witnessed a wrestling match for £1,000 in St. James's Park, before his Majesty, a vast assemblage of lords and other spectators, betwixt the western and northern men, Mr. Secretary Morice and Lord Gerard being the judges. The western men won. Many great sums were betted.

March 6.—I proposed to my Lord Chancellor, Monsieur Kiviet's undertaking to wharf the whole river of Thames, or quay, from the Temple to the Tower, as far as the fire destroyed, with brick, without piles, both lasting and ornamental. Great frosts, snow and winds, prodigious at the vernal equinox; indeed, it had been a year of prodigies in this nation, plague, war, fire, rains, tempest and comet.

March 14.—Saw the "Virgin Queen," a play written by Mr. Dryden.

* * * * *

June 8.—To London, alarmed by the Dutch, who were fallen on our fleet at Chatham, by a most audacious enterprise, entering the very river with part of their fleet, doing us not only disgrace, but incredible mischief in burning several of our best men-of-war lying at anchor and moored there, and all this through our most unaccountable negligence in not setting out our fleet in due time. This alarm caused me, fearing the enemy might venture up the Thames even to London (which they might have done with ease, and fired all the vessels in the river, too), to send away my best goods, plate, etc., from my house to another place. The alarm was so great that it put both country and

city into fear, a panic and consternation such as I hope I shall never see more ; everybody was flying, none knew why or whither. Now, there were land-forces despatched with the Duke of Albemarle, Lord Middleton, Prince Rupert, and the Duke, to hinder the Dutch coming to Chatham, fortifying Upnor Castle, and laying chains and booms ; but the resolute enemy brake through all, and set fire on our ships, and retreated in spite, stopping up the Thames, the rest of their fleet lying before the mouth of it.

* * * * *

June 17. This night about two o'clock, some chips and combustible matter prepared for some fire-ships taking flame in Deptford Yard, made such a blaze, and caused such an uproar in the Tower (it being given out that the Dutch fleet was come up and had landed their men and fired the Tower), as had like to have done more mischief before people would be persuaded to the contrary and believe the accident. Everybody went to their arms. These were sad and troublesome times.

WIND AND THE CYPRESSES

They will present you (in half-a-dozen or eight years) with incomparable hedges, because they are perpetually green, able to resist the winds better than most which I know, the holly only excepted, which indeed has no peer.

For when I say winds, I mean their fiercest gusts, not their cold. For though it be said, *Brumâque illœsa Cupressus*, and that indeed no frost impeaches them (for they grow even on the snowy tops of Ida) yet our cruel eastern winds do sometimes mortally invade those which have been late clipped, seldom the untouched, or that were dressed in the spring only. The March and April winds (in the years 1663 and 1665), accompanied with cruel frosts and cold blasts, for the space of more than two months night and day, did not, amongst near a thousand cypresses growing in my garden, kill above three or four, which, for being very late cut to the quick (that is, the latter end of October), were raw of their wounds, took cold, and gangrened ; some few others which were a little smitten towards the tops, might have escaped all their

blemishes, had my gardener capped them with but a wisp of hay or straw, as in my absence I commanded. As for the frost of those winters (than which I believe there was never known a more cruel and deadly piercing one since England had a name) it did not touch a cypress of mine, until it joined forces with that destructive wind: Therefore, for caution, clip not your cypresses late in autumn, and clothe them, if young, against these winds; for the frosts they only discolour them, but seldom or never kill them, as by long experience I have found. Nor altogether despair of the resurrection of a cypress subverted by the wind, for some have redressed themselves; and one (as Ziphilinus mentions) rose the very next day, which happening about the reign of the Emperor Vespasian, was esteemed a happy omen. But of such accidents more hereafter.

(From *Silva: or A Discourse of Forest Trees.*)

Sir William Temple

1628-1699.

ENGLISH LONGEVITY

For the honour of our climate it has been observed by ancient authors that the Britons were longer lived than any other nation to them known: and in modern times there have been more and greater examples of this kind than in any other countries of Europe. The story of old Parr is too late to be forgotten by many now alive, who was brought out of Derbyshire to the Court in King Charles I's time, and lived to a hundred and fifty-three years old; and might have, as was thought, gone farther, if the change of country air and diet for that of the town, had not carried him off, perhaps untimely, at that very age. The late Robert Earl of Leicester, who was a person of great learning and observation, as well as of truth, told me several stories very extraordinary upon this subject; one of a Countess of Desmond, married out of England in Edward IV's time, and who lived far in King James's reign, and was counted to have died some years above a hundred and forty; at which age she came from Bristol

to London, to beg some relief at Court, having long been very poor by the ruin of that Irish family into which she was married.

Another he told me was of a beggar at a bookseller's shop, where he was some weeks after the death of Prince Henry; and, observing those that passed by he was saying to his company that never such a mourning had been seen in England—this beggar said, "No, never since the death of Prince Arthur." My Lord Leicester, surprised, asked what she meant, whether she remembered it; she said: "Very well"; and upon his more curious enquiry, told him that her name was Rainsford, of a good family in Oxfordshire; that when she was about twenty years old, upon the falseness of a lover, she fell distracted; how long she had been so, nor what passed in that time, she knew not; that when she was thought well enough to go abroad, she was fain to beg for her living; that she was sometime at this trade before she recovered any memory of what she had been or where bred; that when this memory returned, she went down into her country, but hardly found any of her friends she had left there; and so returned to a parish in Southwark, where she had some small allowance among other poor, and had been for many years; and once a week, walked into the city, and took what alms were given her. My Lord Leicester told me he sent to enquire at the parish, and found their account agree with the woman's; upon which he ordered her to call at his house once a week, which she did for some time; after which he heard no more of her.

(From the Essay *Of Health and Long Life.*)

ON POETRY AND MUSIC

Whether it be that the fierceness of the Gothic humours or noise of their perpetual wars, frighted it away, or that the unequal mixture of the modern languages would not hear it, certain it is that the great heights and excellency both of poetry and music fell with the Roman learning and empire, and have never since recovered the admiration and applauses that before attended them. Yet such as they are among us, they must be

confessed to be the softest and sweetest, the most general and the most innocent amusements of common time and life. They still find room in the courts of princes, and the cottages of shepherds; they serve to revive and animate the dead calm of poor or idle lives, and to allay or divert the violent passions and perturbations of the greatest and the busiest men; and both these effects are of equal use to human life; for the mind of man is like the sea, which is neither agreeable to the beholder nor the voyager, in a calm or in a storm; but is so to both, when a little agitated by gentle gales; and so the mind, when moved by soft and easy passions and affections. I know very well that many who pretend to be wise by the forms of being grave are apt to despise both poetry and music as toys and trifles too light for the use or entertainment of serious men: but whoever find themselves wholly insensible to these charms, would, I think, do well to keep their own counsel, for fear of reproaching their own temper, and bringing the goodness of their natures, if not of their understandings, into question; it may be thought at least an ill sign, if not an ill constitution, since some of the fathers went so far as to esteem the love of music a sign of predestination; as a thing divine and reserved for the felicities of heaven itself. While this world lasts, I doubt not but the pleasures and requests of these two entertainments will do so too; and happy those that content themselves with these, and any other so easy and innocent; and do not trouble the world, or other men, because they cannot be quiet themselves, though nobody hurts them! When all is done, human life is at the greatest and the best but like a froward child, that must be played with and humoured a little to keep it quiet till it falls asleep and then the care is over.

(From the Essay *Of Poetry*.)

Lady Rachel Russell

1636–1723.

LETTER FROM LADY RUSSELL TO LORD RUSSELL

TUNBRIDGE WELLS, 1678.

AFTER a toilsome day there is some refreshment to be telling our story to our best friends. I have seen your girl well laid in bed and ourselves have made our suppers upon biscuits, a bottle of white wine and another of beer, mingled my uncle's whey, with nutmeg and sugar. None are disposing to bed, not so much as complaining of weariness. Beds and things are all very well here: our want is, yourself and good weather. But now I have told you our present condition: to say a little of the past.—I do really think if I could have imagined the illness of the journey it would have discouraged me: it is not to be expressed how bad the way is from Sevenoaks; but our horses did exceedingly well, and Spencer, very diligent, often off his horse, to lay hold of the coach. I have not much more to say this night: I hope the quilt is remembered; and Frances must remember to send more biscuits, either when you come or soon after. I long to hear from you, my dearest soul, and truly think your absence already an age. I have no mind to my gold plate: here is no table to set it on; but if that does not come, I desire you would bid Betty Foster send the silver glass I use every day. In discretion I haste to bed, longing for Monday, I assure you. From your

R. RUSSELL.

Past ten o'clock.—

Lady Margaret says we are not glutted with company yet; you will let Northumberland know we are well; and Allie.

LADY RUSSELL TO HER UNCLE

Lord Russell had been executed for high treason in 1683.

Apologies, dear Uncle, are not necessary to you for anything I do, nor is my discomposed mind fit to make any; but I want your assistance, so I ask it freely. You may remember, Sir, that

a very few days after my great and terrible calamity, the king sent me word he meant to take no advantage of anything was forfeited to him, but terms of law must be observed, so now the grant for the personal estate is done and in my hands. I esteem it fit to make some compliment of acknowledgment to his Majesty; to do this for me is the favour I beg of you; but I have writ the enclosed paper in such a manner that if you judge it fit, you may as you see cause, show it to the king, to let him see what thanks I desire should be made him; but that is left to you to do as you approve.

Truly, Uncle, 'tis not without reluctancy I write to you myself, since nothing that is not very sad can come from me, and I do not love to trouble such as, I am sure, wish me none. I ask after your health, and when I hear you are well, it is part of the only satisfaction I can have in this wretched world, where the love and company of the friends and nearest relations of that dear and blessed person must give me all I can find in it now; it is a great change from as much happiness as I believe this world can give, to know no more as never must

Yours.

Bishop Burnet

1643–1715.

HIS DESIGN IN WRITING HIS "HISTORY"

And now for above thirty years I have lived in such intimacy with all who have had the chief conduct of affairs, and have been so much trusted, and on so many important occasions employed by them, that I have been able to penetrate far into the true secrets of counsels and designs. This made me twenty years ago write down a relation of all that I had known to that time: where I was in the dark, I past over all, and only opened those transactions that I had particular occasion to know. My chief design in writing was to give a true view of men and of counsels, leaving public transactions to gazettes or the public historians of the time. I writ with a design to make both myself and my

readers wiser and better, and to lay open the good and bad of all sides and parties, as clearly and impartially as I myself understood it, concealing nothing that I thought fit to be known, and representing things in their natural colours without art or disguise, without any regard to kindred or friends, to parties or interests: for I do solemnly say this to the world, and make my humble appeal upon it to the great God of truth, that I tell the truth on all occasions, as fully and freely as upon my best enquiry I have been able to find it out. Where things appear doubtful, I deliver them with the same incertainty to the world.

(From the Preface to the *History of my Own Times.*)

THE AUTHOR'S OPINION OF CHARLES II

He was affable and easy, and loved to be made so by all about him. The great art of keeping him long was the being easy and the making everything easy to him. He had made such observations on the French government, that he thought a king who might be checked or have his ministers called to an account by a parliament was but a king in name. He had a great compass of knowledge, though he was never capable of much application or study. He understood the mechanics and physic, and was a good chemist, and much set on several preparations of mercury, chiefly the fixing it. He understood navigation well, but above all he knew the architecture of ships so perfectly that in that respect he was exact rather more than became a prince. His apprehension was quick and his memory good. He was an everlasting talker. He told his stories with a good grace: but they came in his way too often. He had a very ill opinion both of men and women; and did not think that there was either sincerity or chastity in the world out of principle, but that some had either the one or the other out of humour or vanity. He thought that nobody did serve him out of love; and so he was quits with all the world, and loved others as little as he thought they loved him. He hated business, and could not be easily brought to mind any: but when it was necessary, and he was set to it, he would stay as long as his ministers had work for him.

The ruin of his reign, and of all his affairs, was occasioned chiefly by his delivering himself up at his first coming to a mad range of pleasure.

(From the *History of my Own Times.*)

LILLI BULERO

This famous ballad was written on the occasion of General Dick Talbot being created Earl of Tyrconnel, and nominated by James II to the lieutenancy of Ireland in 1686–1688. *It is attributed to Lord Wharton.* [*See Wilkins' Ballads.*]

Ho! broder Teague,[1] dost hear de decree?
Lilli Bulero,[2] bullen a-la.
Dat we shall have a new deputie,
Lilli Bulero, bullen a-la.
Lero lero, lilli Bulero, lero lero, bullen a-la.
Lero lero, lilli Bulero, lero lero, bullen a-la.

Ho! by Shaint Tyburn, it is de Talbote,
Lilli, etc.
And he will cut de Englishman's troate,
Lilli, etc.

Dough by my soul de English do praat,
Lilli, etc.
De law's on dare side, and Chreish knows what,
Lilli, etc.

But if dispense do come from de Pope,
Lilli, etc.
We'll hang Magna Charta and dem in a rope.
Lilli, etc.

[1] A cant name, in this age, for an Irishman (Wilkins).
[2] "Lilli Bulero" and "Bullen a-la" are said to have been the words of distinction used among the Irish Papists in their massacre of the Protestants in 1641.

For de good Talbot is made a lord,
Lilli, etc.
And with brave lads is coming abroad,
Lilli, etc.

Who all in France have taken a sware,
Lilli, etc.
Dat dey will have no Protestant heir,
Lilli, etc.

Ara! but why does he stay behind?
Lilli, etc.
Ho! by my shoul 'tis a Protestant wind.
Lilli, etc.

But see de Tyrconnel is now come ashore,
Lilli, etc.
And we shall have commissions gillore,
Lilli, etc.

And he dat will not go to de mass,
Lilli, etc.
Shall be turn out, and look like an ass.
Lilli, etc.

Now, now de heretics all go down,
Lilli, etc.
By Chris and Shaint Patric, de nation's our own,
Lilli, etc.

Dare was an old prophecy found in a bog,
Lilli, etc.
"Ireland shall be ruled by an ass and a dog,"
Lilli, etc.

And now dis prophecy is come to pass,
Lilli, etc.
For Talbot's de dog, and James is de ass.
Lilli, etc.

Alexander Pope

1688–1744.

THE TOILET OF A LADY OF FASHION

And now, unveiled, the toilet stands displayed,
Each silver vase in mystic order laid,
First, robed in white, the nymph intent adores,
With head uncovered, the cosmetic powers.
A heavenly image in the glass appears,
To that she bends, to that her eyes she rears;
Th' inferior priestess, at her altar's side,
Trembling begins the sacred rites of pride.
Unnumbered treasures ope at once, and here
The various offerings of the world appear;
From each she nicely culls with curious toil,
And decks the goddess with the glittering spoil.
This casket India's glowing gems unlocks,
And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.
The tortoise here and elephant unite,
Transformed to combs, the speckled, and the white.
Here files of pins extend their shining rows,
Puffs, powders, patches, bibles, billet-doux.
Now awful beauty puts on all its arms;
The fair each moment rises in her charms,
Repairs her smiles, awakens every grace,
And calls forth all the wonders of her face;
Sees by degrees a purer blush arise,
And keener lightnings quicken in her eyes.
The busy sylphs surround their darling care,
These set the head, and those divide the hair,
Some fold the sleeve, whilst others plait the gown;
And Betty's praised for labours not her own.

(From *The Rape of the Lock.*)

BELINDA'S GAME AT OMBRE

Belinda now, whom thirst of fame invites,
Burns to encounter two adventurous knights,
At ombre singly to decide their doom ;
And swells her breast with conquests yet to come.
Straight the three bands prepare in arms to join,
Each band the number of the sacred nine.
Soon as she spreads her hand, th' aërial guard
Descend, and sit on each important card :
First, Ariel perched upon a Matadore,
Then each, according to the rank they bore ;
For sylphs, yet mindful of their ancient race,
Are, as when women, wondrous fond of place.
Behold, four Kings in majesty revered,
With hoary whiskers and a forky beard ;
And four fair Queens whose hands sustain a flower,
The expressive emblem of their softer power ;
Four Knaves in garbs succinct, a trusty band,
Caps on their heads, and halberts in their hand ;
And particoloured troops, a shining train,
Draw forth to combat on the velvet plain,
The skilful nymph reviews her force with care :
Let Spades be trumps ! she said, and trumps they were.
Now moved to war her sable Matadores,
In show like leaders of the swarthy Moors.
Spadillio first, unconquerable lord !
Led off two captive trumps, and swept the board.
As many more Manillio forced to yield,
And marched a victor from the verdant field.
Him Basto followed, but his fate more hard,
Gained but one trump and one plebeian card.

. . . . . .

And now (as oft in some distempered state)
On one nice trick depends the general fate.

And ace of Hearts steps forth; the King unseen
Lurked in her hand, and mourned his captive Queen:
He springs to vengeance with an eager pace,
And falls like thunder on the prostrate ace.
The nymph exulting fills with shouts the sky;
The walls, the woods, and long canals reply.

(From *The Same.*)

ON VERSIFICATION

But most by numbers judge a poet's song;
And smooth or rough, with them is right or wrong:
In the bright Muse though thousand charms conspire,
Her voice is all these tuneful fools admire;
Who haunt Parnassus but to please their ear,
Not mend their minds; as some to church repair,
Not for the doctrine, but the music there.
These equal syllables alone require,
Though oft the ear the open vowels tire;
While expletives their feeble aid do join;
And ten low words oft creep in one dull line:
While they ring round the same unvaried chimes,
With sure return of still expected rhymes;
Where'er you find "the cooling western breeze,"
In the next line, it "whispers through the trees";
If crystal streams "with pleasing murmurs creep,"
The reader's threatened (not in vain) with "sleep":
Then, at the last and only couplet fraught
With some unmeaning thing they call a thought,
A needless Alexandrine ends the song
That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along.
Leave such to tune their own dull rhymes, and know
What's roundly smooth or languishingly slow;
And praise the easy vigour of a line,
Where Denham's strength, and Waller's sweetness join.
True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,
As those move easiest who have learned to dance.

'Tis not enough no harshness gives offence,
The sound must seem an echo to the sense;
Soft is the strain when Zephyr gently blows,
And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows;
But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
The hoarse, rough verse should like the torrent roar:
When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw
The line too labours, and the words move slow;
Not so, when swift Camilla scours the plain,
Flies o'er th' unbending corn, and skims along the main.
Hear how Timotheus' varied lays surprise,
And bid alternate passions fall and rise!
While, at each change, the son of Libyan Jove
Now burns with glory, and then melts with love,
Now his fierce eyes with sparkling fury glow,
Now sighs steal out, and tears begin to flow;
Persians and Greeks like turns of nature found,
And the world's victor stood subdued by sound!
The power of music all our hearts allow,
And what Timotheus was, is Dryden now.

(From the *Essay on Criticism.*)

FAME

What's fame? a fancied life in other's breath,
A thing beyond us, even before our death.
Just what you hear, you have, and what's unknown
The same (my Lord) if Tully's, or your own.
All that we feel of it begins and ends
In the small circle of our foes or friends;
To all beside as much an empty shade
An Eugene living, as a Cæsar dead;
Alike or when, or where, they shone, or shine,
Or on the Rubicon, or on the Rhine.
A wit's a feather, and a chief a rod;
An honest man's the noblest work of God.
Fame but from death a villain's name can save,

As justice tears his body from the grave;
When what to oblivion better were resigned,
Is hung on high, to poison half mankind.
All fame is foreign, but of true desert;
Plays round the head, but comes not to the heart;
One self-approving hour whole years outweighs
Of stupid starers, and of loud huzzas;
And more true joy Marcellus exiled feels,
Than Cæsar with a senate at his heels.

(From the *Essay on Man.*)

PORTRAIT OF ATTICUS

Peace to all such! but were there one whose fires
True genius kindles, and fair fame inspires;
Blest with each talent, and each art to please,
And born to write, converse, and live with ease:
Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne,
View him with scornful, yet with jealous eyes,
And hate for arts that caused himself to rise;
Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
And, without sneering, teach the rest to sneer;
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike;
Alike reserved to blame, or to commend,
A timorous foe, and a suspicious friend;
Dreading e'en fools, by flatterers besieged,
And so obliging, that he ne'er obliged;
Like Cato, give his little senate laws,
And sit attentive to his own applause;
While wits and Templars every sentence raise
And wonder with a foolish face of praise—
Who but must laugh, if such a man there be?
Who would not weep, if Atticus were he!

(From the *Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot.*)

THE POET'S ACCOUNT OF HIS FAME

There are who to my person pay their court :
I cough like Horace, and, though lean, am short.
Ammon's great son one shoulder had too high,—
Such Ovid's nose—and, " Sir, you have an eye."
Go on, obliging creatures, make me see
All that disgraced my betters met in me.
Say, for my comfort, languishing in bed,
" Just so immortal Maro held his head " ;
And, when I die, be sure you let me know
Great Homer died three thousand years ago.
Why did I write ? what sin to me unknown
Dipped me in ink ? my parents', or my own ?
As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,
I lisped in numbers, for the numbers came.
I left no calling for this idle trade,
No duty broke, no father disobeyed :
The Muse but served to ease some friend, not wife,
To help me through this long disease, my life ;
To second, Arbuthnot ! thy art and care,
And teach the being you preserved to bear.
But why then publish ? Granville the polite,
And knowing Walsh, would tell me I could write ;
Well-natured Garth inflamed with early praise,
And Congreve loved, and Swift endured my lays ;
The courtly Talbot, Somers, Sheffield read,
Even mitred Rochester would nod the head,
And St. John's self (great Dryden's friend before)
With open arms received one poet more.
Happy my studies, when by these approved !
Happier their author when by these beloved !
From these the world will judge of men, and books,
Not from the Burnets, Oldmixons and Cookes.

(From *The Same.*)

THE GODDESS OF DULNESS

More she had spoke, but yawn'd—all nature nods:
What mortal can resist the yawn of gods?
Churches and chapels instantly it reach'd;
(St. James first, for leaden G —— preach'd)
Then catch'd the schools; the hall scarce kept awake,
The convocation gap'd, but could not speak:
Lost was the nation's sense, nor could be found,
While the long solemn unison went round:
Wide, and more wide, it spread o'er all the realm;
Ev'n Palinurus nodded at the helm:
The vapour mild o'er each committee crept;
Unfinished treaties in each office slept;
And chiefless armies doz'd out the campaign;
And navies yawn'd for orders on the main.
O Muse! relate (for you can tell alone,
Wits have short memories, and dunces none),
Relate, who first, who last resign'd to rest;
Whose heads she partly, whose completely, blest;
What charms could faction, what ambition lull;
The venal quiet, and entrance the dull;
Till drown'd was sense, and shame, and right, and wrong—
O sing and hush the nations with thy song!

. . . . .

In vain, in vain—the all-composing hour
Resistless falls: the muse obeys the pow'r.
She comes! she comes! the sable throne behold
Of Night primæval and of Chaos old!
Before her Fancy's gilded clouds decay,
And all its varying rainbows die away.
Wit sports in vain its momentary fires,
The meteor drops, and in a flash expires.
As one by one, at dread Medea's strain,
The sick'ning stars fade off th' ethereal plain;
As Argus' eyes by Hermes' wand opprest,

Clos'd one by one to everlasting rest;
Thus at her felt approach, and secret might
Art after Art goes out, and all is night.
See skulking Truth to her old cavern fled,
Mountains of casuistry heap'd o'er her head!
Philosophy, that lean'd on heaven before,
Shrinks to her second cause, and is no more.
Physic of Metaphysic begs defence,
And Metaphysic calls for aid on Sense!
See Mystery to Mathematics fly!
In vain! they gaze, turn giddy, rave, and die.
Religion blushing veils her sacred fires,
And unawares Morality expires.
For public flame, nor private, dares to shine;
Nor human spark is left, nor glimpse divine!
Lo! thy dread empire Chaos! is restor'd;
Light dies before thy uncreating word;
Thy hand, great Anarch! lets the certain fall,
And universal darkness buries all.

(From *The Dunciad.*)

Sir Richard Blackmore

1650?–1729.

PRINCE ARTHUR IN BATTLE

THUS bright in polished arms great Arthur shines,
Darting keen radiance through the Saxon lines.
The echoing skies ring with the blended noise
Of shooting warriors, and the trumpet's voice.
The prince his course of glory to pursue,
Swift from his side broad Caliburno drew;
Which from the ample scabbard like a flame
Of lightning from a cloud refulgent came.
And now th' embattled cohorts to invade
He brandished high in air the flashing blade,

Spurred his hot steed, and with a martial air
Flew, like a rapid tempest, 'midst the war.

(From *Prince Arthur*, Book viii.)

Ambrose Phillips

1675–1749.

A NOOK IN NATURE

This place may seem for shepherds' leisure made,
So close these elms inweave their lofty shade;
The twining woodbine how it climbs, to breathe
Refreshing sweets around on all beneath!
The ground with grass of cheerful green bespread,
Through which the springing flower uprears the head.
Lo! here the kingcup of a golden hue,
Medleyed with daisies white and endive blue,
And honeysuckles of a purple dye,
Confusion gay! bright-waving to the eye.
Hark! how they warble in that brambly bush,
The gaudy goldfinch and the speckly thrush,
The linnet green, with others famed for skill,
And blackbird fluting through his yellow bill!
In sprightly concert how they all combine,
Us prompting in the various songs to join.

(From *Pastoral IV.*)

Sir Samuel Garth

1661–1710.

THE COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS

Not far from that most celebrated place [1]
Where angry Justice shows her awful face,
Where little villains must submit to fate,
That great ones may enjoy the world in state,
There stands a dome,[2] majestic to the sight,

[1] Old Bailey. [2] College of Physicians.

And sumptuous arches bear its oval height;
A golden globe placed high with artful skill,
Seems to the distant sight a gilded pill.
This pile was by the pious patron's aim,
Raised for a use as noble as its frame;
Nor did the learn'd society decline
The propagation of that great design;
In all her mazes Nature's face they viewed,
And as she disappeared their search pursued.
Wrapt in the shade of night the goddess lies,
Yet to the learn'd unveils her dark disguise,
But shuns the gross access of vulgar eyes.

(From *The Dispensary*.)

John Phillips

1676–1709.

THE DEBTOR

HAPPY the man who void of cares and strife,
In silken or in leathern purse retains
A splendid shilling! He nor hears with pain
New oysters cried, nor sighs for cheerful ale.

. . . . .

But I, whom griping penury surrounds,
And hunger, sure attendant upon want,
With scanty offals and small acid tiff,
(Wretched repast!) my meagre corpse sustain,
Then solitary walk or dose at home
In garret vile . . .
Thus while my joyless minutes tedious flow,
With looks demure and silent pace, a Dun,
Horrible monster! hated by gods and men,
To my aërial citadel ascends.
With vocal bell thrice thundering at my gate
With hideous accents thrice he calls. I know
The voice ill-boding, and the solemn sound.

What should I do, or whither turn? Amazed,
Confounded to the dark recess I fly
Of woodhole. Straight my bristling hairs erect
Through sudden fear, a chilly sweat bedews
My shuddering limbs, and (wonderful to tell!)
My tongue forgets her faculty of speech,
So horrible he seems! His faded brow
Intrenched with many a frown, and conic beard,
And spreading hand, admired by modern saints,
Disastrous acts forebode. In his right hand
Long scrolls of paper solemnly he waves,
With characters and figures dire inscribed,
Grievous to mortal eyes. (Ye Gods! avert
Such plagues from righteous men). Behind him stalk
Another monster not unlike himself,
Sullen of aspect, by the vulgar called
A catchpole, whose polluted hands the gods
With force incredible and magic charms
First have endued: if he his ample palm
Should haply on ill-fated shoulder lay
Of debtor, straight his body, to the touch
Obsequious, (as whilom knights were wont)
To some enchanted castle is conveyed,
Where gates impregnable, and coercive chains,
In durance strict detain him till in form
Of Money, Pallas sets the captive free.

(From *The Splendid Shilling.*)

THE REDSTREAK APPLE

Let every tree in every garden own
The redstreak as supreme, whose pulpous fruit,
With gold irradiate and vermilion, shines
Tempting, not fatal, as the birth of that
Primeval interdicted plant that won
Fond Eve in hapless hour to taste and die.
This, of more bounteous influence, inspires

Poetic raptures, and the lowly muse
Kindles to loftier strains, even I perceive
Her sacred virtue. See! the numbers flow
Easy, whilst cheered with her nectareous juice
Hers and my country's praises I exalt.
Hail, Herefordian plant! that dost disdain
All other fields: Heaven's sweetest blessing hail!
Be thou the copious matter of my song
And thy choice nectar, on which always waits
Laughter and sport, and care-beguiling wit
And friendship, chief delight of human life.

(From *Cider*.)

Matthew Green

1696–1737.

A CONTENTED LIFE

CONTENTMENT, parent of delight,
So much a stranger to our sight,
Say, goddess, in what happy place,
Mortals behold thy blooming face;
Thy gracious auspices impart,
And for thy temple choose my heart.

. . . . .

Forced by soft violence of prayer
The blithesome goddess soothes my care,
I feel the deity inspire,
And thus she models my desire.
Two hundred pounds half-yearly paid,
Annuity securely made,
A farm some twenty miles from town
Small, tight, salubrious and my own;
Two maids that never saw the town,
A serving-man not quite a clown,
A boy to help to tread the mow,
And drive, while t' other holds the plough,

A chief of temper formed to please,
Fit to converse and keep the keys;
And better to preserve the peace,
Commissioned by the name of niece;
With understandings of a size,
To think their master very wise.
May heaven (it's all I wish for) send
One genial room to treat a friend,
Where decent cupboard, little plate,
Display benevolence, not state.
And may my humble dwelling stand
Upon some chosen spot of land:
A pond before full to the brim,
Where cows may cool and geese may swim;
Behind, a green like velvet neat,
Soft to the eye and to the feet;
Where odorous plants in evening fair
Breathe all around ambrosial air;
From Eurus, foe to kitchen ground,
Fenced by a slope with bushes crowned,
Fit dwelling for the feathered throng
Who pay their quit rents with a song;
With opening views of hill and dale,
Which sense and fancy too regale,
Where the half-cirque, which vision bounds,
Like amphitheatre surrounds;
And woods impervious to the breeze,
Thick phalanx of unbodied trees,
From hills through plains in dusk array
Extended far, repel the day.

. . . . .

Thus sheltered, free from care and strife,
May I enjoy a calm through life.

. . . . .

May I with look ungloomed by guile,

And wearing virtue's livery-smile,
Prone the distressed to relieve,
And little trespasses forgive,
With income not in fortune's power,
And skill to make a busy hour,
With trips to town life to amuse,
To purchase books and hear the news,
To see old friends, brush off the clown,
And quicken taste at coming down,
Unhurt by sickness' blasting rage,
And slowly mellowing in age,
When Fate extends its gathering gripe,
Fall off like fruit grown fully ripe,
Quit a worn being without pain,
Perhaps to blossom soon again.

(From *The Spleen.*)

John Gay

1688–1732.

LOBBIN CLOUT AND CUDDY PRAISE THEIR LOVES

L. CLOUT. My Blonzelinda is the blithest lass
Than primrose sweeter or the clover grass.
Fair is the king-cup that in meadow blows;
Fair is the daisy that beside her grows;
Fair is the gilliflower, of gardens sweet;
Fair is the marygold, for pottage meet;
But Blonzelind's than gilliflower more fair,
Than daisy, marygold, or king-cup rare.

CUDDY. My brown Buxoma is the featest maid
That e'er at wake delightsome gambol played;
Clean as young lambkins or the goose's down,
And like the goldfinch in her Sunday gown.
The witless lamb may sport upon the plain,
The frisking kid delight the gaping swain,
The wanton calf may skip with many a bound,

And my cur Tray play deftest feats around ;
But neither lamb, nor kid, nor calf, nor Tray,
Dance like Buxoma on the first of May.
(From *The Shepherd's Week : Monday or the Squabble.*)

BLACK-EYED SUSAN

All in the Downs the fleet was moored,
The streamers waving in the wind,
When black-eyed Susan came aboard.
" Oh, where shall I my true love find ?
Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
If my sweet William sails among the crew ? "

William, who high upon the yard
Rocked with the billow to and fro,
Soon as her well-known voice he heard
He sighed and cast his eyes below,
The cord slides swiftly through his glowing hands,
And, quick as lightning, on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark, high poised in air,
Shuts close his pinions to his breast—
If chance his mate's shrill call he hear—
And drops at once into her nest.
The noblest captain in the British fleet
Might envy William's lips those kisses sweet.

" O Susan, Susan, lovely dear,
My vows shall ever true remain ;
Let me kiss off that falling tear ;
We only part to meet again.
Change as ye list, ye winds ! my heart shall be
The faithful compass, that still points to thee.

Believe not what the landmen say,
Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind ;
They'll tell thee sailors, when away,

In every port a mistress find.
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
For thou art present wheresoe'er I go.

If to far India's coast we sail
Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright,
Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale,
Thy skin is ivory, so white.
Thus every beauteous object that I view,
Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.

Though battle call me from thy arms,
Let not my pretty Susan mourn;
Though cannons roar, yet, safe from harms,
William shall to his dear return.
Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye."

The boatswain gave the dreadful word;
The sails their swelling bosom spread;
No longer must she stay aboard:
They kissed; she sighed; he hung his head.
Her lessening boat unwilling rows to land,
"Adieu!" she cries, and waved her lily hand.

THE TURKEY AND THE ANT

In other men we faults can spy,
And blame the mote that dims their eye,
Each little speck and blemish find,
To our own stronger errors blind.

A Turkey tired of common food,
Forsook the barn and sought the wood;
Behind her ran her infant train,
Collecting here and there a grain.
"Draw near, my birds," the mother cries,
This hill delicious fare supplies;

Behold the busy Negro race,
See, millions blacken all the place!
Fear not. Like me with freedom eat;
An ant is most delightful meat.
How blest, how envied were our life
Could we but 'scape the poulterer's knife!
But man, curst man, on turkeys preys,
And Christmas shortens all our days!
Sometimes with oysters we combine,
Sometimes assist the savoury chine.
From the low peasant to the lord,
The turkey smokes on every board.
Sure men for gluttony are curst,
Of the seven deadly sins the worst."
An Ant who climbed beyond his reach,
Thus answered from the neighbouring beech,
"Ere you remark another's sin,
Bid thy own conscience look within,
Control thy more voracious bill,
Nor for a breakfast nations kill."

(From the *Fables*.)

SONG

Youth's the season made for joys,
Love is then our duty,
She alone who that employs
Well deserves her beauty.
Let's be gay
While we may,
Beauty's a flower despised in decay.

Let us drink and sport to-day
Ours is not to-morrow;
Love with youth flies swift away,
Age is nought but sorrow.

Dance and sing,
Time's on the wing,
Life never knows the return of spring.

SONG

Thy heart was so free,
It roved like the bee,
  Till Polly my passion requited;
I sipped each flower,
I changed every hour,
  But here every flower is united.

(From *The Beggars' Opera.*)

TO MR. POPE, ON HIS HAVING FINISHED HIS TRANSLATION OF HOMER'S *ILIAD*: A WELCOME FROM GREECE

Long hast thou, friend! been absent from my soil,
  Like patient Ithacus at siege of Troy;
I have been witness of thy six years' toil,
  Thy daily labours and thy night's annoy.
Lost to thy native land, with great turmoil,
  On the wide sea, oft threatening to destroy,
Methinks with thee I've trod Ligæan ground,
And heard the shores of Hellespont resound.

Did I not see thee when thou first sett'st sail
  To seek adventures fair in Homer's land?
Did I not see thy sinking spirits fail,
  And wish thy bark had never left the strand?
Even in mid ocean often didst thou quail,
  And oft lift up thy holy eye and hand,
Praying the Virgin dear, and saintly choir,
Back to the port to bring thy bark entire.

Cheer up, my friend, thy dangers now are o'er
  Methinks, nay, sure, the rising coasts appear.
Hark, how the guns salute from either shore,
  As thy trim vessel cuts the Thames so fair :
Shouts answering shouts from Kent and Essex roar,
  And bells break loud through every gust of air :
Bonfires do blaze, and bones and cleavers ring,
As at the coming of some mighty king.

. . . . .

Oh, what a concourse swarms on yonder quay!
  The sky re-echoes with new shouts of joy :
By all this show, I ween, 'tis Lord Mayor's day ;
  I hear the voice of trumpet and hautboy.—
No, now I see them near.—Oh, these are they
  Who come in crowds to welcome thee from Troy.
Hail to the bard whom long as lost we mourned ;
From siege, from battle, and from storm returned.

. . . . .

How loved, how honoured thou ! yet be not vain :
  And sure thou art not, for I hear thee say,
" All this, my friends, I owe to Homer's strain,
  On whose strong pinions I exalt my lay.
What from contending cities did he gain ?
  And what rewards his grateful country pay ?
None, none were paid—why then all this for me ?
These honours, Homer, had been just to thee."

Joseph Addison

1672–1719.

(*See also* p. 771.)

THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM

But O, my Muse, what numbers wilt thou find
To sing the furious troops in battle joined !
Methinks I hear the drums tumultuous sound,
The victors' shout and dying groans confound,

The dreadful burst of cannon rend the skies,
And all the thunder of the battle rise.
'Twas then great Marlborough's mighty soul was proved,
That, in the shock of charging hosts unmoved,
Amidst confusion, horror and despair,
Examined all the dreadful scenes of war:
In peaceful thought the field of death surveyed.
To fainting squadrons sent the timely aid,
Inspired repulsed battalions to engage,
And taught the doubtful battle where to rage.
So when an angel of divine command
With rising tempests shakes a guilty land
Such as of late o'er pale Britannia past,
Calm and serene he drives the furious blast;
And pleased the Almighty's orders to perform
Rides in the whirlwind and directs the storm.

(From *The Campaign.*)

Thomas Tickell

1686-1740.

TO THE EARL OF WARWICK ON THE DEATH OF MR. ADDISON

If, dumb too long, the drooping Muse hath stayed,
And left her debt to Addison unpaid,
Blame not her silence, Warwick, but bemoan,
And judge, oh judge, my bosom by your own.
What mourner ever felt poetic fires?
Slow comes the verse that real woe inspires:
Grief unaffected suits but ill with art,
Or flowing numbers with a bleeding heart.
Can I forget the dismal night that gave
My soul's best part for ever to the grave!

How silent did his old companions tread,
By midnight lamps, the mansions of the dead,
Thro' breathing statues, then unheeded things,
Thro' rows of warriors and thro' walks of kings!
What awe did the slow solemn knell inspire;
The pealing organ and the passing choir;
The duties by the lawn-robed prelate payed;
And the last words that dust to dust conveyed!
While speechless o'er thy closing grave we bend,
Accept these tears, thou dear departed friend,
O gone for ever, take this long adieu;
And sleep in peace next thy loved Montagu!
  To strew fresh laurels let the task be mine,
A frequent pilgrim, at thy sacred shrine,
Mine with true sighs thy absence to bemoan,
And grave with faithful epitaphs thy stone.
If e'er from me thy loved memorial part,
May shame afflict this alienated heart;
Of thee forgetful if I form a song,
My lyre be broken, and untuned my tongue,
My griefs be doubled, from thy image free,
And mirth a torment, unchastised by thee.
  Oft let me range the gloomy aisles alone
(Sad luxury! to vulgar minds unknown)
Along the walls where speaking marbles show
What worthies form the hallow'd mould below:
Proud names, who once the reins of empire held;
In arms who triumphed, or in arts excelled;
Chiefs graced with scars, and prodigal of blood;
Stern patriots, who for sacred freedom stood;
Just men, by whom impartial laws were given;
And saints who taught, and led, the way to heaven.
Ne'er to these chambers, where the mighty rest,
Since their foundation, came a nobler guest,
Nor e'er was to the bowers of bliss conveyed
A fairer spirit, or more welcome shade.

In what new region, to the just assigned
What new employments please th' unbodied mind ?
A winged Virtue, through th' ethereal sky,
From world to world unwearied does he fly ?
Or curious trace the long laborious maze
Of heaven's decrees, where wondering angels gaze ?
Does he delight to hear bold seraphs tell
How Michael battled, and the Dragon fell ?
Or, mixed with milder Cherubim, to glow
In hymns of love, not ill essayed below ?
Or dost thou warn poor mortals left behind,
A task well suited to thy gentle mind ?
Or if sometimes thy spotless form descend,
To me thy aid, thou guardian Genius, lend !
When rage misguides me, or when fear alarms,
When pain distresses, or when pleasure charms,
In silent whisperings purer thoughts impart,
And turn from ill a frail and feeble heart ;
Lead through the paths thy virtue trod before,
Till bliss shall join, nor death can part us more.

That awful form (which, so ye heavens decree,
Must still be loved and still deplored by me)
In nightly visions seldom fails to rise,
Or, roused by fancy, meets my waking eyes.
If business calls, or crowded courts invite,
Th' unblemished statesman seems to strike my sight ;
If in the stage I seek to sooth my care,
I meet his soul, which breathes in Cato there ;
If pensive to the rural shades I rove
His shade o'ertakes me in the lonely grove :
'Twas there of Just and Good he reasoned strong,
Cleared some great truth, or raised some serious song ;
There patient showed us the wise course to steer,
A candid censor, and a friend severe ;
There taught us how to live ; and (oh ! too high
The price for knowledge) taught us how to die.

Jonathan Swift

1667–1745.

PANEGYRIC AND SATIRE

But though the matter for panegyric were as fruitful as the topics of satire, yet would it not be hard to find out a sufficient reason why the latter will be always better received than the first. For, this being bestowed only upon one, or a few persons at a time, is sure to raise envy, and consequently ill words from the rest, who have no share in the blessing; but satire, being levelled at all, is never resented for an offence by any, since every individual person makes bold to understand it of others, and very wisely removes his particular part of the burden upon the shoulders of the world, which are broad enough, and able to bear it. To this purpose, I have sometimes reflected upon the difference between Athens and England, with respect to the point before us. In the Attic commonwealth, it was the privilege and birthright of every citizen and poet to rail aloud, and in public, or to expose upon the stage, by name, any person they pleased, though of the greatest figure, whether a Creon, an Hyperbolus, an Alcibiades, or a Demosthenes: but, on the other side, the least reflecting word let fall against the people in general, was immediately caught up, and revenged upon the authors, however considerable for their quality or their merits. Whereas in England it is just the reverse of all this. Here, you may securely display your utmost rhetoric against mankind, in the face of the world; tell them, "That all are gone astray; that there is none that doth good, no, not one; that we live in the very dregs of time; that knavery and atheism are epidemic as the pox; that honesty is fled with Astræa"; with any other common-places, equally new and eloquent, which are furnished by the *splendida bilis*. And when you have done, the whole audience, far from being offended, shall return you thanks, as a deliverer of precious and useful truths. Nay, farther; it is but to venture your lungs, and you may preach in Covent Garden against foppery, and fornication, and something else: against

pride and dissimulation, and bribery, at White-Hall: you may expose rapine and injustice in the Inns of Court Chapel: and in a city pulpit, be as fierce as you please against avarice, hypocrisy, and extortion. 'Tis but a ball bandied to and fro, and every man carries a racket about him, to strike it from himself, among the rest of the company. But, on the other side, whoever should mistake the nature of things so far, as to drop but a single hint in public, how such a one starved half the fleet, and half poisoned the rest: how such a one, from a true principle of love and honour, pays no debts but for wenches and play, how such a one has got a clap, and runs out of his estate: how Paris, bribed by Juno and Venus, loth to offend either party, slept out the whole cause on the bench: or, how such an orator makes long speeches in the senate, with much thought, little sense, and to no purpose; whoever, I say, should venture to be thus particular, must expect to be imprisoned for *scandalum magnatum;* to have challenges sent him; to be sued for defamation; and to be brought before the bar of the house.

But I forget that I am expatiating on a subject wherein I have no concern, having neither a talent nor an inclination for satire. On the other side, I am so entirely satisfied with the whole present procedure of human things, that I have been some years preparing materials towards A Panegyric upon the World; to which I intended to add a second part, entitled A Modest Defence of the Proceedings of the Rabble in all Ages.

(From *A Tale of a Tub: the Author's Preface.*)

THE OMISSIONS OF HOMER

When I consider how exceedingly our illustrious moderns have eclipsed the weak glimmering lights of the ancients, and turned them out of the road of all fashionable commerce to a degree that our choice town wits, of most refined accomplishments are in grave dispute, whether there have been ever any ancients or not: in which point, we are likely to receive wonderful satisfaction from the most useful labours and lucubrations of that worthy modern Dr. Bentley: I say, when I consider all this, I

cannot but bewail, that no famous modern has ever yet attempted a universal system, in a small portable volume, of all things that are to be known, or believed, or imagined or practised in life. I am, however, forced to acknowledge, that such an enterprize was thought on some time ago by a great philosopher of O Brazile.[1] The method he proposed was, by a certain curious receipt, a nostrum, which after his untimely death, I found among his papers. . . .

I must needs own, it was by the assistance of this arcanum, that I, though otherwise *impar*, have adventured upon so daring an attempt, never achieved or undertaken before, but by a certain author called Homer; in whom, though otherwise a person not without some abilities, and, for an ancient, of a tolerable genius, I have discovered many gross errors, which are not to be forgiven his very ashes, if, by chance, any of them are left. For whereas we are assured he designed his work for a complete body of all knowledge, human, divine, political and mechanic, it is manifest that he has wholly neglected some, and been very imperfect in the rest. For, first of all, as eminent a cabalist as his disciples would represent him, his account of the *opus magnum* is extremely poor and deficient; he seems to have read but very superficially either Sendivogus, Behmen, or Anthroposophia Theomagica. He is also quite mistaken about the *sphæra pyroplastica*, a neglect not to be atoned for; and, if the reader will admit so severe a censure, *vix crederem autorem hunc unquam audivisse ignis vocem.* His failings are not less prominent in several parts of the mechanics. For, having read his writings with the utmost application, usual among modern wits, I could never yet discover the least direction about the structure of that useful instrument, a save-all. For want of which, if the moderns had not lent their assistance, we might yet have wandered in the dark. But I have still behind a fault far more notorious to tax the author with; I mean, his gross ignorance

[1] There was a belief that the inhabitants of the Isle of Arran could at certain times, distinguish an enchanted island, called by them O Brazil. (Note by Sir W. Scott.)

in the common laws of this realm, and in the doctrine as well as discipline of the Church of England. A defect indeed, for which both he, and all the ancients, stand most justly censured, by my worthy and ingenious friend, Mr. Wotton, Bachelor of Divinity, in his incomparable Treatise of Ancient and Modern Learning: a book never to be sufficiently valued, whether we consider the happy turns and flowings of the author's wit, the great usefulness of his sublime discoveries upon the subject of flies and spittle, or the laborious eloquence of his style. And I cannot forbear doing that author the justice of my public acknowledgements, for the great helps and liftings I had out of his incomparable piece, while I was penning this treatise.

But, besides these omissions in Homer already mentioned, the curious reader will also observe several defects in that author's writings, for which he is not altogether so accountable. For whereas every branch of knowledge has received such wonderful acquirements since his age, especially within these last three years, or thereabouts, it is almost impossible he could be so very perfect in modern discoveries as his advocates pretend. We freely acknowledge him to be the inventor of the compass, of gunpowder, and the circulation of the blood: but I challenge any of his admirers to shew me, in all his writings, a complete account of the spleen; does he not leave us wholly to seek in the art of political wagering? What can be more defective and unsatisfactory than his long dissertation upon tea? And as to his method of salivation without mercury, so much celebrated of late, it is, to my own knowledge and experience, a thing very little to be relied on.

It was to supply such momentous defects, that I have been prevailed on, after long solicitation, to take pen in hand; and I dare venture to promise, the judicious reader shall find nothing neglected here that can be of use upon any emergency of life. I am confident to have included and exhausted all that human imagination can rise or fall to. Particularly I recommend to the perusal of the learned, certain discoveries, that are wholly untouched by others; whereof I shall only mention, among a

great many more, my new help for smatterers, or the art of being deep-learned and shallow-read. A curious invention about mouse-traps. A universal rule of reason, or every man his own carver; together with a most useful engine for catching of owls. All which, the judicious reader will find largely treated on in the several parts of this discourse.

(From *A Tale of a Tub.*)

ÆSOP ON THE ANCIENTS AND THE MODERNS

This dispute (*between the bee and the spider*) was managed with such eagerness, clamour, and warmth, that the two parties of books, in arms below, stood silent awhile, waiting in suspense what would be the issue; which was not long undetermined: for the bee, grown impatient at so much loss of time, fled straight away to a bed of roses, without looking for a reply, and left the spider, like an orator, collected in himself, and just prepared to burst out.

It happened upon this emergency that Æsop broke silence first. He had been of late most barbarously treated by a strange effect of the regent's humanity, who had torn off his title-page, sorely defaced one half of his leaves, and chained them fast among a shelf of moderns. Where, discovering how high the quarrel was likely to proceed, he tried all his arts, and turned himself to a thousand forms. At length, in the borrowed shape of an ass, the regent mistook him for a modern; by which means he had time and opportunity to escape to the ancients, just when the spider and the bee were entering into their contest; to which he gave his attention with a world of pleasure; and when it was ended, swore in the loudest key, that in all his life he had never known two cases so parallel and adapt to each other, as that in the window, and this upon the shelves. The disputants, said he, have admirably managed the dispute between them, have taken in the full strength of all that is to be said on both sides, and exhausted the substance of every argument *pro* and *con*. It is but to adjust the reasonings of both to the present quarrel, then

to compare and apply the labours and fruits of each, as the bee has learnedly deduced them, and we shall find the conclusion fall plain and close upon the moderns and us. For, pray, gentlemen, was ever anything so modern as the spider in his air, his turns, and his paradoxes? He argues in the behalf of you his brethren, and himself, with many boastings of his native stock and great genius; that he spins and spits wholly from himself, and scorns to own any obligation or assistance from without. Then he displays to you his great skill in architecture, and improvement in the mathematics. To all this the bee, as an advocate, retained by us the ancients, thinks to fit answer; that, if one may judge of the great genius or inventions of the moderns by what they have produced, you will hardly have countenance to bear you out, in boasting of either. Erect your schemes with as much method and skill as you please; yet if the materials be nothing but dirt spun out of your own entrails (the guts of modern brains) the edifice will conclude at last in a cobweb; the duration of which, like that of other spiders' webs, may be imputed to their being forgotten or neglected, or hid in a corner. For anything else of genuine that the moderns may pretend to, I cannot recollect; unless it be a large vein of wrangling and satire, much of a nature and substance with the spider's poison; which, however they pretend to spit wholly out of themselves, is improved by the same arts, by feeding upon the insects and vermin of the age. As for us the ancients, we are content, with the bee, to pretend to nothing of our own, beyond our wings and our voice: that is to say, our flights and our language. For the rest, whatever we have got, has been by infinite labour and search, and ranging through every corner of nature; the difference is, that, instead of dirt and poison, we have rather chosen to fill our hives with honey and wax; thus furnishing mankind with the two noblest of things, which are sweetness and light.

(From *The Battle of the Books.*)

GULLIVER'S FIRST MEETING WITH THE LILLIPUTIANS

I lay down on the grass which was very short and soft, where I slept sounder than ever I remember to have done in my life, and, as I reckoned, about nine hours, for when I awaked it was just daylight. I attempted to rise, but was not able to stir; for, as I happened to lie on my back, I found my arms and legs were strongly fastened on each side to the ground, and my hair, which was long and thick, tied down in the same manner. I likewise felt several slender ligatures across my body, from my arm-pits to my thighs. I could only look upwards; the sun began to grow hot, and the light offended my eyes. I heard a confused noise about me, but, in the posture I lay, could see nothing except the sky. In a little time I felt something alive moving on my left leg, which, advancing gently forward over my breast, came almost up to my chin, when, bending my eyes downward as much as I could, I perceived it to be a human creature not six inches high, with a bow and arrow in his hands and a quiver at his back. In the meantime, I felt at least forty more of the same kind (as I conjectured) following the first. I was in the utmost astonishment and roared so loud, that they all ran back in a fright; and some of them, as I was afterwards told, were hurt with the falls they got by leaping from my sides upon the ground. However, they soon returned; and one of them, who ventured so far as to get a full sight of my face, lifting up his hands and eyes by way of admiration, cried out in a shrill but distinct voice, *Hekinah degul;* the others repeated the same words several times; but then I knew not what they meant. I lay all this while, as the reader may believe, in great uneasiness.

. . . . .

When I found myself on my feet, I looked about me, and must confess I never beheld a more entertaining prospect. The country around appeared like a continued garden, and the enclosed fields, which were generally forty feet square, resembled

so many beds of flowers. These fields were intermingled with woods of half a stang,[1] and the tallest trees, as I could judge, appeared to be seven feet high. I viewed the town on my left hand, which looked like the painted scene of a city in a theatre.

(From *Gulliver's Travels : A Voyage to Lilliput.*)

THE ROPE DANCERS OF LILLIPUT

The emperor had a mind one day to entertain me with several of the country shows, wherein they exceed all nations I have known, both for dexterity and magnificence. I was diverted with none so much as that of the rope-dancers, performed upon a slender white thread, extended about two feet and twelve inches from the ground. Upon which I shall desire liberty, with the reader's patience, to enlarge a little.

This diversion is only practised by those persons, who are candidates for great employments, and high favour at court. They are trained in this art from their youth, and are not always of noble birth, or liberal education. When a great office is vacant, either by death or disgrace, (which often happens,) five or six of these candidates petition the emperor to entertain his majesty and the court with a dance on the rope ; and whoever jumps the highest without falling, succeeds in the office. Very often the chief ministers themselves are commanded to show their skill, and to convince the emperor that they have not lost their faculty. Flimnap, the treasurer, is allowed to cut a caper on the straight rope, at least an inch higher than any other lord in the whole empire. I have seen him do the summerset several times together, upon a trencher fixed on a rope, which is no thicker than a common packthread in England. My friend Reldresal, principal secretary for private affairs, is, in my opinion, if I am not partial, the second after the treasurer ; the rest of the great officers are much upon a par.

The diversions are often attended with fatal accidents, whereof great numbers are on record. I myself have seen two or three candidates break a limb. But the danger is much greater, when

[1] A *stang* is a pole or perch ; 16½ feet.

the ministers themselves are commanded to show their dexterity; for, by contending to excel themselves and their fellows, they strain so far, that there is hardly one of them who has not received a fall, and some of them two or three. I was assured, that a year or two before my arrival, Flimnap would infallibly have broke his neck, if one of the king's cushions, that accidentally lay on the ground, had not weakened the force of his fall.

(From *The Same.*)

THE KING OF BROBDINGNAG ON WAR AND GOVERNMENT

Great allowance should be given to a king who lives wholly secluded from the rest of the world, and, must, therefore, be altogether unacquainted with the manners and customs that must prevail in other nations: the want of which knowledge will ever produce many prejudices, and a certain narrowness of thinking, from which we, and the politer countries of Europe, are wholly exempted. And it would be hard indeed, if so remote a prince's notions of virtue and vice were to be offered as a standard for all mankind.

To confirm what I have now said, and farther to show the miserable effects of a confined education, I shall here insert a passage which will hardly obtain belief. In hopes to ingratiate myself farther into his majesty's favour, I told him of "an invention, discovered between three and four hundred years ago, to make certain powder, into a heap of which, the smallest spark of fire falling, would kindle the whole in a moment, although it were as big as a mountain, and make it all fly up in the air together, with a noise and agitation greater than thunder. That a proper quantity of this powder, rammed into a hollow tube of brass or iron, according to its bigness, would drive a ball of iron or lead with such violence and speed, as nothing was able to sustain its force. That the largest balls, thus discharged, would not only destroy whole ranks of an army at once, but batter the strongest walls to the ground, sink down ships, with a thousand men in each, to the bottom of the sea; and when linked together

by a chain, would cut through mast and rigging, divide hundreds of bodies in the middle, and lay all waste before them. That we often put this powder into large hollow balls of iron, and discharging them by an engine into some city we were besieging which would rip up the pavement, tear the houses to pieces, burst and throw splinters on every side, dashing out the brains of all who came near. That I knew the ingredients very well, which were cheap and common; I understood the manner of compounding them, and could direct his workmen how to make those tubes, of a size proportionable to all other things in his majesty's kingdom, and the largest need not be above a hundred feet long; twenty or thirty of which tubes, charged with the proper quantity of powder and balls, would batter down the walls of the strongest town in his dominions in a few hours, or destroy the whole metropolis, if ever it should pretend to dispute his absolute commands. This I humbly offered to his majesty, as a small tribute of acknowledgment, in return of so many marks that I had received of his royal favour and protection."

The king was struck with horror at the description I had given of these terrible engines, and the proposal I had made. "He was amazed how so impotent and grovelling an insect as I (these were his expressions) could entertain such inhuman ideas, and in so familiar a manner, as to appear wholly unmoved at all the scenes of blood and desolation which I had painted as the common effects of those destructive machines; whereof," he said, "some evil genius, enemy to mankind, must have been the first contriver." As for himself, he protested, that although few things delighted him so much as new discoveries in art or in nature, yet he would rather lose half his kingdom than be privy to such a secret; which he commanded me, as I valued my life, never to mention any more.

A strange effect of narrow principles and views! that a prince, possessed of every quality which procures veneration, love, and esteem; of strong parts, great wisdom, and profound learning, endued with admirable talents, and almost adored by his subjects, should, from a nice, unnecessary scruple, whereof in Europe

we can have no conception, let slip an opportunity put into his hands, that would have made him absolute master of the lives, the liberties and the fortunes of his people! Neither do I say this with the least intention to detract from the many virtues of that excellent king, whose character, I am sensible, will, on this account, be very much lessened in the opinion of an English reader; but, I take this defect among them to have risen from their ignorance, by not having hitherto reduced politics into a science, as the more acute wits of Europe have done. For, I remember very well, in a discourse one day with the king, when I happened to say, "there were several thousand books among us written upon the art of government," it gave him (directly contrary to my intention) a very mean opinion of our understandings. He professed both to abominate and despise all mystery, refinement, and intrigue, either in a prince or a minister. He could not tell what I meant by secrets of state, where an enemy or some rival nation, were not in the case. He confined the knowledge of governing within very narrow bounds, to common sense and reason, to justice and lenity, to the speedy determination of civil and criminal causes; with some other obvious topics which are not worth considering. And he gave it for his opinion "That whoever could make two ears of corn, or two blades of grass, to grow upon a spot of ground where only one grew before, would deserve better of mankind, and do more essential service to his country, than the whole race of politicians put together."

(From *Gulliver's Travels: A Voyage to Brobdingnag.*)

THE LAPUTANS

At my alighting I was surrounded with a crowd of people, but those who stood nearest seemed to be of better quality. They beheld me with all the marks and circumstances of wonder, neither, indeed, was I much in their debt; having never till then seen a race of mortals so singular in their shapes, habits, and countenances. Their heads were all inclined, either to the right or to the left; one of their eyes turned inward, and the other directly up to the zenith. Their outward garments were

adorned with the figures of suns, moons and stars; interwoven with those of fiddles, flutes, harps, trumpets, guitars, harpsichords, and many other instruments of music, unknown to us in Europe. I observed, here and there, many in the habit of servants, with a blown bladder, fastened like a flail to the end of a stick, which they carried in their hands. In each bladder was a small quantity of dried pease, or little pebbles, as I was afterwards informed. With these bladders they now and then flapped the mouths and ears of those who stood near them, of which practice I could not then conceive the meaning. It seems the minds of these people are so taken up with intense speculations, that they neither can speak, nor attend to the discourses of others, without being roused by some external taction upon the organs of speech and hearing; for which reason those persons who are able to afford it, always keep a flapper, (the original is *climenole*,) in their family, as one of their domestics; nor ever walk abroad, or make visits without him. And the business of this officer is, when two, three or more persons are in company, gently to strike with his bladder the mouth of him who is to speak, and the right ear of him or them to whom the speaker addresses himself. This flapper is likewise employed diligently to attend his master in his walks, and upon occasion to give him a soft slap on his eyes; because he is always so wrapped up in cogitation, that he is in manifest danger of falling down every precipice, and bouncing his head against every post; and in the street, of justling others, or being justled himself into the kennel.

(From *Gulliver's Travels: A Voyage to Laputa.*)

WOOD'S HALFPENCE

Brethren, Friends, Countrymen, and fellow-subjects:—

What I intend now to say to you, is, next to your duty to God, and the care of your salvation, of the greatest concern to yourselves and your children; your bread and clothing, and every common necessary of life, entirely depend upon it. Therefore I do most earnestly exhort you as men, as Christians, as parents,

and as lovers of your country, to read this paper with the utmost attention, or get it read to you by others; which that you may do at the less expense, I have ordered the printer to sell it at the lowest rate.

It is a great fault among you, that when a person writes with no other intention than to do you good, you will not be at the pains to read his advices. One copy of this paper may serve a dozen of you, which will be less than a farthing apiece. It is your folly, that you have no common or general interest in your view, not even the wisest among you; neither do you know, or inquire, or care, who are your friends, or who are your enemies.

About four years ago a little book was written, to advise all people to wear the manufactures of this our own dear country. It had no other design, said nothing against the king or Parliament, or any person whatsoever; yet the poor printer was prosecuted two years with the utmost violence, and even some weavers themselves (for whose sake it was written) being upon the *jury*, found him guilty. This would be enough to discourage any man from endeavouring to do you good, when you will either neglect him, or fly in his face for his pains, and when he must expect only danger to himself, and to be fined and imprisoned, perhaps to his ruin.

However, I cannot but warn you once more of the manifest destruction before your eyes, if you do not behave yourselves as you ought.

I will therefore first tell you the plain story of the fact; and then I will lay before you how you ought to act in common prudence, according to the laws of your country. The fact is this:—It having been many years since COPPER HALF-PENCE OR FARTHINGS were last coined in this kingdom, they have been for some time very scarce, and many counterfeits passed about under the name of *raps*, several applications were made to England that we might have liberty to coin new ones, as in former times we did; but they did not succeed. At last, one Mr. Wood, a mean ordinary man, a hardware dealer, procured a patent under his majesty's broad seal to coin 108,000*l.* in copper for

this kingdom; which patent, however, did not oblige anyone here to take them, unless they pleased. Now you must know, that the halfpence and farthings in England pass for very little more than they are worth; and if you should beat them to pieces, and sell them to the brasier, you would not lose much above a penny in a shilling. But Mr. Wood made his halfpence of such base metal, and so much smaller than the English ones, that the brasier would not give you above a penny of good money for a shilling of his; so that this sum of 108,000*l.* in good gold and silver, must be given for trash, that will not be worth eight or nine thousand pounds real value. But this is not the worst; for Mr. Wood, when he pleases, may, by stealth, send over another 108,000*l.* and buy all our goods for eleven parts in twelve under the value. For example, if a hatter sells a dozen of hats for five shillings a-piece, which amounts to three pounds, and receives the payment in Wood's coin, he really receives only the value of five shillings.

(From *The Drapier's Letters: Letter I.*)

HOW TO TREAT WOOD'S HALF-PENCE

But it is needless to argue any longer. The matter is come to an issue. His Majesty, pursuant to the law, has left the field open between Wood and the kingdom of Ireland. Wood has liberty to offer his coin; and we have law, reason, liberty, and necessity to refuse it. A knavish jockey may ride an old foundered jade about the market, but none are obliged to buy it. I hope the words "voluntary," and "willing to receive it," will be understood and applied in their true natural meaning as commonly understood by Protestants. For if a fierce captain comes to my shop to buy six yards of scarlet cloth, followed by a porter laden with a sack of Wood's coin upon his shoulders; if we are agreed about the price, and my scarlet lies ready cut upon the compter; if he then gives me the word of command to receive my money in Wood's coin, and calls me "a disaffected, jacobite dog," for refusing it, (although I am as loyal a subject as himself, and without hire,) and thereupon seizes my cloth,

leaving me the price in this odious copper, and bids me take my remedy; in this case I shall hardly be brought to think that I am left to my own will. I shall therefore on such occasions first order the porter aforesaid to go off with his pack, and then see the money in silver and gold in my possession, before I cut or measure my cloth. But if a common soldier drinks his pot first, and then offers payment in Wood's halfpence, the landlady may be in some difficulty; for, if she complains to his captain or ensign, they are likewise officers included in this general order for encouraging these halfpence to pass as current money. If she goes to a justice of peace, he is also an officer to whom this general order is directed. I do therefore advise her to follow my practice, which I have already begun, and be paid for her goods before she parts with them.

(From the *Same: Letter III.*)

Daniel Defoe

1661?–1731.

UPON CREDIT

THE world being so full of politicians, and so many authors having of late turned statesmen, it behoves me to lay everything down exceeding plain as I go on. The subject is nice, the age abusive, the town full of observers and reviewers, who write to please and content the notions of men, who, directed by their interest and parties, differ even with themselves. Reason, it is true, is dictator in the society of mankind; from her there ought to be no appeal; but here we want a Pope in our philosophy, to be the infallible judge of what is or is not reason.

I am to speak of what all people are busy about, but not one in forty understand; every man has a concern in it, few know what it is, nor is it easy to define or describe it. If a man goes about to explain it by words, he rather struggles to lose himself in the wood than bring others out of it. It is best described by itself; 'tis like the wind that blows where it lists; we hear the

sound thereof, but hardly know whence it comes or whither it goes.

Like the soul in the body, it acts on all substance, yet is itself unmaterial; it gives motion, yet itself cannot be said to exist; it creates forms, yet has itself no form; it is neither quantity nor quality; it has no whereness, or whenness, site or habit. If I should say it is the essential shadow of something that is not, should I not puzzle the thing rather than explain it, and leave you and myself more in the dark than we were before?

. . . . .

And this is the great thing called CREDIT. Credit is a consequence, not a cause; the effect of a substance, not a substance; 'tis the sunshine, not the sun; the quickening something, call it what you will, that gives life to trade, gives being to the branches, and moisture to the root; 'tis the oil of the wheel, the marrow in the bones, the blood in the veins, and the spirits in the breast, of all the negoce, trade, cash and commerce in the world.

It is produced and grows insensibly from fair and upright dealing, punctual compliance, honourable performance of contracts and covenants; in short, 'tis the offspring of universal probity.

'Tis apparent, even by its nature, 'tis no way dependent upon persons, parliaments, or any particular men or set of men, as such, in the world, but upon their conduct and just behaviour. Credit never was chained to men's names, but to their actions; not to families, clans or collections of men; no, not to nations; 'tis the honour, the justice, the fair dealing, and the equal conduct of men, bodies of men, nations and people, that raise the thing called *credit* among them: wheresoever this is found, credit will live and thrive, grow and increase; where this is wanting, let all the power of man and wit join together, they can neither give her being, or preserve her life.

. . . . .

Upon this foundation I build what I am in hand with, and bring it down to the present case. I know no persons or parties in my argument: this Lord Treasurer or another Lord Treasurer,

or no Lord Treasurer, it is the same thing to me; a bank or no bank, 'tis all one; I'll sell none of my tallies or annuities, I'll discount no exchequer bills. Dissolve the parliament or not dissolve the parliament, 'tis all one to me; I neither fear, desire, or am anxious about either; nor can I see so much cause for an alarm among our people that have money as if credit was pinned to the girdle of a man, or waited at the door of the House of Commons: the thing is a mistake, credit attends the honourable management of your treasurers, your exchequers, and your parliaments whether past, present, or to come.

(From *An Essay upon Public Credit.*)

ROBINSON CRUSOE AND THE WILD CAT

I was under some apprehensions, during my absence from the land, that at least my provisions might be devoured on shore; but, when I came back, I found no sign of any visitor, only there sat a creature like a wild cat upon one of the chests, which, when I came towards it, ran away a little distance, and then stood still. She sat very composed and unconcerned, and looked full in my face, as if she had a mind to be acquainted with me. I presented my gun at her, but as she did not understand it, she was perfectly unconcerned at it, nor did she offer to stir away; upon which I tossed her a piece of biscuit, though, by the way, I was not very free of it, for my store was not great; however, I spared her a bit, I say, and she went to it, smelled of it, and ate it, and looked, as pleased, for more; but I thanked her and could spare no more; so she marched off.

CRUSOE AND HIS MAN FRIDAY

I gave him bread and a bunch of raisins to eat, and a draught of water which I found he was indeed in great distress for by his running; and having refreshed him, I made signs for him to go lie down and sleep, pointing to a place where I had laid a great parcel of rice straw, and a blanket upon it, which I used

to sleep upon myself sometimes ; so the poor creature lay down and went to sleep.

He was a comely handsome fellow, perfectly well made, with straight long limbs, not too large, tall and well-shaped, and, as I reckon, about twenty-six years of age. He had a very good countenance, not a fierce and surly aspect, but seemed to have something very manly in his face, and yet he had all the sweetness and softness of an European in his countenance too, especially when he smiled. His hair was long and black, not curled like wool, his forehead very high and large, and a great vivacity and sparkling sharpness in his eyes. The colour of his skin was not quite black, but very tawny, and yet not of an ugly, yellow, nauseous tawny, as the Brazilians and Virginians, and other natives of America are, but of a bright kind of dun olive colour, that had in it something very agreeable though not very easy to describe. His face was round and plump, his nose small, not flat like the negroes, a very good mouth, thin lips, and his teeth fine, well set and white as ivory. After he had slumbered rather than slept, about half an hour, he waked again, and comes out of the cave to me, for I had been milking my goats, which I had in the enclosure just by. When he espied me he came running to me, laying himself down again upon the ground with all the possible signs of an humble, thankful disposition, making many antic gestures to show it. At last he lays his head flat upon the ground, close to my foot, and sets my other foot upon his head, as he had done before ; and after this made all the signs to me of subjection, servitude, and submission imaginable, to let me know how much he would serve me as long as he lived. I understood him in many things, and let him know I was very well pleased with him ; in a little while I began to speak to him and teach him to speak to me ; and first, I made him know his name should be Friday, which was the day I saved his life, and I called him so for the memory of the time ; I likewise taught him to say master, and then let him know that was to be my name ; I likewise taught him to say yes and no, and to know the meaning of them. I gave him some milk in an earthen pot, and let him see me

drink it before him, and sop my bread in it; and I gave him a cake of bread to do the like, which he quickly complied with and made signs that it was very good for him.

. . . . .

Never man had a more faithful, loving, sincere servant than Friday was to me; without passion, sullenness or designs; perfectly obliging and engaging; his very affections were tied to me, like those of a child to a father, and I daresay he would have sacrificed his life for the saving mine upon any occasion whatever. The many testimonies he gave me of this put it out of doubt, and soon convinced me that I needed to use no precautions as to my safety on this account. This frequently gave me occasion to observe, and that with wonder, that, however it had pleased God in His providence, and in the government of the works of His hands, to take from so great a part of the world of his creatures the best uses to which their faculties and the powers of their souls are adapted, yet that He has bestowed upon them the same powers, the same reason, the same affections, the same sentiments of kindness and obligation, the same passions and resentment of wrongs, the same sense of gratitude, sincerity, fidelity, and all the capacities of doing good and receiving good, that He has given to us, and that when He pleases to offer them occasions of exerting these, they are as ready, nay, more ready, to apply them to the right uses for which they were bestowed than we are.

(From *The Adventures of Robinson Crusoe.*)

Bishop Berkeley

1685–1753.

THE OPENING OF THE FIRST DIALOGUE BETWEEN HYLAS AND PHILONOUS

Phil. Good-morrow, Hylas: I did not expect to find you abroad so early.

Hylas. It is indeed something unusual; but my thoughts were so taken up with a subject I was discoursing of last night,

that finding I could not sleep, I resolved to rise and take a turn in the garden.

Phil. It happened well, to let you see what innocent and agreeable pleasures you lose every morning. Can there be a pleasanter time of the day, or a more delightful season of the year? That purple sky, those wild but sweet notes of birds, the fragrant bloom upon the trees and flowers, the gentle influence of the rising sun, these and a thousand nameless beauties of nature inspire the soul with secret transports; its faculties, too, being at this time fresh and lively, are fit for these meditations, which the solitude of a garden and tranquillity of the morning naturally dispose us to. But I am afraid I interrupt your thoughts: for you seemed very intent on something.

Hylas. It is true I was, and shall be obliged to you if you will permit me to go on in the same vein; not that I would by any means deprive myself of your company, for my thoughts always flow more easily in conversation with a friend, than when I am alone: but my request is that you would suffer me to impart my reflections to you.

Phil. With all my heart; it is what I should have requested myself if you had not prevented me.

Hylas. I was considering the odd fate of those men who have in all ages, through an affectation of being distinguished from the vulgar, or some unaccountable turn of thought, pretended either to believe nothing at all, or to believe the most extravagant things in the world. This, however, might be borne, if their paradoxes and scepticism did not draw after them some consequences of general disadvantage to mankind. But the mischief lieth here; that when men of less leisure see them who are supposed to have spent their whole time in the pursuits of knowledge professing an entire ignorance of all things, or advancing such notions as are repugnant to plain and commonly received principles, they will be tempted to entertain suspicions concerning the most important truths which they had hitherto held sacred and unquestionable.

Phil. I entirely agree with you, as to the ill-tendency of the

affected doubts of some philosophers, and fantastical conceits of others. I am even so far gone of late in this way of thinking, that I have quitted several of the sublime notions I had got in their schools for vulgar opinions. And I give it you on my word, since this revolt from metaphysical notions to the plain dictates of nature and common sense,[1] I find my understanding strangely enlightened, so that I can now easily comprehend a great many things which before were all mystery and riddle.

. . . . .

Hylas. I agree with you. *Material substance* was no more than an hypothesis, and a false and groundless one too. I will no longer spend my breath in defence of it. But, whatever hypothesis you advance, or whatever scheme of things you introduce in its stead, I doubt not it will appear every whit as false: let me but be allowed to question you upon it. That is, suffer me to serve you in your own kind, and I warrant it shall conduct you through as many perplexities and contradictions, to the very same state of scepticism that I myself am in at present.

Phil. I assure you, Hylas, I do not pretend to frame any hypothesis at all. I am of a vulgar cast, simple enough to believe my senses, and leave things as I find them. To be plain, it is my opinion that the real things are those very things I see and feel, and perceive by my senses. These I know, and, finding they answer all the necessities and purposes of life, have no reason to be solicitous about any other unknown beings. A piece of sensible bread, for instance, would stay my stomach better than ten thousand times as much of that insensible, unintelligible, real bread you speak of. It is likewise my opinion that colours and other sensible qualities are on the objects. I cannot for my life help thinking that snow is white and fire is hot. You indeed, who by *snow* and *fire* mean certain external, unperceived, unperceiving substances, are in the right to deny whiteness or heat to be affections inherent in them. But I,

[1] Berkeley's philosophy is professedly a revolt from abstract notions of Matter, Substance, Cause, Space, Time, to a Reflective Common Sense.

who understand by those words the things I see and feel, am obliged to think like other folks. And as I am no sceptic with regard to the nature of things, so neither am I as to their existence. That a thing should be really perceived by my senses, and at the same time not really exist, is to me a plain contradiction; since I cannot prescind or abstract, even in thought, the existence of a sensible thing from its being perceived. Wood, stones, fire, water, flesh, iron, and the like things, which I name and discourse of, are things that I know. And I should not have known them but that I perceived them by my senses; and things perceived by the senses are immediately perceived; and things immediately perceived are ideas; and ideas cannot exist without the mind; their existence therefore consists in being perceived; when, therefore, they are actually perceived there can be no doubt of their existence. Away, then, with all that scepticism, all those ridiculous philosophical doubts. What a jest is it for a philosopher to question the existence of sensible things, till he hath it proved to him from the veracity of God; or to pretend our knowledge on this point falls short of intuition or demonstration! I might as well doubt of my own being, as of the being of those things I actually see and feel.

Hylas. Not so fast, Philonous: you say you cannot conceive how sensible things should exist without the mind. Do you not?

Phil. I do.

Hylas. Supposing you were annihilated, cannot you conceive it possible that things perceivable by senses may still exist?

Phil. I can; but then it must be in another mind. When I deny sensible things an existence out of the mind, I don't mean my mind in particular, but all minds. Now, it is plain they have an existence exterior to my mind; since I find them by experience to be independent of it. There is therefore some other mind wherein they exist, during the intervals between the times of my perceiving them: as likewise they did before my birth, and would do after my supposed annihilation. And,

as the same is true with regard to all other finite created spirits, it necessarily follows there is an *omnipresent eternal mind*, which knows and comprehends all things, and exhibits them to our view in such a manner, and according to such rules, as He Himself hath ordained, and are by us termed the *laws of nature.*

(From *Three Dialogues between Hylas and Philonous in opposition to Scepties and Atheists.*)

A LANDSCAPE

We amused ourselves next day every one to his fancy till nine of the clock, when word was brought that the tea-table was set in the library, which is a gallery on the ground floor with an arched door at one end opening into a walk of limes; where, as soon as we had drunk tea, we were tempted by fine weather to take a walk which led us to a small mount of easy ascent, on the top whereof we found a seat under a spreading tree. Here we had a prospect on one hand of a narrow bay or creek of the sea, enclosed on either side by a coast beautified with rocks and woods, and green banks and farmhouses. At the end of the bay was a small town placed upon the slope of a hill, which, from the advantage of its situation, made a considerable figure. Several fishing boats and lighters, gliding up and down on a surface as smooth and bright as glass, enlivened the prospect. On the other side, we looked down on green pastures, flocks and herds basking beneath in sunshine, while we, in our superior situation, enjoyed the freshness of air and shade.

(From the *Fifth Dialogue of Alciphron, or the Minute Philosopher.*)

ON THE ORIGIN OF VIRTUE

Lys. It is strange, Euphranor, that one who admits freedom of thought, as you do, should yet be such a slave to prejudice. You still talk of order and virtue, as of real things, as if our philosophers had never demonstrated that they have no foundation in nature, and are only the effects of education.

I know, said Crito, minute philosophers[1] are accustomed to demonstrate this point. They consider the animal nature of man, or man so far forth as he is animal; and it must be owned that, considered in that light, he hath no sense of duty, no notion of virtue. He, therefore, who should look for virtue among mere animals, or human kind as such, would look in the wrong place. But that philosopher who is attentive only to the animal part of his being, and raiseth his theories from the very dregs of our species, might probably, upon second thoughts, find himself mistaken.

Look you, Crito, said Lysicles, my argument is with Euphranor; to whom addressing his discourse:—I observe, said he, that you stand much upon the dignity of human nature. This thing of dignity is an old worn-out notion, which depends on other notions, old and stale, and worn out, such as an immaterial spirit, and a ray derived from the Divinity. But in these days men of sense make a jest of all this grandeur and dignity; and many there are would gladly exchange their share of it for the repose and freedom and sensuality of a brute. But comparisons are odious; waiving therefore all inquiry concerning the respective excellencies of man and beast, and whether it is beneath a man to follow or imitate brute animals, in judging of the chief good, and conduct of life and manners, I shall be content to appeal to the authority of men themselves for the truth of my notions. Do but look abroad into the world, and ask the common run of men, whether pleasure of sense be not the only true, solid, substantial good of their kind?

Euph. But might not the same vulgar sort of men prefer a piece of sign-post painting to one of Raphael's, or a Grub Street ballad to an ode of Horace? Is there not a real difference between good and bad writing?

Lys. There is.

Euph. And yet you will allow there must be a maturity and improvement of understanding to discern this difference, which does not make itself therefore less real?

[1] i.e. The sect of so-called "Deists" or "Freethinkers."

Lys. I will.

Euph. In the same manner, what should hinder but there may be in nature a true difference between vice and virtue, although it require some degree of reflection and judgment to observe it? In order to know whether a thing be agreeable to the rational nature of man, it seems one should rather observe and consult those who have most employed or improved their reason.

Lys. Well, I shall not insist on consulting the common herd of mankind. From the ignorant and gross vulgar, I might myself appeal in many cases to men of rank and fashion.

Euph. They are the sort of men I have not the honour to know much of by my own observation. But I remember a remark of Aristotle, who was himself a courtier, and knew them well. "Virtue," saith he, "and good sense are not the property of high birth or a great estate. Nor if they who possess these advantages, wanting a taste for rational pleasure, betake themselves to those of sense, ought we therefore to esteem them eligible, any more than we should the toys and pastimes of children, because they seem so to them?" And indeed we may be allowed to question whether the truest estimate of things was to be expected from a mind intoxicated with luxury, and dazzled with the splendour of high living.

(From *The Same—Second Dialogue.*)

THE EFFICACY OF TAR-WATER IN PLACE OF STRONG LIQUORS

This safe and cheap medicine suits all circumstances and all constitutions, operating easily, curing without disturbing, raising the spirits without depressing them, a circumstance that deserves repeated attention, especially in these climates, where strong liquors so fatally and so frequently produce those very distresses they are designed to remedy; and, if I am not misinformed, even among the ladies themselves, who are truly much to be pitied. Their condition of life makes them a prey to

imaginary woes, which never fail to grow up in minds unexercised and unemployed. To get rid of these, it is said, there are who betake themselves to distilled spirits. And it is not improbable they are led gradually to the use of those poisons by a certain complaisant pharmacy, too much used in the modern practice, palsy drops, poppy cordial, plague water, and such like, which being in truth nothing but drams disguised, yet, coming from the apothecaries, are considered only as medicines.

The soul of man was supposed by many ancient sages to be thrust into the human body as into a prison for punishment of past offences. But the worst prison is the body of an indolent epicure, whose blood is inflamed by fermented liquors and high sauces, or rendered putrid, sharp and corrosive, by a stagnation of the animal juices through sloth and indolence; whose membranes are irritated by pungent salts; whose mind is agitated by painful oscillations of the nervous system, and whose nerves are mutually affected by the irregular passions of his mind. This ferment in the animal economy darkens and confounds the intellect. It produceth vain terrors and vain conceits, and stimulates the soul with mad desires, which, not being natural, nothing in nature can satisfy. No wonder therefore there are so many fine persons of both sexes, shining themselves, and shone on by fortune, who are inwardly miserable and sick of life.

The hardness of stubbed vulgar constitutions renders them insensible of a thousand things that fret and gall those delicate people, who, as if their skin was peeled off, feel to the quick everything that touches them. The remedy for this exquisite and painful sensibility is commonly sought from fermented, perhaps from distilled liquors, which render many lives wretched that would otherwise have been only ridiculous. The tender nerves and low spirits of such poor creatures would be much relieved by the use of tar-water, which might prolong and cheer their lives. I do therefore recommend to them the use of a cordial, not only safe and innocent, but giving health and spirits as surely as other cordials destroy them.

I do verily think there is not any other medicine whatsoever

so effectual to restore a crazy constitution, and cheer a dreary mind, or so likely to subvert that gloomy empire of the spleen which tyrannizeth over the better sort (as they are called) of these free nations; and maketh them, in spite of their liberty and property, more wretched slaves than even the subjects of absolute power, who breathe clear air in a sunny climate.

(From *Siris: A chain of philosophical reflexions and inquiries concerning the virtue of Tar-water, etc.*)

Lord Shaftesbury

1671–1712.

THE MUTUAL DEPENDENCY OF THINGS

Now in this which we call the universe, whatever the perfection may be of any particular systems, or whatever single parts may have proportion, unity, or form within themselves, yet if they are not united all in general, in one system, but are, in respect of one another, as the driven sands, or clouds, or breaking waves, then there being no coherence in the whole, there can be inferred no order, no proportion, and consequently no project or design. But if none of these parts are independent, but all apparently united, then is the whole a system complete, according to one simple, consistent and uniform design.

Here then is our main subject insisted on, that neither man nor any other animal, though ever so complete a system of parts as to all within, can be allowed in the same manner complete as to all without, but must be considered as having a further relation abroad to the system of his kind. So even this system of his kind to the animal system, this to the world (our earth), and this again to the bigger world and to our universe.

All things in this world are united. For as the branch is united with the tree, so is the tree as immediately with the earth, air and water which feed it. As much as the fertile mould is fitted to the tree, as much as the strong and upright trunk of the oak and elm is fitted to the twining branches of the vine or ivy; so much are the very leaves, the seeds and fruits of these

trees fitted to the various animals: these again to one another and to the elements where they live, and to which they are, as appendices, in a manner fitted and joined, as either by wings for the air, fins for the water, feet for the earth, and by other correspondent inward parts of a more curious frame and texture. Thus in contemplating all on earth, we must of necessity view all in one as holding to one common stock. Thus too in the system of the bigger world. See there the mutual dependency of things! The relation of one to another; of the sun to this inhabited earth, and of the earth and other planets to the sun! the order, union and coherence of the whole! and know, my ingenious friend, that by this survey you will be obliged to own the universal system and coherent scheme of things to be established on abundant proof, capable of convincing any fair and just contemplator of the works of Nature. For scarce would any one, till he had well surveyed this universal scene, believe a union thus evidently demonstrable, by such numerous and powerful instances of mutual correspondency and relation, from the minutest ranks and orders of beings to the remotest spheres.

(From *Characteristics: The Moralists.*)

THE FORMATION OF TASTE

One who aspires to the character of a man of breeding and politeness is careful to form his judgment of arts and sciences upon right models of perfection. If he travels to Rome he inquires which are the truest pieces of architecture, the best remains of statues, the best paintings of a Raphael or a Caracci. However antiquated, rough or dismal they may appear to him at first sight, he resolves to view them over and over, till he has brought himself to relish them, and finds their hidden graces and perfections. He takes particular care to turn his eye from everything which is gaudy, luscious and of a false taste. Nor is he less careful to turn his ear from every sort of music besides that which is of the best manner and truest harmony.

'Twere to be wished we had the same regard to a right taste

in life and manners. What mortal being, once convinced of a difference in inward character, and of a preference due to one kind above another, would not be concerned to make his own the best? If civility and humanity be a taste; if brutality, insolence, riot, be in the same manner a taste, who, if he could reflect, would not choose to form himself on the amiable and agreeable rather than on the odious and perverse model? Who would not endeavour to force Nature as well in this respect as in what relates to a taste or judgment in other arts and sciences? For in each place the force in Nature is used only for its redress.

(From *Characteristics: Advice to an Author.*)

Bishop Butler

1692–1752.

THE JUDGMENT OF INJURY

No one, I suppose, would choose to have an indignity put upon him, or to be injuriously treated. If then there be any probability of a misunderstanding in the case, either from our imagining we are injured when we are not, or representing the injury to ourselves as greater than it really is; one would hope an intimation of this sort might be kindly received, and that people would be glad to find the injury not so great as they imagined. Therefore, without knowing particulars, I take upon me to assure all persons who think they have received indignities or injurious treatment, that they may depend upon it, as in a measure certain, that the offence is not so great as they themselves imagine. We are in such a peculiar situation with respect to injuries done to ourselves, that we can scarce any more see them as they really are, than our eye can see itself. If we could place ourselves at a due distance, i.e. be really unprejudiced, we should frequently discern that to be in reality inadvertence and mistake in our enemy which we now fancy we see to be malice or scorn. From this proper point of view, we should likewise in all probability see something of these

latter in ourselves, and most certainly a great deal of the former. Thus the indignity or injury would almost infinitely lessen, and perhaps at last come out to be nothing at all. Self-love is a medium of a peculiar kind—in these cases it magnifies everything which is amiss in others, at the same time that it lessens everything amiss in ourselves.

Anger also or hatred may be considered as another false medium of viewing things, which always represents characters and actions much worse than they really are. Ill-will not only never speaks, but never thinks well of the person towards whom it is exercised. Thus, in cases of offence and enmity, the whole character and behaviour is considered with an eye to that particular part which has offended us, and the whole man appears monstrous, without anything right or human in him, whereas the resentment should surely at least be confined to that particular part of behaviour which gave offence, since the other parts of a man's life and character stand just the same as they did before.

In general, there are very few instances of enmity carried to any length, but that inadvertency, misunderstanding, some real mistake of the case, on one side however, if not on both, has a great share in it.

(From a Sermon *On Forgiveness of Injuries.*)

THE MORAL GOVERNMENT OF THE WORLD ARGUED FROM THE EFFECTS OF A SUPPOSED PERFECT SOCIETY

But let us return to the earth our habitation, and we shall see this happy tendency of virtue, by imagining an instance not so vast and remote; by supposing a kingdom or society of men upon it, perfectly virtuous, for a succession of many ages, to which, if you please may be given a situation advantageous for universal monarchy. In such a state there would be no such thing as faction; but men of the greatest capacity would, of course, all along have the chief direction of affairs willingly yielded to them, and they would share it among them-

selves without envy. Each of these would have the part assigned to him to which his genius was peculiarly adapted; and others, who had not any distinguished genius would be safe, and think themselves very happy by being under the protection and guidance of those who had. Public determinations would really be the result of the united wisdom of the community; and they would faithfully be executed by the united strength of it. Some would, in a higher way contribute, but all would in some way contribute, to the public prosperity; and in it each would enjoy the fruits of his own virtue. And as injustice, whether by fraud or force, would be unknown among themselves, so they would be sufficiently secured from it in their neighbours. For cunning and false self-interest, confederacies in injustice, ever slight, and accompanied with faction and intestine treachery; these on one hand would be found mere childish folly and weakness, when set in opposition against wisdom, public spirit, union inviolable, and fidelity on the other; allowing both a sufficient length of years to try their force. Add the general influence which such a kingdom would have over the face of the earth, by way of example particularly, and the reverence which would be paid it. It would plainly be superior to all others, and the world must gradually come under its empire; not by means of lawless violence, but partly by what must be allowed to be just conquest, and partly by other kingdoms submitting themselves voluntarily to it, throughout a course of ages, and claiming its protection, one after another, in successive exigences. The head of it would be an universal monarch, in another sense than any mortal has yet been; and the eastern style would be literally applicable to him, that *all people, nations and languages should serve him.* And though, indeed, our knowledge of human nature, and the whole history of mankind, show the impossibility, without some miraculous interposition, that a number of men, here on earth, should unite in one society or government in the fear of God and universal practice of virtue, and that such a government should continue so united for a succession of ages; yet admitting or supposing this, the effect would be as now

drawn out. And thus for instance the wonderful power and prosperity promised to the Jewish nation in the Scripture would be, in a great measure, the consequence of what is predicted of them, that the people should be all righteous, and inherit the land for ever; were we to understand the latter phrase of a long continuance only, sufficient to give things time to work. The predictions of this kind, for there are many of them, cannot come to pass in the present known course of Nature; but suppose them come to pass, and then the dominion and pre-eminence promised must naturally follow to a very considerable degree.

Consider now the general system of religion; that the government of the world is uniform, and one and moral; that virtue and right shall finally have the advantage, and prevail over fraud and lawless force, over the deceits as well as the violence of wickedness, under the conduct of one supreme governor, and from the observations above made, it will appear that God has, by our reason, given us to see a peculiar connexion in the several parts of this scheme, and a tendency towards the completion of it, arising out of the very nature of virtue; which tendency is to be considered as somewhat moral in the essential constitution of things. If any one should think all this to be of little importance, I desire him to consider what he would think, if vice had essentially and in its nature these advantageous tendencies, or if virtue had essentially the direct contrary ones.

(From *The Analogy of Religion to the Constitution and Course of Nature.*)

Bernard de Mandeville

1670–1733.

THE MORAL OF THE FABLE OF THE BEES

Then leave complaints; fools only strive
To make a great and honest hive.
To enjoy the world's conveniences,
Be famed in war, yet live in ease

Without great vices, is a vain
Eutopia seated in the brain.
Fraud, luxury and pride must live,
Whilst we the benefits receive.
Hunger's a dreadful plague, no doubt,
Yet who digests or thrives without ?
Do we not owe the growth of wine
To the dry shabby crooked vine ?
Which whilst its shoots neglected stood,
Choked other plants and ran to wood,
But blest us with its noble fruit,
As soon as it was tied and cut :
So vice is beneficial found,
When it's by justice lopt and bound ;
Nay, where their people would be great,
As necessary to the State
As hunger is to make them eat.
Bare virtue can't make Nations live
In splendour, they that would revive
A Golden Age must be as free,
For Acorns as for honesty.

(From the *Introduction to the Fable of the Bees.*)

CLASS EMULATION

Though everybody allows that as to apparel and manner of living we ought to behave ourselves suitable to our conditions and follow the examples of the most sensible and prudent among our equals in rank and fortune ; yet how few that are not either miserably covetous, or else proud of singularity have this discretion to boast of ? We all look above ourselves, and as fast as we can, strive to imitate those that some way or other are superior to us.

The poorest labourer's wife in the parish who scorns to wear a strong wholesome frieze, as she might, will half starve herself and her husband to purchase a second-hand gown and petticoat

that cannot do half the service, because, forsooth, it is more genteel. The weaver, the shoemaker, the taylor, the barber, and every mean working fellow that can set up with little, has the impudence with the first money he gets to dress himself like a tradesman of substance. The ordinary retailer in the clothing of his wife takes pattern from his neighbour that deals in the same commodity by wholesale, and the reason he gives for it is, that twelve years ago the other had not a bigger shop than himself. The druggist, mercer, draper and other creditable shopkeepers can find no difference between themselves and merchants, and therefore dress and live like them. The merchant's lady who cannot bear the assurance of those mechanics, flies for refuge to the other end of the town, and scorns to follow any fashion but what she takes from thence. This haughtiness alarms the court, the women of quality are frightened to see merchants' wives and daughters dressed like themselves; this impudence of the city, they cry, is intolerable; mantua makers are sent for, and the contrivance of fashions becomes all their study, that they may have always new modes ready to take up, as soon as those saucy cits shall begin to imitate those in being. The same emulation is continued through the several degrees of quality to an incredible expense, till at last the prince's great favourites and those of the first rank of all, having nothing else left to outstrip some of their inferiors, are forced to lay out vast estates in pompous equipages, magnificent furniture, sumptuous gardens and princely palaces. To this emulation and continual striving to outdo one another it is owing that so many various shiftings, and changings of modes, in trumping up new ones and renewing of old ones, there is still a *plus ultra* left for the ingenious; it is this, or at least the consequence of it, that sets the poor to work, adds spurs to industry, and encourages the skilful artificer to search after further improvements.

(From *The Fable of the Bees, or Private Vices Public Benefits.*)

Joseph Addison

1672–1719.

THE DANCING MASTER

From My Own Apartment.

I WAS this morning awakened by a sudden shake of the house; and as soon as I had got a little out of my consternation, I felt another, which was followed by two or three repetitions of the same convulsion. I got up as fast as possible, girt on my rapier, and snatched up my hat, when my landlady came up to me and told me, "that the gentlewoman of the next house begged me to step thither, for that a lodger she had taken in was run mad; and she desired my advice, as indeed everybody in the whole lane does upon important occasions. I am not like some artists, saucy because I can be beneficial, but went immediately. Our neighbour told us, "she had the day before let her second floor to a very genteel youngish man, who told her he kept extraordinary good hours, and was generally at home most part of the morning and evening at study; but that this morning he had for an hour together made this extravagant noise which we then heard." I went upstairs with my hand upon the hilt of my rapier, and approached this new lodger's door. I looked in at the keyhole, and there I saw a well-made man look with great attention on a book, and on a sudden jump into the air so high, that his head almost touched the ceiling. He came down safe on his right foot, and again flew up, alighting on his left; then looked again at his book, and, holding out his right leg, put it into such a quivering motion, that I thought he would have shaked it off. He used the left after the same manner, when on a sudden, to my great surprise, he stooped himself incredibly low, and turned gently on his toes. After this circular motion, he continued bent in that humble posture for some time, looking on his book. After this he recovered himself with a sudden spring, and flew round the room in all the violence and disorder imaginable, till he made a full pause for want of breath.

In this interim my woman asked what I thought? I whispered "that I thought this learned person an enthusiast, who possibly had his first education in the Peripatetic way, which was a sect of philosophers, who always studied when walking." But observing him much out of breath, I thought it the best time to master him if he were disordered, and knocked at his door, I was surprised to find him open it, and say with great civility and good mien, "that he hoped he had not disturbed us." I believed him in a lucid interval, and desired he would please to let me see his book. He did so, smiling. I could not make anything of it, and, therefore, asked "in what language it was writ?" He said, "it was one he studied with great application; but it was his profession to teach it, and could not communicate his knowledge without a consideration." I answered, "that I hoped he would hereafter keep his thoughts to himself, for his meditation this morning had cost me three coffee dishes and a clean pipe." He seemed concerned at that, and told me "he was a dancing master, and had been reading a dance or two before he went out, which had been written by one who taught at an academy in France." He observed me at a stand, and went on to inform me, "that now articulate motions, as well as sounds, were expressed by proper characters; and that there is nothing so common as to communicate a dance by a letter." I beseeched him hereafter to meditate in a ground room, for that otherwise it would be impossible for an artist of any other kind to live near him; and that I was sure several of his thoughts this morning would have shaken my spectacles off my nose, had I been myself at study. I then took my leave of this virtuoso, and returned to my chamber, meditating on the various occupations of rational creatures.

(From *The Tatler*.)

THE CRITIC

Pedantry indeed in learning is like hypocrisy in religion, a form of knowledge without the power of it, that attracts the eyes of the common people, breaks out in noise and show, and

finds its reward not from any inward pleasure that attends it, but from the praises and approbations which it receives from men.

Of this shallow species there is not a more unfortunate, empty, and conceited animal, than that which is generally known by the name of a critic.

This, in the common acceptation of the word, is one that, without entering into the sense and soul of an author, has a few general rules which, like mechanical instruments, he applies to the works of every writer, and, as they quadrate with them, pronounces the author perfect or defective. He is master of a certain set of words, as Unity, Style, Fire, Phlegm, Easy, Natural, Turn, Sentiment, and the like; which he varies, compounds, divides and throws together in every part of his discourse, without any thought or meaning. The marks you may know him by are, an elevated eye and dogmatical brow, a positive voice, and a contempt for everything that comes out, whether he has read it or not. He dwells altogether in generals. He praises or dispraises in the lump. He shakes his head very frequently at the pedantry of universities, and bursts into laughter when you mention an author that is not known at Will's. He hath formed his judgement upon Homer, Horace and Virgil, not from their own works, but from those of Rapin and Bossu. He knows his own strength so well, that he never dares praise anything in which he has not a French author for his voucher.

With these extraordinary talents and accomplishments, Sir Timothy Tittle puts men in vogue, or condemns them to obscurity, and sits as judge of life and death upon every author that appears in public. It is impossible to represent the pangs, agonies and convulsions, which Sir Timothy expresses in every feature of his face and muscle of his body, upon the reading of a bad poet.

About a week ago, I was engaged, at a friend's house of mine, in an agreeable conversation with his wife and daughters, when, in the height of our mirth, Sir Timothy, who makes love to my friend's eldest daughter, came in amongst us, puffing and

blowing, as if he had been very much out of breath. He immediately called for a chair, and desired leave to sit down without any further ceremony. I asked him where he had been? Whether he was out of order? He only replied, that he was quite spent, and fell a cursing in soliloquy. I could hear him cry, "A wicked rogue—An execrable wretch—Was there ever such a monster!" The young ladies upon this began to be affrighted, and asked whether any one had hurt him? He answered nothing, but still talked to himself. "To lay the first scene," says he, "in St. James's Park, and the last in Northamptonshire!" "Is that all?" says I. "Then I suppose you have been at the rehearsal of a play this morning?" "Been!" says he, "I have been at Northampton, in the Park, in a lady's bed-chamber, in a dining-room, everywhere: the rogue has led me such a dance——"

Though I could scarce forbear laughing at his discourse, I told him I was glad it was no worse, and that he was only metaphorically weary. "In short, Sir," says he, "the author has not observed a single unity in his whole play; the scene shifts in every dialogue; the villain has hurried me up and down at such a rate, that I am tired off my legs."

I could not but observe with some pleasure, that the young lady whom he made love to conceived a very just aversion towards him, upon seeing him so very passionate in trifles. And as she had that natural sense which makes her a better judge than a thousand critics, she began to rally him upon this foolish humour.

"For my part," says she, "I never knew a play take that was written up to your rules, as you call them." "How, Madam!" says he, "is that your opinion? I am sure you have a better taste."

"It is a pretty kind of magic," says she, "the poets have to transport an audience from place to place without the help of a coach and horses; I could travel round the world at such a rate. It is such an entertainment as an enchantress finds when she fancies herself in a wood, or upon a mountain, at a

feast, or a solemnity; though at the same time she has never stirred out of her cottage." "Your simile, Madam," says Sir Timothy, "is by no means just." "Pray," says she, "let my similes pass without a criticism. I must confess," continued she, for I found she was resolved to exasperate him, "I laughed very heartily at the last new comedy, which you found so much fault with." "But, Madam," says he, "you ought not to have laughed; and I defy any one to show me a single rule that you could laugh by." "Ought not to laugh!" says she; "pray who should hinder me?" "Madam," says he, "there are such people in the world as Rapin, Dacier, and several others, that ought to have spoiled your mirth." "I have heard," says the young lady, "that your great critics are always very bad poets: I fancy there is as much difference between the works of one and the other, as there is between the carriage of a dancing-master and a gentleman.

"I must confess," continued she, "I would not be troubled with so fine a judgement as yours is; for I find you feel more vexation in a bad comedy than I do in a deep tragedy." "Madam," says Sir Timothy, "that is not my fault; they should learn the art of writing." "For my part," says the young lady, "I should think the greatest art in your writers of comedies is to please." "To please!" says Sir Timothy, and immediately fell a laughing. "Truly," says she, "that is my opinion." Upon this he composed his countenance, looked upon his watch, and took his leave.

(From *The Tatler*.)

A CASE OF MISTAKEN IDENTITY

From My Own Apartment, August 30.

I chanced to rise very early one particular morning this summer, and took a walk into the country to divert myself among the fields and meadows, while the green was new, and the flowers in their bloom. As at this season of the year every lane is a beautiful walk, and every edge full of nosegays, I lost myself, with a great deal of pleasure, among several thickets

and bushes that were filled with a great variety of birds, and an agreeable confusion of notes, which formed the pleasantest scene in the world to one who had passed a whole winter in noise and smoke. The freshness of the dews that lay upon everything about me, with the cool breath of the morning, which inspired the birds with so many delightful instincts, created in me the same kind of animal pleasure, and made my heart overflow with such secret emotions of joy and satisfaction as are not to be described or accounted for. On this occasion I could not but reflect upon a beautiful simile in Milton :—

> As one who long in populous city pent,
> Where houses thick and sewers annoy the air,
> Forth issuing on a summer's morn, to breathe
> Among the pleasant villages and farms
> Adjoin'd, from each thing met conceives delight :
> The smell of grain, or tedded grass, or kine,
> Or dairy, each rural sight, each rural sound.

Those who are conversant in the writings of polite authors receive an additional entertainment from the country, as it revives in their memories those charming descriptions, with which such authors do frequently abound.

I was thinking of the foregoing beautiful simile in Milton, and applying it to myself, when I observed to the windward of me a black cloud falling to the earth in long trails of rain, which made me betake myself for shelter to a house I saw at a little distance from the place where I was walking.

As I sat in the porch, I heard the voices of two or three persons, who seemed very earnest in discourse. My curiosity was raised when I heard the names of Alexander the Great and Artaxerxes ; and as their talk seemed to run on ancient heroes, I concluded there could not be any secret in it ; for which reason I thought I might very fairly listen to what they said.

After several parallels between great men, which appeared to me altogether groundless and chimerical, I was surprised to hear one say, that he valued the Black Prince more than the Duke of Vendosme. How the Duke of Vendosme should become a rival of the Black Prince, I could not conceive ; and was

more startled when I heard a second affirm, with great vehemence, that if the Emperor of Germany was not going off, he should like him better than either of them. He added, that though the season was so changeable, the Duke of Marlborough was in blooming beauty. I was wondering to myself from whence they had received this odd intelligence: especially when I heard them mention the names of several other great generals, as the Prince of Hesse and the King of Sweden, who, they said, were both running away. To which they added, what I entirely agreed with them in, that the Crown of France was very weak, but that the Marshal Villars still kept his colours.

At last, one of them told the company, if they would go along with him, he would show them a chimney-sweeper and a painted lady in the same bed; which he was sure would very much please them.

The shower which had driven them as well as myself into the house, was now over; and as they were passing by me into the garden, I asked them to let me be one of their company.

The gentleman of the house told me, "if I delighted in flowers, it would be worth my while; for that he believed he could show me such a blow of tulips as was not to be matched in the whole country."

I accepted the offer, and immediately found that they had been talking in terms of gardening, and that the kings and generals they had mentioned were only so many tulips, to which the gardeners, according to their usual custom, had given such high titles and appellations of honour.

(From *The Tatler*.)

ON FRIENDSHIP AND WOMEN

From My Own Apartment. May 15.

When a man is in a serious mood, and ponders upon his own make, with a retrospect to the actions of his life and the many fatal miscarriages in it, which he owes to ungoverned passions, he is then apt to say to himself, that experience has guarded

him against such errors for the future: but nature often recurs in spite of his best resolutions; and it is to the very end of our days a struggle between our reason and our temper, which shall have the empire over us. However, this is very much to be helped by circumspection, and a constant alarm against the first onsets of passion. As this is, in general, a necessary care to make a man's life easy and agreeable to himself; so it is more particularly the duty of such as are engaged in friendship and more near commerce with others. Those who have their joys, have also their griefs in proportion; and none can extremely exalt or depress friends but friends. The harsh things which come from the rest of the world, are received and repulsed with that spirit, which every honest man bears for his own vindication; but unkindness, in words or actions, among friends, affects us at the first instance in the inmost recesses of our souls. Indifferent people, if I may so say, can wound us only in heterogeneous parts, maim us in our legs or arms; but the friend can make no pass but at the heart itself. On the other side, the most impotent assistance, the mere well-wishes of a friend, gives a man constancy and courage against the most prevailing force of his enemies. It is here only a man enjoys and suffers to the quick. For this reason, the most gentle behaviour is absolutely necessary to maintain friendship in any degree above the common level of acquaintance. . . .

I am sure I do not mean it an injury to women, when I say there is a sort of sex in souls. I am tender of offending them, and know it is hard not to do it on this subject; but I must go on to say, that the soul of a man and that of a woman are made very unlike, according to the employments for which they are designed. The ladies will please to observe, I say, our minds have different, not superior, qualities to theirs. The virtues have respectively a masculine and feminine cast. What we call in men wisdom, is in women prudence. It is a partiality to call one greater than the other. A prudent woman is in the same class of honour as a wise man, and the scandals in the way of both are equally dangerous. But to make this state any-

thing but a burden, and not hang a weight upon our very beings, it is proper each of the couple should frequently remember that there are many things which grow out of their very natures that are pardonable, nay becoming, when considered as such, but without that reflection must give the quickest pain and vexation. To manage well a great family, is as worthy an instance of capacity, as to execute a great employment: and for the generality, as women perform the considerable parts of their duties as well as men do theirs, so, in their common behaviour those of ordinary genius are not more trivial than the common rate of men; and, in my opinion, the playing of a fan is every whit as good an entertainment as the beating a snuff-box.

(From *The Tatler*.)

IN PRAISE OF THE PLAY-HOUSE

The town grows so very empty, that the greater number of my gay characters are fled out of my sight into the country. My beaux are now shepherds, and my belles wood nymphs. They are lolling over rivulets and covered with shades, while we who remain in town, hurry through the dust about impertinences, without knowing the happiness of leisure and retirement. To add to this calamity, even the actors are going to desert us for a season, and we shall not shortly have so much as a landscape or a frost scene to refresh ourselves, with in the midst of our fatigues. This may not, perhaps, be so sensible a loss to any other as to me; for I confess it is one of my greatest delights to sit unobserved and unknown in the gallery, and entertain myself either with what is personated on the stage, or observe what appearances present themselves in the audience. If there were no other good consequences in a play-house, than that so many persons of different ranks and conditions are placed there in their most pleasing aspects, that prospect only would be very far from being below the pleasures of a wise man. There is not one person you can see, in whom, if you look with an inclination to be pleased, you may not behold something worthy

or agreeable. Our thoughts are in our features; and the visage of those in whom love, rage, anger, jealousy, or envy, have their frequent mansions, carries the traces of those passions wherever the amorous, the choleric, the jealous, or the envious are pleased to make their appearance. However, the assembly at a play is usually made up of such as have a sense of some elegance in pleasure; by which means the audience is generally composed of those who have gentle affections, or at least of such as at that time are in the best humour you can ever find them. This has insensibly a good effect upon our spirits; and the musical airs which are played to us put the whole company into a participation of the same pleasure, and by consequence, for that time, equal in humour, in fortune, and in quality. Thus far we gain only by coming into an audience; but if we find, added to this, the beauties of proper action, the force of eloquence, and the gaiety of well-placed lights and scenes, it is being happy, and seeing others happy, for two hours; a duration of bliss not at all to be slighted by so short-lived a creature as man. Why then should not the duty of the player be had in much more esteem than it is at present? If the merit of a performance be to be valued according to the talents which are necessary to it, the qualifications of a player should raise him much above the arts and ways of life which we call mercenary or mechanic. When we look round a full house and behold so few that can, though they set themselves out to show as much as the persons on the stage do, come up to what they would appear even in dumb show; how much does the actor deserve our approbation, who adds to the advantage of looks and motions, the tone of voice, the dignity, the humility, the sorrow, and the triumph, suitable to the character he personates.

(From *The Tatler*.)

A VISIT WITH SIR ROGER TO THE COUNTY ASSIZES

A man's first care should be to avoid the reproaches of his own heart; his next, to escape the censures of the world. If the

last interferes with the former, it ought to be entirely neglected; but otherwise there cannot be a greater satisfaction to an honest mind, than to see those approbations which it gives itself seconded by the applauses of the public. A man is more sure of his conduct, when the verdict which he passes upon his own behaviour is thus warranted and confirmed by the opinion of all that know him.

My worthy friend Sir Roger is one of those who is not only at peace within himself, but beloved and esteemed by all about him. He receives a suitable tribute for his universal benevolence to mankind, in the returns of affection and good will which are paid him by every one that lives within his neighbourhood. I lately met with two or three odd instances of that genera respect which is shown to the good old knight. He would needs carry Will Wimble and myself with him to the county assizes. As we were upon the road, Will Wimble joined a couple of plain men, who rid before us, and conversed with them for some time; during which my friend Sir Roger acquainted me with their characters.

"The first of them," says he, "that has a spaniel by his side, is a yeoman of about a hundred pounds a year, an honest man. He is just within the Game Act, and qualified to kill a hare or a pheasant. He knocks down a dinner with his gun twice or thrice a week, and by that means lives much cheaper than those who have not so good an estate as himself. He would be a good neighbour if he did not destroy so many partridges. In short, he is a very sensible man; shoots flying; and has been several times foreman of the petty-jury.

"The other that rides along with him is Tom Touchy, a fellow famous for 'taking the law' of everybody. There is not one in the town where he lives that he has not sued at quarter sessions. The rogue had once the impudence to go to law with the widow. His head is full of costs, damages and ejectments. He plagued a couple of honest gentlemen so long for a trespass in breaking one of his hedges till he was forced to sell the ground it enclosed to defray the charges of the prosecution: his father left him

four-score pounds a year; but he has cast, and been cast so often, that he is not now worth thirty. I suppose he is going upon the old business of the willow-tree."

As Sir Roger was giving me this account of Tom Touchy, Will Wimble and his two companions stopped short till we came up to them. After having paid their respects to Sir Roger, Will told him that Mr. Touchy and he must appeal to him upon a dispute that arose between them. Will, it seems, had been giving his fellow-travellers an account of his angling one day in such a hole: when Tom Touchy, instead of hearing out his story, told him that Mr. Such a One, if he pleased, might "take the law of him" for fishing in that part of the river. My friend Sir Roger heard them both, upon a round trot; and after having paused some time told them with the air of a man who would not give his judgment rashly, that "much might be said on both sides." They were neither of them dissatisfied with the knight's determination, because neither of them found himself in the wrong by it. Upon which we made the best of our way to the assizes.

The Court was sat before Sir Roger came; but notwithstanding all the justices had taken their places upon the bench, they made room for the old knight at the head of them; who for his reputation in the county took occasion to whisper in the judge's ear, that he was glad his lordship had met with so much good weather in his circuit. I was listening to the proceedings of the Court with much attention, and infinitely pleased with that great appearance and solemnity which so properly accompanies such a public administration of our laws; when, after about an hour's sitting, I observed to my great surprise, in the midst of a trial, that my friend Sir Roger was getting up to speak. I was in some pain for him, till I found he had acquitted himself of two or three sentences, with a look of much business and great intrepidity.

Upon his first rising the Court was hushed, and a general whisper ran among the country people, that Sir Roger "was up." The speech he made was so little to the purpose, that I

shall not trouble my readers with an account of it; and I believe was not so much designed by the knight himself to inform the Court, as to give him a figure in my eye, and keep up his credit in the county.

I was highly delighted, when the Court rose, to see the gentlemen of the county gathering about my old friend, and striving who should compliment him most; at the same time that the ordinary people gazed upon him at a distance, not a little admiring his courage that was not afraid to speak to the judge.

(From *The Spectator.*)

Sir Richard Steele

1672–1729.

CHILDREN AND PARENTS

Mr. Spectator,—

I am the happy father of a very towardly son, in whom I do not only see my life, but my manner of life, renewed. It would be extremely beneficial to society, if you would frequently resume subjects which serve to bind these sort of relations faster, and endear the ties of blood with those of goodwill, protection, observance, indulgence and veneration. I would, methinks, have this done after an uncommon method, and do not think any one, who is not capable of writing a good play, fit to undertake a work, wherein there will necessarily occur so many secret instincts and biasses of human nature, which would pass unobserved by common eyes. I thank Heaven, I have no outrageous offence against my own excellent parents to answer for; but when I am now and then alone, and look back upon my past life, from my earliest infancy to this time, there are many faults which I committed that did not appear to me, even till I myself became a father. I had not till then a notion of the yearnings of heart which a man has when he sees his child do a laudable thing, or the sudden damp which seizes him when he fears he will act something unworthy. It is not to be imagined what a remorse touched me for a long train of childish

negligences of my mother when I saw my wife the other day look out of the window, and turn as pale as ashes upon seeing my younger boy sliding upon the ice. These slight intimations will give you to understand, that there are numberless little crimes which children take no notice of while they are doing, which upon reflection, when they shall themselves become fathers, they will look upon with the utmost sorrow and contrition, that they did not regard, before those whom they offended were no more to be seen. How many thousand things do I remember, which would have highly pleased my father, and I omitted, for no other reason but that I thought what he proposed the effect of humour and old age, which I am now convinced had reason and good sense in it. I cannot now go into the parlour to him, and make his heart glad with an account of a matter which was of no consequence but that I told it, and acted in it. The good man and woman are long since in their graves, who used to sit and plot the welfare of us, their children, while, perhaps, we were sometimes laughing at the old folks, at another end of the house.

(From *The Spectator*.)

THE COQUET AND THE COXCOMB

White's Chocolate House. April 25.

I went to visit Florimel, the vainest thing in town, where I knew would drop in Colonel Picket, just come from the camp, her professed admirer. He is of that order of men who have much honour and merit, but withal a coxcomb; the other of that set of females, who has innocence and wit, but the first of coquets. It is easy to believe these must be admirers of each other. She says the colonel rides the best of any man in England; the colonel says she talks the best of any woman. At the same time, he understands wit just as she does horsemanship. You are to know, these extraordinary persons see each other daily; and they themselves, as well as the town, think it will be a match: but it can never happen that they can come

to the point; for, instead of addressing each other, they spend their whole time in the reports of themselves: he is satisfied if he can convince her he is a fine gentleman, and a man of consequence; and she in appearing to him an accomplished lady and a wit, without further design. Thus he tells her of his manner of posting his men at such a pass, with the numbers he commanded on that detachment: she tells him how she was dressed on such a day at court, and what offers were made her the week following. She seems to hear the repetition of his men's names with admiration, and waits only to answer him with as false a muster of lovers. They talk to each other, not to be informed, but approved. Thus they are so like that they are to be ever distant, and the parallel lines may run together for ever, but never meet.

(From *The Tatler.*)

A DREAM

After the lassitude of a day, spent in the strolling manner which is usual with men of pleasure in this town, and with a head full of a million of impertinences which had danced round it for ten hours together, I came to my lodging, and hastened to bed. My valet de chambre knows my university trick of reading there; and he, being a good scholar for a gentleman, ran over the names of Horace, Titullus, Ovid and others, to know which I would have. "Bring Virgil," said I; "and if I fall asleep, take care of the candle." I read the sixth book over with the most exquisite delight, and had gone half through it a second time, when the pleasing ideas of Elysian fields, deceased worthies walking in them, sincere lovers enjoying their languishment without pain, compassion for the unhappy spirits who had mis-spent their short daylight, and were exiled from the seats of bliss for ever; I say, I was deep again in my reading, when this mixture of images had taken place of all others in my imagination before, and lulled me into a dream, from which I am just awake, to my great disadvantage. The happy mansions of Elysium, by degrees, seemed to be wafted from me, and the

very traces of my late waking thoughts began to fade away, when I was cast by a sudden whirlwind upon an island, encompassed with a roaring and troubled sea, which shaked its very centre, and rocked its inhabitants as in a cradle. The islanders lay on their faces, without offering to look up or hope for preservation ; all the harbours were crowded with mariners, and tall vessels of war lay in danger of being driven to pieces on her shores. "Bless me!" said I, "why have I lived in such a manner, that the convulsion of nature should be so terrible to me, when I feel in myself that the better part of me is to survive it? Oh! may that be in happiness."

(From *The Tatler*.)

STEELE TO HIS READERS IN THE LAST *TATLER*

The printer having informed me that there are as many of these papers printed as will make four volumes, I am now come to the end of my ambition in this matter, and have nothing further to say to the world under the character of Isaac Bickerstaff.[1] This work has, indeed, for some time been disagreeable to me, and the purpose of it wholly lost, by my being so long understood as the author. I never designed in it to give any man any secret wound by my concealment, but spoke in the character of an old man, a philosopher, a humourist, an astrologer and a censor, to allure my reader with the variety of my subjects, and insinuate, if I could, the weight of reason with the agreeableness of wit. The general purpose of the whole has been to recommend truth, innocence, honour and virtue, as the chief ornaments of life ; but I considered, that severity of manners was absolutely necessary to him who would censure others, and for that reason, and that only, chose to talk in a mask. I shall not carry my humility so far as to call myself a vicious man, but at the same time must confess, my life is at best but pardonable.

[1] This was the name under which Steele wrote in *The Tatler*.

As to the work itself, the acceptance it has met with is the best proof of its value; but I should err against that candour which an honest man should always carry about him, if I did not own that the most approved pieces in it were written by others, and those which have been most excepted against, by myself. The hand that has assisted me in those noble discourses upon the immortality of the soul, the glorious prospects of another life, and the most sublime ideas of religion and virtue, is a person who is too fondly my friend ever to own them; but I should little deserve to be his, if I usurped the glory of them. I must acknowledge at the same time, that I think the finest strokes of wit and humour in all Mr. Bickerstaff's Lucubrations are those for which he also is beholden to him. . . .

I must confess it has been a most exquisite pleasure to me to frame characters of domestic life, and put those parts of it which are least observed into an agreeable view; to inquire into the seeds of vanity and affectation, to lay before my readers the emptiness of ambition: in a word, to trace human life through all its mazes and recesses, and show much shorter methods than men ordinarily practise, to be happy, agreeable and great.

But to inquire into men's faults and weaknesses has something in it so unwelcome, that I have often seen people in pain to act before me, whose modesty only makes them think themselves liable to censure. This, and a thousand other nameless things, have made it an irksome task to me to personate Mr. Bickerstaff any longer; and I believe it does not often happen that the reader is delighted where the author is displeased. . . . Thus I have voluntarily done, what I think all authors should do when called upon. I have published my name to my writings, and given myself up to the mercy of the town, as Shakspeare expresses it, "with all my imperfections on my head." The intelligent readers'

Most obliged,
Most obedient,
humble servant,
RICHARD STEELE.

(From *The Tatler*. No. 271.)

BOOK VI

JOHNSON TO BURNS

Samuel Johnson

1709–1784.

THE POVERTY OF THE POET SAVAGE

THE great hardships of poverty were to Savage not the want of lodging or of food, but the neglect and contempt which it drew upon him. He complained that, as his affairs grew desperate, he found his reputation for capacity visibly decline; that his opinion in questions of criticism was no longer regarded, when his coat was out of fashion; and that those who, in the interval of his prosperity, were always encouraging him to great undertakings, by encomiums on his genius and assurances of success, now received any mention of his designs with coldness, thought that the subjects on which he proposed to write were very difficult, and were ready to inform him that the event of a poem was uncertain, that an author ought to employ much time in the consideration of his plan, and not presume to sit down to write in confidence of a few cursory ideas, and a superficial knowledge; difficulties were started on all sides, and he was no longer qualified for any performance but the Volunteer Laureate. Yet even this kind of contempt never depressed him, for he always preserved a steady confidence in his own capacity, and believed nothing above his reach, which he should at any time earnestly endeavour to attain. He formed schemes of the same kind with regard to knowledge and to fortune, and flattered himself with advances to be made in science, as with riches, to be enjoyed in some distant period of his life. For the acquisition

of knowledge, he was, indeed, far better qualified than for that of riches; for he was naturally inquisitive, and desirous of the conversation of those from whom any information was to be obtained, but by no means solicitous to improve those opportunities that were sometimes offered of raising his fortune; and he was remarkably retentive of his ideas, which, when once he was in possession of them, rarely forsook him, a quality which could never be communicated to his money.

(From *The Life of Savage.*)

THE DISQUIETUDE OF RASSELAS

Thus they rose in the morning, and lay down at night, pleased with each other and with themselves, all but Rasselas, who, in the twenty-sixth year of his age, began to withdraw himself from their pastimes and assemblies, and to delight in solitary walks, and silent meditation. He often sat before tables, covered with luxury, and forgot to taste the dainties that were placed before him: he rose abruptly in the midst of the song, and hastily retired beyond the sound of musick. His attendants observed the change, and endeavoured to renew his love of pleasure: he neglected their officiousness, repulsed their invitations, and spent day after day on the banks of rivulets, sheltered with trees, where he sometimes listened to the birds in the branches, sometimes observed the fish playing in the stream, and anon cast his eyes upon the pastures and mountains filled with animals, of which some were biting the herbage, and some sleeping among the bushes. This singularity of his humour made him much observed. One of the sages, in whose conversation he had formerly delighted, followed him secretly, in hope of discovering the cause of his disquiet. Rasselas, who knew not that any one was near him, having, for some time, fixed his eyes upon the goats that were browsing among the rocks, began to compare their condition with his own. "What," said he, "makes the difference between man and all the rest of the animal creation? Every beast that strays beside me has the same corporal necessities as myself; he is hungry, and crops

the grass; he is thirsty, and drinks the stream; his thirst and hunger are appeased, he is satisfied and sleeps; he rises again and is hungry, he is again fed and is at rest. I am hungry and thirsty, like him, but when thirst and hunger cease, I am not at rest; I am, like him, pained with want, but am not, like him, satisfied with fulness. The intermediate hours are tedious and gloomy; I long again to be hungry, that I may again quicken my attention. The birds pick the berries, or the corn, and fly away to the groves, where they sit, in seeming happiness, on the branches, and waste their lives in tuning one unvaried series of sounds. I, likewise, can call the lutanist and the singer, but the sounds, that pleased me yesterday, weary me to-day, and will grow yet more wearisome to-morrow. I can discover within me no power of perception, which is not glutted with its proper pleasure, yet I do not feel myself delighted. Man surely has some latent sense, for which this place affords no gratification; or he has some desires, distinct from sense, which must be satisfied, before he can be happy." After this, he lifted up his head, and seeing the moon rising, walked towards the palace. As he passed through the fields, and saw the animals around him, "Ye," said he, "are happy, and need not envy me, that walk thus among you, burdened with myself; nor do I, ye gentle beings, envy your felicity; for it is not the felicity of man. I have many distresses, from which ye are free; I fear pain, when I do not feel it; I sometimes shrink at evils recollected, and sometimes start at evils anticipated: surely the equity of providence has balanced peculiar sufferings with peculiar enjoyments."

With observations like these, the prince amused himself as he returned, uttering them with a plaintive voice, yet with a look, that discovered him to feel some complacence in his own perspicacity, and to receive some solace of the miseries of life, from consciousness of the delicacy with which he felt, and the eloquence with which he bewailed them. He mingled, cheerfully, in the diversions of the evening, and all rejoiced to find that his heart was lightened.

(From *Rasselas*.)

ON HIS DICTIONARY

In hope of giving longevity to that which its own nature forbids to be immortal, I have devoted this book, the labour of years, to the honour of my country, that we may no longer yield the palm of philology, without a contest, to the nations of the continent. The chief glory of every people arises from its authors; whether I shall add anything by my own writings to the reputation of English literature must be left to time: much of my life has been lost under the pressure of disease; much has been trifled away; and much has always been spent in provision for the day that was passing over me; but I shall not think my employment useless or ignoble, if by my assistance foreign nations, and distant ages, gain access to the propagators of knowledge, and understand the teachers of truth; if my labours afford light to the repositories of science, and add celebrity to Bacon, to Hooker, to Milton, and to Boyle.

When I am animated by this wish, I look with pleasure on my book, however defective, and deliver it to the world with the spirit of a man that has endeavoured well. That it will immediately become popular I have not promised to myself; a few wild blunders, and risible absurdities, from which no work of much multiplicity was ever free, may for a time furnish folly with laughter, and harden ignorance in contempt: but useful diligence will at last prevail, and there can never be wanting some who distinguish desert, who will consider that no dictionary of a living tongue can ever be perfect, since, while it is hastening to publication, some words are budding, and some falling away; that a whole life cannot be spent upon syntax and etymology, and that even a whole life would not be sufficient; that he whose design includes whatever language can express, must often speak of what he does not understand; that a writer will sometimes be hurried by eagerness to the end, and sometimes faint with weariness under a task which Scaliger compares to the labours of the anvil and the mine; that what is obvious is not always known, and what is known is not always present; that

sudden fits of inadvertency will surprise vigilance, slight avocations will seduce attention, and casual eclipses of the mind will darken learning; and that the writer shall often in vain trace his memory, at the moment of need, for that which yesterday he knew with intuitive readiness, and which will come uncalled into his thoughts to-morrow. In this work, when it shall be found that much is omitted, let it not be forgotten that much likewise is performed; and though no book was ever spared out of tenderness to the author, and the world is little solicitous to know whence proceeded the faults of that which it condemns, yet it may gratify curiosity to inform it that the *English Dictionary* was written with little assistance of the learned, and without any patronage of the great; not in the soft obscurities of retirement, or under the shelter of academick bowers, but amid inconvenience and distraction, in sickness and in sorrow. It may repress the triumph of malignant criticism to observe that if our own language is not here fully displayed, I have only failed in an attempt which no human powers have hitherto completed. If the lexicons of ancient tongues, now immutably fixed, and comprised in a few volumes, be yet, after the toil of successive ages, inadequate and delusive, if the aggregated knowledge and co-operating diligence of the Italian academicians did not secure them from the censure of Beni; if the embodied criticks of France, when fifty years had been spent upon their work, were obliged to change its economy, and give their second edition another form, I may surely be contented without the praise of perfection, which, if I could obtain, in this gloom of solitude, what would it avail me? I have protracted my work till most of those whom I wished to please have sunk into the grave, and success and miscarriage are empty sounds; I therefore dismiss it with frigid tranquillity, having little to fear or hope from censure or from praise.

(From the *Preface to Dictionary.*)

WORDS FROM THE DICTIONARY

FRIEND (vriend, Dutch; freond, Saxon. This word with its derivatives, is pronounced frend, frendly: the i totally neglected). 1. One joined to another in mutual benevolence and intimacy; opposed to foe or enemy. 2. One without hostile intentions. 3. One reconciled to another: this is put by the custom of the language somewhat irregularly in the plural number. 4. An attendant, or companion. 5. Favourer, one propitious. 6. A familiar compellation.

(1) *Friends* of my soul, you twain
Rule in this realm, and the gor'd state sustain:
—(Shakespeare.)

Some man is a *friend* for his own occasion, and will not abide in the day of thy trouble.
—(Eccles. vi. 8.)

God's benison go with you, and with those
That would make good of bad, and *friends* of foes.
—(Shakespeare.)

Wonder not to see this soul extend
The bounds, and seek some other self, a *friend*.
—(Dryden.)

(2) Who comes so fast in silence of the night?
A *friend*.
What *friend*? your name?
—(Shakespeare's *Merchant of Venice*.)

(3) He's *friends* with Cæsar,
In state of health thou say'st, and thou say'st free.
—(Shakespeare.)

My son came then into my mind; and yet my mind
Was then scarce *friends* with him.
—(Shakespeare's *King Lear*.)

If she repent, and would make me amends,
Bid her but send me hers, and we are *friends*.
—(Carew.)

(4) The King ordains their entrance, and ascends
His regal seat, surrounded by his *friends*.

—(Dryden's *Æn.*)

(5) Aurora riding upon Pegasus, sheweth her swiftness, and now she is a *friend* to poetry and all ingenious inventions.

—(Peacham.)

(6) *Friend*, how camest thou in hither ?

—(Matt. xxii. 12.)

What supports me, do'st thou ask ?
The conscience, *friend*, t'have lost mine eyes o'erply'd
In liberty's defence.

—(Milton.)

LEXICOGRAPHER n.s. (λεξικόν and γράφω ; lexicographe, French). A writer of dictionaries ; a harmless drudge, that busies himself in tracing the original, and detailing the signification of words.

Commentators and *lexicographers* acquainted with the Syriac language, have given these hints in their writings on scripture.

—(Watts' *Improvement of the Mind.*)

NET n.s. (nati, Gothick ; net, Saxon). 1. A texture woven with large interstices or meshes, used commonly as a snare for animals. 2. Anything made with interstitial vacuities.

(1) Poor bird ! thou'dst never fear the *net*, nor lime,
The pitfall nor the gin.

—(Shakespeare's *Macbeth.*)

Impatience intangles us like the fluttering of a bird in a *net*, but cannot at ease our trouble.

—(Taylor's *Holy Living*).

2. He made *nets* of chequered work for the chapiters, upon the top of the pillars.

—(1 Kings vii. 17.)

The vegetative tribes,
Wrapt in a filmy *net*, and clad with leaves.

—(Thomson.)

LETTER TO LORD CHESTERFIELD

To the Right Honourable the Earl of Chesterfield.

My Lord,—I have been lately informed by the proprietors of *The World*, that the papers, in which my Dictionary is recommended to the publick, were written by your lordship. To be so distinguished is an honour which, being very little accustomed to favours from the great, I know not well how to receive or in what terms to acknowledge. When upon some slight encouragement I first visited your lordship, I was overpowered, like the rest of mankind, by the enchantment of your address, and could not forbear to wish that I might boast myself, "*le vainqueur du vainqueur de la terre*"; that I might obtain that regard for which I saw the world contending. But I found my attendance so little encouraged that neither pride nor modesty would suffer me to continue it. When I had once addressed your lordship in publick, I had exhausted all the art of pleasing, which a retired or uncourtly scholar can possess. I had done all that I could; and no man is well pleased to have his all neglected, be it ever so little. Seven years, my lord, have now passed, since I waited in your outward room, and was repulsed from your door; during which time I have been pushing on my work through difficulties of which it is useless to complain, and have brought it, at last, to the verge of publication, without one act of assistance, one word of encouragement, or one smile of favour. Such treatment I did not expect; for I never had a patron before.

The shepherd in Virgil grew acquainted with love, and found him a native of the rocks.

Is not a patron, my lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and, when he has reached ground, encumbers him with help? The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labours, had it been early, had been kind; but it has been delayed, till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it; till I am solitary, and cannot impart it; till I am known, and do not want it. I hope it is no very cynical asperity not to confess obligations, where no benefit has been received; or

to be unwilling that the publick should consider me as owing that to a patron, which providence has enabled me to do for myself.

Having carried on my work, thus far, with so little obligation to any favourer of learning, I shall not be disappointed, though I should conclude it, if less be possible, with less ; for I have been long wakened from that dream of hope, in which I once boasted myself, with so much exultation,

My lord,
Your lordship's most humble
and most obedient servant,
SAMUEL JOHNSON.

SLANES CASTLE.—THE BULLER OF BUCHAN

We came in the afternoon to Slanes Castle, built upon the margin of the sea, so that the walls of one of the towers seem only a continuation of a perpendicular rock, the foot of which is beaten by the waves. To walk round the house seemed impracticable. From the windows the eye wanders over the sea that separates Scotland from Norway, and when the winds beat with violence, must enjoy all the terrific grandeur of the tempestuous ocean. I would not for my amusement wish for a storm ; but as storms, whether wished or not, will sometimes happen, I may say, without violation of humanity, that I should willingly look out upon them from Slanes Castle.

When we were about to take our leave, our departure was prohibited by the Countess till we should have seen two places upon the coast, which she rightly considered as worthy of curiosity, Dun Buy, and the Buller of Buchan, to which Mr. Boyd very kindly conducted us.

Dun Buy, which in Erse is said to signify the Yellow Rock, is a double protuberance of stone, open to the main sea on one side, and parted from the land by a very narrow channel on the other. It has its name and its colour from the dung of innumerable sea fowls, which in the spring choose this place as convenient for incubation, and have their eggs and their

young taken in great abundance. One of the birds that frequent this rock has, as we were told, its body not larger than a duck's, and yet lays eggs as large as those of a goose. This bird is by the inhabitants named a coot. That which is called coot in England is here a cooter.

Upon these rocks there was nothing that could long detain attention, and we soon turned our eyes to the Buller or Bouilloir of Buchan, which no man can see with indifference, who has either sense of danger, or delight in rarity. It is a rock perpendicularly tubulated, united on one side with a high shore, and on the other rising steep to a great height, above the main sea. The top is open, from which may be seen a dark gulf of water which flows into the cavity, through a breach made in the lower part of the enclosing rock. It has the appearance of a vast well bordered with a wall. The edge of the Buller is not wide, and to those that walk round, appears very narrow. He that ventures to look downward, sees that if his foot should slip, he must fall from his dreadful elevation upon stones on one side, or into the water on the other. We, however, went round, and were glad when the circuit was completed.

When we came down to the sea, we saw some boats, and rowers, and resolved to explore the Buller at the bottom. We entered the arch, which the water had made, and found ourselves in a place, which, though we could not think ourselves in danger, we could scarcely survey without some recoil of the mind. The basin in which we floated was nearly circular, perhaps thirty yards in diameter. We were enclosed by a natural wall, rising steep on every side to a height which produced the idea of insurmountable confinement. The interception of all lateral light caused a dismal gloom. Round us was a perpendicular rock, above us the distant sky, and below us an unknown profundity of water. If I had any malice against a walking spirit, instead of laying him in the Red Sea, I would condemn him to reside in the Buller of Buchan.

But terror without danger is only one of the sports of fancy, a voluntary agitation of the mind that is permitted no longer

than it pleases. We were soon at leisure to examine the place with minute inspection, and found many cavities which, as the watermen told us, went backward to a depth which they had never explored. Their extent we had not time to try; they are said to serve different purposes. Ladies come hither sometimes in the summer with collations, and smugglers make them store-houses for clandestine merchandise. It is hardly to be doubted but the pirates of ancient times often used them as magazines of arms, or repositories of plunder.

To the little vessels used by the northern rowers, the Buller may have served as a shelter from storms, and perhaps as a retreat from enemies; the entrance might have been stopped, or guarded with little difficulty, and though the vessels that were stationed within would have been battered with stones showered on them from above, yet the crews would have lain safe in the caverns.

Next morning we continued our journey, pleased with our reception at Slanes Castle, of which we had now leisure to recount the grandeur and the elegance; for our way afforded us few topics of conversation. The ground was neither uncultivated nor unfruitful; but it was still all arable. Of flocks or herds there was no appearance. I had now travelled two hundred miles in Scotland, and seen only one tree not younger than myself.

(From *A Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland.*)

ADDISON AS A CRITIC AND WRITER OF PROSE

It is not uncommon, for those who have grown wise by the labour of others, to add a little of their own, and overlook their masters. Addison is now despised by some who, perhaps, would never have seen his defects, but by the lights which he afforded them. That he always wrote as he would think it necessary to write now, cannot be affirmed; his instructions were such as the characters of his readers made proper. That general knowledge which now circulates in common talk, was in his time rarely to be found. Men not professing learning

were not ashamed of ignorance; and, in the female world, any acquaintance with books was distinguished only to be censured. His purpose was to infuse literary curiosity, by gentle and unsuspected conveyance, into the gay, the idle, and the wealthy; he, therefore, presented knowledge in the most alluring form, not lofty and austere, but accessible and familiar. When he showed them their defects, he showed them, likewise, that they might be easily supplied. His attempt succeeded; inquiry was awakened, and comprehension expanded. An emulation of intellectual elegance was excited, and, from his time to our own, life has been gradually exalted, and conversation purified and enlarged.

Dryden had, not many years before, scattered criticisms over his prefaces with very little parsimony; but, though he sometimes condescended to be somewhat familiar, his manner was in general too scholastick for those who had yet their rudiments to learn, and found it not easy to understand their master. His observations were framed rather for those that were learning to write, than for those that read only to talk.

An instructor like Addison was now wanting, whose remarks being superficial, might be easily understood, and being just, might prepare the mind for more attainments. Had he presented *Paradise Lost* to the publick with all the pomp of system and severity of science, the criticism would, perhaps, have been admired, and the poem still have been neglected; but, by the blandishments of gentleness and facility, he has made Milton an universal favourite, with whom readers of every class think it necessary to be pleased.

. . . . .

As a describer of life and manners, he must be allowed to stand, perhaps, the first of the first rank. His humour, which, as Steele observes, is peculiar to himself, is so happily diffused as to give the grace of novelty to domestick scenes and daily occurrences. He never "outsteps the modesty of nature," nor raises merriment or wonder by the violation of truth. His figures neither divert by distortion, nor amaze by aggravation. He copies

life with so much fidelity, that he can be hardly said to invent; yet his exhibitions have an air so much original, that it is difficult to suppose them not merely the product of imagination.

As a teacher of wisdom, he may be confidently followed. His religion has nothing in it enthusiastick or superstitious: he appears neither weakly credulous, nor wantonly skeptical; his morality is neither dangerously lax, nor impracticably rigid. All the enchantment of fancy, and all the cogency of argument, are employed to recommend to the reader his real interest, the care of pleasing the author of his being. Truth is shown sometimes as the phantom of a vision; sometimes appears half-veiled in an allegory; sometimes attracts regard in the robes of fancy, and sometimes steps forth in the confidence of reason. She wears a thousand dresses, and in all is pleasing.

"*Mille habet ornatus, mille decentes habet.*" His prose is the model of the middle style; on grave subjects not formal, on light occasions not grovelling, pure without scrupulosity, and exact without apparent elaboration; always equable, and always easy, without glowing words or pointed sentences. Addison never deviates from his track to snatch a grace; he seeks no ambitious ornaments, and tries no hazardous innovations. His page is always luminous, but never blazes in unexpected splendour.

It was apparently his principal endeavour to avoid all harshness and severity of diction; he is, therefore, sometimes verbose in his transitions and connexions, and sometimes descends too much to the language of conversation; yet if his language had been less idiomatical, it might have lost somewhat of its genuine Anglicism. What he attempted, he performed; he is never feeble, and he did not wish to be energetick; he is never rapid, and he never stagnates. His sentences have neither studied amplitude, nor affected brevity: his periods, though not diligently rounded, are voluble and easy. Whoever wishes to attain an English style, familiar but not coarse, and elegant but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison. (From *The Life of Addison.*)

James Boswell

1740-1795.

BOSWELL'S FIRST MEETING WITH JOHNSON

THIS is to me a memorable year (1763); for in it I had the happiness to obtain the acquaintance of that extraordinary man whose memoirs I am now writing; an acquaintance which I shall ever esteem one of the most fortunate circumstances in my life. Though then but two and twenty, I had for several years read his works with delight and instruction, and had the highest reverence for their author, which had grown up in my fancy into a kind of mysterious veneration, by figuring to myself a state of solemn elevated abstraction, in which I supposed him to live in the immense metropolis of London.

. . . . .

Mr. Thomas Davies, the actor, who then kept a bookseller's shop in Russell Street, Covent Garden, told me that Johnson was very much his friend, and came frequently to his house, where he more than once invited me to meet him; but by some unlucky accident or other he was prevented from coming to us. . . . At last, on Monday, the 16th of May, when I was sitting in Mr. Davies' back parlour after having drunk tea with him and Mrs. Davies, Johnson unexpectedly came into the shop; and Mr. Davies having perceived him through the glass door in the room in which we were sitting, advancing towards us, he announced his awful approach to me, somewhat in the manner of an actor in the part of Horatio when he addresses Hamlet on the appearance of his father's ghost, "Look, my lord—it comes!" I found that I had a very perfect idea of Johnson's figure, from the portrait of him painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds soon after he had published his Dictionary in the attitude of sitting in his easy chair in deep meditation; which was the first picture his friend did for him, which Sir Joshua very kindly presented to me, and from which an engraving has been made for this work. Mr. Davies mentioned my name, and respect-

fully introduced me to him. I was much agitated; and recollecting his prejudice against the Scotch, of which I had heard much, I said to Davies, "Don't tell where I come from." "From Scotland," cried Davies, roguishly. "Mr. Johnson," said I, "I do, indeed, come from Scotland, but I cannot help it." I am willing to flatter myself that I meant this as light pleasantry to soothe and conciliate him, and not as an humiliating abasement at the expense of my country. But, however that might be, this speech was somewhat unlucky; for with that quickness of wit for which he was so remarkable, he seized the expression, "Come from Scotland," which I used in the sense of being of that country; and, as if I had said that I had come away from it, or left it, retorted, "That, Sir, I find, is what a very great many of your countrymen cannot help." This stroke stunned me a good deal; and when we had sat down, I felt myself not a little embarrassed, and apprehensive of what might come next. He then addressed himself to Davies: "What do you think of Garrick? He has refused me an order for the play for Miss Williams, because he knows the house will be full, and that an order would be worth three shillings." Eager to take any opening to get into conversation with him, I ventured to say, "O, Sir, I cannot think Mr. Garrick would grudge such a trifle to you." "Sir," said he, with a stern look, "I have known David Garrick longer than you have done: and I know no right you have to talk to me on the subject." Perhaps I deserved this check; for it was rather presumptuous in me, an entire stranger, to express any doubt of the justice of his animadversion upon his old acquaintance and pupil. I now felt myself much mortified, and began to think that the hope which I had long indulged of obtaining his acquaintance was blasted. And in truth had my ardour not been uncommonly strong, and my resolution uncommonly persevering, so rough a reception might have deterred me for ever from making any further attempts. Fortunately, however, I remained upon the field not wholly discomfited; and was soon rewarded by hearing some of his conversation. (From *The Life of Johnson.*)

Oliver Goldsmith

1728–1744.

THE FAMILY OF WAKEFIELD ENDEAVOUR TO COPE WITH THEIR BETTERS

I NOW began to find that all my long and painful lectures upon temperance, simplicity and contentment were entirely disregarded. The distinctions lately bestowed upon us by our betters awakened that pride which I had laid asleep, but not removed. Our windows, again, as formerly, were filled with washes for the neck and face. The sun was dreaded as an enemy to the skin without doors, and the fire as a spoiler of the complexion within. My wife observed that rising too early would hurt her daughters' eyes, that working after dinner would redden their noses; and she convinced me that the hands never looked so white as when they did nothing. Instead, therefore, of finishing George's shirts, we now had them new-modelling their old gauzes, or flourishing upon catgut. The poor Miss Hamboroughs, their former gay companions, were cast off as mean acquaintance, and the whole conversation ran upon high life, and high-lived company with pictures, taste, Shakespeare and the musical glasses. But we could have borne all this had not a fortune-telling gipsy come to raise us into perfect sublimity. The tawny sibyl no sooner appeared, than my girls came running to me for a shilling apiece to cross her hand with silver. To say the truth, I was tired of being always wise, and could not help gratifying their request, because I loved to see them happy. I gave each of them a shilling; though for the honour of the family it must be observed, that they never went without money themselves, as my wife always generously let them have a guinea each, to keep in their pockets, but with strict injunctions never to change it. After they had been closeted up with the fortune-teller for some time, I knew by their looks, upon their returning, that they had been promised something great. "Well, my girls, how have you sped? Tell me, Livy, has the fortune-

teller given thee a pennyworth ?" "I protest, papa," says the girl, "I believe she deals with somebody that's not right, for she positively declared that I am to be married to a squire in less than a twelvemonth !" "Well, now, Sophy, my child," said I, "and what sort of a husband are you to have ?" "Sir," replied she, "I am to have a lord soon after my sister has married the squire." "How," cried I, "is that all you are to have for your two shillings ? Only a lord and a squire for two shillings ? You fools, I could have promised you a prince and a nabob for half the money."

This curiosity of theirs, however, was attended with very serious effects : we now began to think ourselves designed by the stars to something exalted, and already anticipated our future grandeur.

It has been a thousand times observed, and I must observe it once more, that the hours we pass with happy prospects in view, are more pleasing than those crowned with fruition. In the first case we cook the dish to our own appetite ; in the latter, Nature cooks it for us. It is impossible to repeat the train of agreeable reveries we called up for our entertainment. We looked upon our fortunes as once more rising ; and as the whole parish asserted that the squire was in love with my daughter, she was actually so with him ; for they persuaded her into the passion. In this agreeable interval my wife had the most lucky dreams in the world, which she took care to tell us every morning with great solemnity and exactness. It was one night a coffin and cross bones, the sign of an approaching wedding ; at another time she imagined her daughters' pockets filled with farthings, a certain sign of their being shortly stuffed with gold. The girls themselves had their omens. They felt strange kisses on their lips ; they saw rings in the candle ; purses bounced from the fire, and true-love-knots lurked in the bottom of every tea-cup.

(From *The Vicar of Wakefield.*)

THE TOMBS OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY

I am just returned from Westminster Abbey, the place of sepulture for the philosophers, heroes and kings of England. What a gloom do monumental inscriptions and all the venerable remains of a deceased merit inspire. . . . As I was indulging such reflections, a gentleman dressed in black, perceiving me to be a stranger, came up, entered into conversation, and politely offered to be my instructor and guide through the temple. "If any monument," said he, "should particularly excite your curiosity, I shall endeavour to satisfy your demands." I accepted with thanks the gentleman's offer, adding, that "I was come to observe the policy, the wisdom, and the justice of the English, in conferring rewards upon deceased merit. If adulation like this," continued I, "be properly conducted, as it can in no ways injure those who are flattered, so it may be a glorious incentive to those who are now capable of enjoying it. It is the duty of every good government to turn this monumental pride to its own advantage; to become strong in the aggregate from the weakness of the individual. If none but the truly great have a place in this awful repository, a temple like this will give the finest lessons of morality, and be a strong incentive to true ambition. I am told that none have a place here but characters of the most distinguished merit." The Man in Black seemed impatient at my observations, so I discontinued my remarks, and we walked on together to take a view of every particular monument in order as it lay.

As the eye is naturally caught by the finest objects, I could not avoid being particularly curious about one monument. "That," said I to my guide, "I take to be the tomb of some very great man. By the peculiar excellence of the workmanship, and the magnificence of the design, this must be a trophy raised to the memory of some king who has saved his country from ruin, or law-giver who has reduced his fellow-citizens from anarchy into just subjection." "It is not requisite," answered my companion, smiling, "to have such qualifications in

order to have a very fine monument here : more humble abilities will suffice." "What! I suppose, then, the gaining two or three battles, or the taking half a score of towns, is thought a sufficient qualification ?" "Gaining battles or taking towns," replied the Man in Black, "may be of service ; but a gentleman may have a very fine monument here without ever seeing a battle or a siege." This then, is the monument of some poet, I presume —of one whose wit has gained him immortality ?" "No, sir," replied my guide, "the gentleman who lies here never made verses ; and as for wit, he despised it in others, because he had none himself." "Pray tell me then, in a word," said I peevishly, "what is the great man who lies here particularly remarkable for ?" "Remarkable, Sir!" said my companion ; "Why, Sir, the gentleman that lies here is remarkable for a tomb in Westminster Abbey." "But, head of my ancestors! how has he got here ? I fancy he could never bribe the guardians of the temple to give him a place. Should he not be ashamed to be seen among company where even moderate merit would look like infamy ?" "I suppose," replied the Man in Black, "the gentleman was rich, and his friends, as is usual in such a case, told him he was great. He readily believed them ; the guardians of the temple, as they got by the self-delusion, were ready to believe him too ; so he paid his money for a fine monument ; and the workman, as you see, has made him one of the most beautiful. Think not, however, that this gentleman is singular in his desire of being buried among the great ; there are several others in the temple, who, hated and shunned of the great while alive, have come here fully resolved to keep them company now they are dead."

(From *The Citizen of the World*).

CAROLAN, THE LAST IRISH BARD

Of all the bards this country ever produced, the last and the greatest was Carolan the blind. He was at once a poet, a musician, a composer, and sung his own verses to his harp.

The original natives never mention his name without rapture; both his poetry and music they have by heart; and even some of the English themselves, who have been transplanted there, find his music extremely pleasing. A song beginning, "O Rourke's noble fare will ne'er be forgot," translated by Dean Swift, is of his composition; which, though perhaps by this means the best known of his pieces, is yet by no means the most deserving. His songs, in general, may be compared to those of Pindar, as they have frequently the same flights of imagination, and are composed (I don't say written, for he could not write), merely to flatter some man of fortune upon some excellence of the same kind. In these one man is praised for the excellence of his stable, as in Pindar, another for his hospitality, and a third for the beauty of his wife and children, and a fourth for the antiquity of his family. Whenever any of the original natives of distinction were assembled at feasting or revelling, Carolan was generally there, where he was always ready with his harp to celebrate their praises. He seemed by nature formed for his profession; for as he was born blind, so also he was possessed of a most astonishing memory, and a facetious turn of thinking, which gave his entertainers infinite satisfaction. Being once at the house of an Irish nobleman where there was a musician present, who was eminent in the profession, Carolan immediately challenged him to a trial of skill. To carry the jest forward, his lordship persuaded the musician to accept the challenge, and he accordingly played over on his fiddle the fifth concerto of Vivaldi. Carolan immediately taking his harp, played over the whole piece after him, without missing a note, though he had never heard it before; which produced some surprise: but their astonishment increased, when he assured them he could make a concerto in the same taste himself, which he instantly composed, and that with such spirit and elegance that it may compare (for we have it still), with the finest compositions of Italy.

(From *Unacknowledged Essays*: Essay iv.)

Sir Joshua Reynolds

1723-1792.

THE CONTEMPLATION OF EXCELLENCE

WHOEVER has so far formed his taste as to be able to relish and feel the beauties of the great masters, has gone a long way in his study; for, merely from a consciousness of this relish of the right, the mind swells with an inward pride, and is almost as powerfully affected as if it had itself produced what it admires. Our hearts, frequently warmed in this manner by the contact of those whom we wish to resemble, will undoubtedly catch something of their way of thinking; and we shall receive in our own bosom some radiation at least of their fire and splendour. That disposition which is so strong in children, still continues with us, of catching involuntarily the general air and manner of those with whom we are most conversant; with this difference only, that a young mind is naturally pliable and imitative; but in a more advanced state it grows rigid, and must be warmed and softened before it will receive a deep impression.

From these considerations, which a little of your own reflection will carry a great way further, it appears of what great consequence it is that our minds should be habituated to the contemplation of excellence; and that, far from being contented to make such habits the discipline of our youth only, we should to the last moment of our lives, continue a settled intercourse with all the true examples of grandeur. Their inventions are not only the food of our infancy, but the substance which supplies the fullest maturity of our vigour.

. . . . .

The addition of other men's judgement is so far from weakening our own, as is the opinion of many, that it will fashion and consolidate those ideas of excellence which be in embryo, feeble, ill-shaped and confused, but which are finished and put in order by the authority and practice of those whose works may be said to have been consecrated by having stood the test of ages.

The mind, or genius, has been compared to a spark of fire which is smothered by a heap of fuel and prevented from blazing into a flame. This simile, which is made use of by the younger Pliny, may be easily mistaken for argument or proof. But there is no danger of the mind's being overburdened with knowledge, or the genius extinguished by any addition of images; on the contrary, these acquisitions may as well, perhaps better, be compared, if comparisons signified anything in reasoning, to the supply of living embers which will contribute to strengthen the spark that without the association of more fuel would have died away.

(From the *Sixth Discourse Delivered at the Royal Academy.*)

THE REASONABLENESS OF FIRST IMPRESSIONS

There is in the commerce of life, as in Art, a sagacity which is far from being contradictory to right reason, and is superior to any occasional exercise of that faculty, which supersedes it, and does not wait for the slow process of deduction, but goes at once, by what appears a kind of intuition, to the conclusion. A man endowed with this faculty, feels and acknowledges the truth, though it is not always in his power perhaps to give a reason for it; because he cannot recollect and bring before him all the materials that gave birth to his opinion; for very many and very intricate considerations may unite to form the principle, even of small and minute parts, involved in, or dependent on a great system of things: though these in process of time are forgotten, the right impression still remains fixed in his mind. This impression is the result of the accumulated experience of our whole life, and has been collected we do not always know how, or when. But this mass of collective observation, however acquired, ought to prevail over that reason, which, however powerfully exerted on any particular occasion, will probably comprehend but a partial view of the subject; and our conduct in life as well as in the Arts, is, or ought to be, generally governed by this habitual reason: it is our happiness that we are enabled to draw on such funds. If we were obliged to enter into a

theoretical deliberation on every occasion before we act, life would be at a stand, and Art would be impracticable.

It appears to me, therefore, that our first thoughts, that is, the effect which anything produces on our minds, on its first appearance, is never to be forgotten; and it demands for that reason, because it is the first, to be laid up with care. If this be not done, the Artist may happen to impose on himself by partial reasoning, by a cold consideration of those animated thoughts which proceed, not perhaps from caprice or rashness (as he may afterwards conceit), but from the fulness of his mind, enriched with the copious stores of all the various inventions which he had ever seen, or had ever passed in his mind. These ideas are infused into his design, without any conscious effort; but, if he be not on his guard, he may reconsider and correct them, till the whole matter is reduced to a commonplace invention.

This is sometimes the effect of what I mean to caution you against; that is to say, an unfounded distrust of the imagination and feeling, in favour of narrow, partial, confined, argumentative theories; and of principles that seem to apply to the design in hand; without considering those general impressions on the fancy in which real principles of *sound reason*, and of much more weight and importance, are involved, and, as it were, lie hid, under the appearance of a sort of vulgar sentiment.

Reason, without doubt, must ultimately determine everything; at this minute it is required to inform us when that very reason is to give way to feeling.

(From the *Thirteenth Discourse delivered to the Students of the Royal Academy.*)

THE CONTEMPLATION OF GENIUS

The habit of contemplating and brooding over the ideas of great geniuses, till you find yourself warmed by the contact is the true method of forming an artist-like mind; it is impossible, in the presence of those great men, to think or invent in a mean manner; a state of mind is acquired that receives those ideas only which relish of grandeur and simplicity.

(From the *Twelfth Discourse.*)

Horace Walpole

1717–1797?

THE WEATHER. A FIRE NEAR SACKVILLE STREET. GOSSIP

To George Montagu, Esq.

Arlington Street, *April* 28, 1761.

I am glad you will relish June for Strawberry; by that time I hope the weather will have recovered its temper. At present it is horridly cross and uncomfortable. I fear we shall have a cold season; we cannot eat our summer and have our summer.

There has been a terrible fire in the little traverse street, at the upper end of Sackville Street. Last Friday night, between eleven and twelve, I was sitting with Lord Digby in the coffee-room at Arthur's; they told us there was a great fire somewhere about Burlington Gardens. I, who am as constant at a fire as George Selwyn at an execution, proposed to Lord Digby to go and see where it was. We found it within two doors of that pretty house of Fairfax, now General Waldegrave's. I sent for the latter, who was at Arthur's, and for the guard from St. James's. Four houses were in flames before they could find a drop of water, eight were burnt. I went to my Lady Suffolk, in Saville-row, and passed the whole night till three in the morning, between her little hot bedchamber and the spot, up to my ankles in water, without catching cold. As the wind which had set towards Swallow Street changed in the middle of the conflagration, I concluded the greatest part of Saville Row would be consumed. I persuaded her to prepare to transport her most valuable effects—*portantur avari Pygmalionis opes miseræ.* She behaved with great composure, and observed to me herself how much worse her deafness grew with the alarm. Half the people of fashion in town were in the streets all night, as it happened in such a quarter of distinction. In the crowd, looking on with great tranquillity, I saw a Mr. Jackson, an Irish gentleman, with whom I had dined this winter at Lord Hertford's.

He seemed rather grave; I said, "Sir, I hope you do not live hereabouts." "Yes, Sir," said he, "I lodged in the house that is just burnt."

Last night there was a mighty ball at Bedford House; the royal dukes and Princess Emily were there; your lord-lieutenant, the great lawyer, lords, and old Newcastle, whose teeth are tumbled out, and his mouth tumbled in; hazard very deep; loo, beauties, and the Wilton-bridge in sugar, almost as big as the life. I am glad all these joys are near going out of town. The Graftons go abroad for the Duchess's health; another climate may mend that—I will not answer for more.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

(From the *Letters*.)

THE RESIGNATION OF PITT

TO THE SAME

ARLINGTON STREET, *October* 8, 1761.

. . . Mr. Pitt resigned last Monday. Greater pains have been taken to recover him than were used to drive him out. He is inflexible, but mighty peaceable. Lord Egremont is to have the seals to-morrow. It is a most unhappy event—France and Spain will soon let us know we ought to think so. For your part, you will be invaded; a blacker rod[1] than you will be sent to Ireland. Would you believe that the town is a desert? The wedding filled it, the coronation crammed it; Mr. Pitt's resignation has not brought six people to London. As they could not hire a window and crowd one another to death to see him give up the seals, it seems a matter of perfect indifference. If he will accuse a single man of checking our career of glory all the world will come to see him hanged; but what signifies the ruin of a nation, if no particular man ruins it? . . .

I have nothing new to tell you; but the grain of mustard seed

[1] Montagu was Usher of the Black Rod in Ireland under the Earl of Halifax.

sown on Monday will soon produce as large a tree as you can find in any prophecy. Adieu.

(From *The Same.*)

OLD AGE AND FRIENDSHIP

To the Same

Paris, *November* 21, 1765.

My gout and my stick have entirely left me. I totter still it is true, but I trust shall be able to whisk about at Strawberry as well almost as ever. When that hour strikes, to be sure I shall not be very sorry. The sameness of the life here is worse than anything but English politics and the House of Commons. . . . Hither I think I shall never come again. No, let us sit down quietly and comfortably, and enjoy our coming old age. Oh! if you are in earnest, and will transplant yourself to Roehampton how happy I shall be! You know, if you believe an experience of above thirty years that you are one of the very, very few for whom I really care a straw. You know how long I have been vexed for seeing so little of you. What has one to do when one grows tired of the world, as we both do, but to draw nearer and nearer, and gently waste the remains of life with the friends with whom one began it! Young and happy people will have no regard for us and our old stories; and they are in the right: but we shall not tire one another; we shall laugh together when nobody is by to laugh at us, and we may think ourselves young enough, when we see nobody younger.

(From *The Same.*)

THE ORIGINALITY OF HOGARTH'S GENIUS

It is another proof that he drew all his stores from nature and the force of his own genius, and was indebted neither to models nor books for his style, thoughts or hints, that he never succeeded when he designed for the works of other men. I do not speak of his early performances at the time that he was en-

gaged by booksellers, and rose not above those they generally employ; but in his maturer age, when he had invented his art, and gave a few designs for some great authors—as Cervantes, Gulliver, and even Hudibras, his compositions were tame, spiritless, void of humour, and never reach the merits of the books they were designed to illustrate. He could not bend his talents to think after anybody else. He could think like a great genius rather than after one. I have a sketch in oil that he gave me, which he intended to engrave. It was done at the time that the House of Commons appointed a Committee to inquire into the cruelties exercised on prisoners in the Fleet to extort money from them. The scene is the Committee; on the table are the instruments of torture. A prisoner in rags, half starved, appears before them; the poor man has a good countenance that adds to the interest. On the other hand is the inhuman gaoler. It is the very figure that Salvator Rosa would have drawn for Iago in the moment of detection. Villany, fear, and conscience are mixed in yellow and livid on his countenance, his lips are contracted by tremor, his face advances as eager to lie, his legs step back as thinking to make his escape; one hand is thrust precipitately into his bosom, the fingers of the other are catching uncertainly at his buttonholes. If this was a portrait, it is the most speaking that ever was drawn; if it was not, it is still finer.

(From *Anecdotes of Painting*.)

Gilbert White

1720-1793.

SOME NOTES ON BIRDS

On the twelfth of July I had a fair opportunity of contemplating the motions of the *caprimulgus* or fern owl, as it was playing round a large oak that swarmed with *scarabæ solstitiales*, or fern chafers. The powers of its wing were wonderful, exceeding, if possible, the various evolutions and quick turns of the swallow genus. But the circumstance that pleased me most was, that I saw it

distinctly more than once put out its short leg while on the wing, and, by a bend of the head, deliver somewhat into its mouth. If it takes any part of its prey with its foot, as I have now the greatest reason to suppose it does these chafers, I no longer wonder at the use of its middle toe, which is curiously furnished with a serrated claw.

Swallows and martins, the bulk of them I mean, have forsaken us sooner this year than usual; for on Sept. the 22nd, they rendezvoused in a neighbour's walnut tree, where it seemed probable they had taken up their lodgings for the night. At the dawn of the day, which was foggy, they rose all together in infinite numbers, occasioning such a rushing from the strokes of their wings against the hazy air, as might be heard to a considerable distance; since that, no flock has appeared, only a few stragglers. Some swifts stayed late, till the 22nd of August; a rare instance! for they usually withdraw within the first week.

On September the 24th, three or four ringousels appeared in my fields for the first time this season. How punctual are these visitors in their autumnal and spring migrations!

(From *Natural History of Selbourne.*)

LOVE OF FELLOWSHIP IN ANIMALS

There is a wonderful spirit of sociality in the brute creation, independent of sexual attachment: the congregating of gregarious birds in the winter is a remarkable instance.

Many horses, though quiet with company will not stay one minute in a field by themselves: the strongest fences cannot restrain them. My neighbour's horse will not only not stay by himself abroad, but he will not bear to be left alone in a strange stable without discovering the utmost impatience, and endeavouring to break the rack and manger with his fore feet. He has been known to leap out at a stable-window, through which dung was thrown, after company; and yet in other respects is remarkably quiet. Oxen and cows will not fatten by themselves; but will neglect the finest pasture that is not recommended by society. It would be needless to instance in sheep, which constantly

flock together. But this propensity seems not to be confined to animals of the same species; for we know a doe, still alive, that was brought up from a little fawn with a dairy of cows; with them it goes afield,and with them it returns to the yard. The dogs of the house take no notice of this deer, being used to her; but, if strange dogs come by, a chase ensues; while the master smiles to see his favourite securely leading her pursuers over hedge or gate or stile, till she returns to the cows, who, with fierce lowings and menacing horns, drive the assailants quite out of the pasture.

Even great disparity of kind and size does not always prevent social advances and mutual fellowship. For a very intelligent and observant person has assured me, that in the former part of his life, keeping but one horse, he happened also on a time to have but one solitary hen. These two incongruous animals spent much of their time together in a lonely orchard, where they saw no creature but each other. By degrees an apparent regard began to take place between these two sequestered individuals. The fowl would approach the quadruped with notes of complacency, rubbing herself gently against his legs; while the horse would look down with satisfaction, and move with the greatest caution and circumspection, lest he should trample on his diminutive companion. Thus, by mutual good offices, each seemed to console the vacant hours of the other: so that Milton, when he puts the following sentiment in the mouth of Adam, seems to be somewhat mistaken:—

"Much less can bird with beast, or fish with fowl,
So well converse, nor with the ox the ape."

(From *The Same.*)

Samuel Richardson

1689-1761.

LETTER FROM MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE TO MISS HOWE

(*The Harlowe family wish to force Clarissa into marriage with Mr. Solmes.*)

FRIDAY, *March 3rd.*

OH, my dear friend, I have had a sad conflict! Trial upon trial; conference upon conference! But what law, what ceremony, can give a man a right to a heart which abhors him more than it does any living creature?

I hope my mother will be able to prevail for me.—But I will recount all, though I sit up the whole night to do it; for I have a vast deal to write, and will be as minute as you wish me to be.

I concluded my last in a fright. It was occasioned by a conversation that passed between my mother and my aunt, part of which Hannah overheard. I need not give you the particulars, since what I have to relate to you from different conversations that have passed between my mother and me, in the space of a very few hours, will include them all. I will begin then.

I went down this morning, when breakfast was ready, with a very uneasy heart, from what Hannah had informed me of yesterday afternoon; wishing for an opportunity, however, to appeal to my mother, in hopes to engage her interest in my behalf, and purposing to try to find one when she retired to her own apartment after breakfast: but unluckily there was the odious Solmes sitting asquat between my mother and sister, with *so much* assurance in his looks!—but you know, my dear, that those we love not cannot do anything to please us.

Had the wretch kept his seat, it might have been well enough; but the bent and broad-shouldered creature must needs rise, and stalk towards a chair, which was justly that which was set for me.

I removed it to a distance, as if to make way to my own ; and down I sat, abruptly I believe ; what I had heard, all in my head.

But this was not enough to daunt him. The man is a very confident, he is a very bold, staring man !—Indeed, my dear, the man is very confident. He took the removed chair, and drew it so near mine, squatting in it with his ugly weight, that he pressed upon my hoop. I was so offended (all I had heard, as I said, in my head), that I removed to another chair. I own I had too little command of myself. It gave my brother and sister too much advantage. I daresay they took it. But I did it involuntarily, I think. I could not help it—I knew not what I did.

I saw that my father was excessively displeased. When angry, no man's countenance ever shows it so much as my father's. Clarissa Harlowe! said he with a big voice—and there he stopped. —Sir, said I, trembling and courtesying (for I *had* not then sat down again) ; and put my chair nearer the wretch, and sat down—my face, as I could feel, all in a glow.

Make tea, child, said my kind mamma ; sit by me, love, and make tea.

I removed with pleasure to the seat the man had quitted ; and being thus indulgently put into employment, soon recovered myself ; and in the course of the breakfasting officiously asked two or three questions of Mr. Solmes, which I would not have done, but to make up with my father.—*Proud spirits may be brought to !* whisperingly spoke my sister to me over her shoulder, with an air of triumph and scorn : but I did not mind her.

My mother was all kindness and condescension. I asked her once, if she were pleased with the tea ? She said softly (and again called me *dear*) she was pleased with all I did. I was very proud of this encouraging goodness, and all blew over, as I hoped between my father and me ; for he also spoke kindly to me two or three times. Small accidents these, my dear, to trouble you with ; only as they lead to greater, as you shall hear.

Before the usual breakfast time was over, my father withdrew with my mother, telling her he wanted to speak to her. Then my sister and next my aunt, (who was with us) dropt away.

My brother gave himself some airs of insult, which I understood well enough ; but which Mr. Solmes could make nothing of : and at last he arose from his seat—Sister, said he, I have a curiosity to show you. I will fetch it. And away he went, shutting the door close after him. I saw what all this was for. I arose ; the man hemming up for a speech, rising and beginning to set his splay-feet (indeed, my dear, the man in all his ways is hateful to me), in an approaching posture.—I will save my brother the trouble of bringing to me his curiosity, said I. I courtesied—Your servant, sir.—The man cried, Madam, madam, twice, and looked like a fool.—But away I went—to find my brother, to save my word. But my brother, indifferent as the weather was, was gone to walk in the garden with my sister. A plain case that he had left his *curiosity* with me, and designed to show me no other.

I had but just got into my own apartment, and began to think of sending Hannah to beg an audience of my mother (the more encouraged by her condescending goodness at breakfast), when Shorey, her woman, brought me her commands to attend me in her closet.

My father, Hannah told me, was just gone out of it with a positive angry countenance. Then I as much dreaded the audience as I had wished for it before. I went down, however, but apprehending the subject she intended to talk to me upon, approached her trembling, and my heart in visible palpitations.

She saw my concern. Holding out her kind arms, as she sat, Come kiss me, my dear, said she, with a smile like a sunbeam breaking through the cloud that overshadowed her naturally benign aspect—why flutters my jewel so ?

This preparative sweetness, with her goodness just before, confirmed my apprehensions. My mother saw the bitter pill wanted gilding.

Oh, my mamma ! was all I could say ; and I clasped arms round her neck, and my face sunk into her bosom.

My child ! my child ! restrain, said she, your powers of moving !

I dare not else trust myself with you. And my tears trickled down her bosom, as hers bedewed my neck.

Oh the words of kindness, all to be expressed in vain, that flowed from her lips!

Lift up your sweet face, my best child, my own Clarissa Harlowe! Oh, my daughter, best beloved of my heart, lift up a face so ever amiable to me! Why these sobs? Is an apprehended duty so affecting a thing, that before I can speak—but I am glad my love, my love, you can guess at what I have to say to you. I am spared the pains of breaking to you what was a task upon me reluctantly enough undertaken to break to you.

Then rising, she drew a chair near her own, and made me sit down by her, overwhelmed as I was with tears of apprehension of what she had to say, and of gratitude for her truly maternal goodness to me—sobs still my only language.

And drawing her chair still nearer to mine, she put her arms round my neck, and my glowing cheek wet with my tears, close to her own: Let me talk to you, my child. Since silence is your choice, hearken to me, and *be* silent.

You know, my dear, what I every day forego, and undergo, for the sake of peace. Your papa is a very good man and means well; but he will not be controlled nor yet persuaded. You have sometimes seemed to pity *me*, that I am obliged to give up every point. Poor man! *his* reputation the less for it: mine the greater; yet would I not have this credit, if I could help it, at so dear a rate to *him* and to *myself*. You are a dutiful, a prudent, and a *wise* child, she was pleased to say, in hope, no doubt, to make me so: you would not add, I am sure, to my trouble: you would not wilfully break that peace which costs your mother so much to preserve. Obedience is better than sacrifice. Oh, my Clary Harlowe, rejoice my heart, by telling me I have apprehended too much:—I see your concern! I see your perplexity! I see your conflict [loosing her arm, and rising, not willing I should see how much she herself was affected]. I will leave you a moment. Answer me not, [for I was essaying to speak, and had, as soon as she took her dear cheek from mine,

dropt down on my knees, my hands clasped, and lifted up in a supplicating manner]. I am not prepared for your irresistible expostulation, she was pleased to say. I will leave you to recollection! and I charge you, on my blessing, that all this my truly maternal tenderness be not thrown away upon you.

And then she withdrew into the next apartment; wiping her eyes as she went from me; as mine overflowed; my heart taking in the whole compass of her meaning.

She soon returned, having recovered more steadiness. Still on my knees, I had thrown my face across the chair she had sat in.

Look up to me, my Clary Harlowe—No sullenness I hope!

No indeed, my ever-to-be-revered mamma.—And I arose. I bent my knee.

She raised me. No kneeling to me, but with knees of duty and compliance. Your heart, not your knees, must bend. It is absolutely determined. Prepare yourself therefore to receive your *father*, when he visits you by and by, as he would wish to receive *you*. But on this one quarter of an hour depends the peace of my future life, the satisfaction of all the family, and your security from a man of violence: and I charge you *besides*, on my blessing, that you think of being Mrs. Solmes.

There went the dagger to my heart, and down I sunk: and when I recovered found myself in the arms of my Hannah, my sister's Betty holding open my reluctantly-opened palm, my laces cut, my linen scented with hartshorn; and my mother gone. Had I been *less* kindly treated, the hated name still forborne to be mentioned, or mentioned with a little more preparation and reserve, I had stood the horrid sound with less visible emotion—but to be bid, on the blessing of a mother so dearly beloved, so truly reverenced, to think of being Mrs. SOLMES—what a denunciation was that.

Shorey came in with a message (delivered in her solemn way): Your mamma, Miss, is concerned for your disorder: she expects you down again in an hour; and bid me say, that she then hopes everything from your duty.

I made no reply ; for what could I say ? And leaning upon my Hannah's arm withdrew to my own apartment. There you will guess how the greatest part of the hour was employed.

(From *The History of Clarissa Harlowe*, Letter xvii.)

Henry Fielding

1707–1754.

SOPHIA'S BIRD

THOUGH the different tempers of Mr. Allworthy and of Mr. Western did not admit of a very intimate correspondence, yet they lived upon what is called a decent footing together ; by which means the young people of both families had been acquainted from their infancy ; and as they were all near of the same age, had been frequent playmates together.

The gaiety of Tom's temper suited better with Sophia than the grave and sober disposition of Master Blifil. And the preference which she gave the former of these would often appear so plainly, that a lad of a more passionate turn than Master Blifil was, might have shown some displeasure at it.

As he did not, however, outwardly express such disgust, it would be an ill office in us to pay a visit to the inmost recesses of his mind, as some scandalous people search into the most secret affairs of their friends, and often pry into their closets and cupboards, only to discover their poverty and meanness to the world.

However, as persons who suspect they have given others cause of offence are apt to conclude they are offended, so Sophia imputed an action of Master Blifil to his anger, which the superior sagacity of Thwackum and Square discerned to have arisen from a much better principle.

Tom Jones, when very young, had presented Sophia with a little bird, which he had taken from the nest, had nursed up, and taught to sing.

Of this bird, Sophia, then about thirteen years old, was so

extremely fond, that her chief business was to feed and tend it, and her chief pleasure to play with it. By these means little Tommy, for so the bird was called, was become so tame, that it would feed out of the hand of its mistress, would perch upon her finger, and lie contented in her bosom, where it seemed almost sensible of its own happiness; though she always kept a small string about its leg, nor would ever trust it with the liberty of flying away.

One day, when Mr. Allworthy and his whole family dined at Mr. Western's, Master Blifil, being in the garden with little Sophia, and observing the extreme fondness that she showed for the little bird, desired her to trust it for a moment in his hands. Sophia presently complied with the young gentleman's request, and after some previous caution, delivered him her bird, of which he was no sooner in possession, than he slipped the string from its leg and tossed it into the air.

The foolish animal no sooner perceived itself at liberty, than, forgetting all the favours it had received from Sophia, it flew directly from her, and perched on a bough at some distance.

Sophia, seeing her bird gone, screamed out so loud that Tom Jones, who was at a little distance, immediately ran to her assistance.

He was no sooner informed of what had happened than he cursed Blifil for a pitiful malicious rascal; and then immediately slipping off his coat, he applied himself to climbing the tree to which the bird had escaped.

Tom had almost recovered his little namesake, when the branch on which it was perched, and that hung over a canal, broke, and the poor lad plumped over head and ears into the water.

Sophia's concern now changed its object. And as she apprehended the boy's life was in danger, she screamed ten times louder than before, and indeed Master Blifil himself now seconded her with all the vociferation in his power.

The company, who were sitting in a room next the garden, were instantly alarmed, and came all forth; but just as they

reached the canal, Tom (for the water was luckily pretty shallow in that part) arrived safely on shore.

Thwackum fell violently on poor Tom, who stood dripping and shivering before him, when Mr. Allworthy desired him to have patience ; and, turning to Master Blifil, said, " Pray, child, what is the reason of all this disturbance ? "

Master Blifil answered : " Indeed, uncle, I am very sorry for what I have done ; I have been unhappily the occasion of it all. I had Miss Sophia's bird in my hand, and thinking the poor creature languished for liberty, I own I could not forbear giving it what it desired ; for I always thought there was something very cruel in confining anything. It seemed to be against the law of nature, by which everything has a right to liberty ; nay it is even unchristian, for it is not doing what we would be done of : but if I had imagined Miss Sophia would have been so much concerned at it, I am sure I never would have done it ; nay, if I had known what would have happened to the bird itself, for when Master Jones, who climbed up that tree after it, fell into the water, the bird took a second flight, and presently a nasty hawk carried it away.

Poor Sophia, who now first heard of her little Tommy's fate (for her concern for Jones had prevented her perceiving it when it happened) shed a shower of tears. These Mr. Allworthy endeavoured to assuage, promising her a much finer bird : but she declared she would never have another.

(From *Tom Jones.*)

ON GOOD AND BAD CHARACTERS

In the next place, we must admonish thee, my worthy friend, (for perhaps thy heart may be better than thy head), not to condemn a character as a bad one, because it is not perfectly a good one. If thou dost delight in these models of perfection there are books enow written to gratify thy taste ; but as we have not, in the course of our conversation, ever happened to meet with any such person, we have not chosen to introduce any such here. To say the truth, I a little question whether mere

men ever arrived at this consummate degree of excellence, as well as whether there ever existed a monster bad enough to verify that

——*Nulla virtute redemptum*
A vitiis————

in Juvenal; nor do I, indeed, conceive the good purposes served by inserting characters of such angelic perfection or such diabolical depravity in any work of invention; since, from contemplating either, the mind of man is more likely to be overwhelmed with sorrow and shame than to draw any goodness from such patterns: for in the former instance he may be both concerned and ashamed to see a pattern of excellence in his nature, which he may reasonably despair of ever arriving at; and in contemplating the latter he may be no less affected with those uneasy sensations, at seeing the nature of which he is a partaker degraded into so odious and detestable a creature.

(From *The Same.*)

Tobias Smollett

1721–1771.

A STORM AT SEA

We got out of the channel with a prosperous breeze, which died away, leaving us becalmed about fifty leagues to the westward of the Lizard: but this state of inaction did not last long; for next night our main-top sail was split by the wind which in the morning increased to a hurricane. I was wakened by a most horrible din, occasioned by the play of the gun-carriages upon the deck above, the cracking of cabins, the howling of the wind through the shrouds, the confused noise of the ship's crew, the pipes of the boatswain and his mates, the trumpets of the lieutenants, and the clanking of the chain pumps. Morgan, who had never been at sea before, turned out in a great hurry, crying, "Got have mercy and compassion upon us! I believe we have got upon the confines of Lucifer and the d——n'd!"

While poor Thomson lay quaking in his hammock, putting up petitions to heaven for our safety, I rose and joined the Welshman, with whom, (after having fortified ourselves with brandy) I went above; but if my sense of hearing was startled before, how must my sight have been appalled in beholding the effects of the storm! The sea was swelled into billows mountains high, on the top of which our ship sometimes hung as if it was about to be precipitated to the abyss below. Sometimes we sunk between two waves that rose on each side higher than our top-most head, and threatened by dashing together to overwhelm us in a moment! Of all our fleet, consisting of a hundred and fifty sail, scarce twelve appeared, and these driving under their bare poles, at the mercy of the tempest. At length the mast of one of them gave way, and tumbled overboard with a hideous crash! Nor was the prospect in our own ship much more agreeable; a number of officers and sailors ran backward and forward with distraction in their looks, hallowing to one another, and undetermined what they should attend to first. Some clung to the yards, endeavouring to unbend the sails that were split into a thousand pieces flapping in the wind; others tried to furl those which were yet whole, while the masts, at every pitch, bent and quivered like twigs, as if they would have shivered into innumerable splinters! While I considered this scene with equal terror and astonishment, one of the main braces broke, by the shock whereof two sailors were flung from the yard's arm into the sea, where they perished, and poor Jack Rattlin was thrown down upon the deck, at the expense of a broken leg.

(From *Roderick Random.*)

Laurence Sterne

1713–1768.

UNCLE TOBY

My uncle Toby was a man patient of injuries;—not from want of courage;—I have told you in a former chapter, "that he

was a man of courage" : and will add here, that where just occasion presented, or called it forth,—I know no man under whose arm I would have sooner taken shelter ;—nor did this arise from any insensibility or obtuseness of his intellectual parts ;— . . . but he was of a peaceful placid nature,—no jarring element in it,—all was mixed up so kindly within him ; my uncle Toby had scarce a heart to retaliate upon a fly.

Go,—says he, one day at dinner, to an over-grown one which had buzzed about his nose, and tormented him cruelly all dinner-time,—and which after infinite attempts, he had caught at last, as it flew by him ;—I'll not hurt thee, says my uncle Toby, rising from his chair, and going across the room, with the fly in his hand,—I'll not hurt a hair of thy head :—Go, says he, lifting up the sash, and opening his hand as he spoke, to let it escape ;—go, poor devil, get thee gone, why should I hurt thee ? —This world is surely wide enough to hold both thee and me.

(From *Tristram Shandy*.)

CORPORAL TRIM PREPARING TO READ

Begin, Trim,—and read distinctly, quoth my father.—I will an' please your honour, replied the Corporal ; making a bow, and bespeaking attention with a slight movement of his right hand.

But before the Corporal begins, I must first give you a description of his attitude ;—otherwise he will naturally stand represented, by your imagination in an uneasy posture,—stiff,—perpendicular—dividing the weight of his body equally upon both legs ;—his eyes fixed as if on duty ;—his look determined, clenching the sermon in his left hand, like his forelock.—In a word, you would be apt to paint Trim as if he was standing in his platoon ready for action.—His attitude was as unlike all this as you can conceive.

He stood before them with his body swayed and bent forwards, just so far as to make an angle of 85 degrees and a half upon the plain of the horizon :—which sound orators, to whom I address this, know very well to be the true persuasive angle of

incidence; in any other angle you may talk and preach;—'tis certain;—and it is done every day;—but with what effect,—I leave the world to judge!

The necessity of this precise angle of 85 degrees and a half to a mathematical exactness,—does it not show us, by the way, how the arts and sciences mutually befriend each other?

How the deuce Corporal Trim, who knew not so much as an acute angle from an obtuse one, came to hit it so exactly;—or whether it was by chance, or nature or good sense, or imitation, etc., shall be commented upon in that part of the Cyclopædia of Arts and Sciences where the instrumental parts of the eloquence of the Senate, the pulpit, and the bar, the coffee-house, the bed-chamber, and fire-side, fall under consideration.

He stood—for I repeat it, to take the picture of him in at one view, with his body swayed, and somewhat bent forwards;—his right leg firm under him, sustaining seven-eighths of his whole weight,—the foot of his left leg, the defect of which was no disadvantage to his attitude, advanced a little,—not laterally, nor forwards, but in a line betwixt them;—his knee bent, but that not violently,—but so as to fall within the limits of the line of beauty;—and I add of the line of science too; for consider, it had one-eighth part of his body to bear up;—so that in this case the position of the leg is determined,—because the foot could be no farther advanced, or the knee more bent, than what would allow him mechanically to receive an eighth part of his whole weight under it, and to carry it too.

This I recommend to painters;—need I add, to orators!—I think not; for unless they practise it,—they must fall upon their noses.

So much for Corporal Trim's body and legs.—He held the sermon loosely, not carelessly, in his left hand, raised something above his stomach, and detached a little from his breast; his right arm falling negligently by his side, as nature and the law of gravity ordered it,—but with the palm of it open and turned towards his audience, ready to aid the sentiment in case it stood in need.

Corporal Trim's eyes and the muscles of his face were in full harmony with the other parts of him;—he looked frank,—unconstrained,—something assured,—but not bordering upon assurance.

Let not the critic ask how Corporal Trim could come by all this—I've told him it should be explained;—but so he stood before my father, my uncle Toby and Dr. Slop;—so swayed his body, so contrasted his limbs, and with such an oratorical sweep throughout the whole figure,—a statuary might have modelled from it;—nay, I doubt whether the oldest Fellow of a College—or the Hebrew Professor himself, could have much mended it.

Trim made a bow, and read as follows.

(From *Tristram Shandy*.)

Frances Burney

(Madame D'Arblay)

1752–1840.

EVELINA (ON A VISIT TO LADY HOWARD) WRITES TO THE REV. MR. VILLARS (HER ADOPTED FATHER)

Howard Grove,

March 26.

This house seems to be the house of joy; every face wears a smile, and a laugh is at everybody's service. It is quite amusing to walk about and see the general confusion. A room leading to the garden is fitting up for Captain Mirvan's study, Lady Howard does not sit a moment in a place, Miss Mirvan is making caps; everybody so busy!—such flying from room to room!—so many orders given and retracted, and given again,—nothing but hurry and perturbation.

Well but, my dear Sir, I am desired to make a request to you. I hope you will not think me an encroacher: Lady Howard insists upon my writing!—yet I hardly know how to go on; a petition implies a want,—and have you left me one? No, indeed.

I am half ashamed of myself for beginning this letter. But these dear ladies are so pressing—I cannot, for my life, resist wishing for the pleasures they offer me, provided you do not disapprove them.

They are to make a very short stay in town. The captain will meet them in a day or two. Mrs. Mirvan and her sweet daughter both go; what a happy party! Yet I am not *very* eager to accompany them: at least I shall be contented to remain where I am, if you desire that I should.

Assured, my dear Sir, of your goodness, your bounty, and your indulgent kindness, ought I to form a wish that has not your sanction? Decide for me, therefore, without the least apprehension that I shall be uneasy or discontented. While I am yet in suspense, perhaps I may *hope*; but I am most certain, that when you have once determined I shall not repine.

They tell me that London is now in full splendour. Two playhouses are open,—the Opera House,—Ranelagh,—and the Pantheon.—You see I have learned all their names. However, pray don't suppose that I make any point of going; for I shall hardly sigh, to see them depart without me, though I shall probably never meet with such another opportunity. And, indeed, their domestic happiness will be so great,—it is natural to wish to partake of it.

I believe I am bewitched! I made a resolution, when I began, that I would not be urgent; but my pen—or rather my thoughts, will not suffer me to keep it—for I acknowledge, I must acknowledge, I cannot help wishing for your permission.

I almost repent already that I have made this confession; pray forget that you have read it, if this journey is displeasing to you. But I will not write any longer; for the more I think of this affair, the less indifferent to it I find myself.

Adieu, my most honoured, most reverenced, most beloved father! for by what other name can I call you? I have no happiness or sorrow, no hope or fear, but what your kindness bestows, or your displeasure may cause. You will not, I am sure, send a refusal without reasons unanswerable, and therefore

I shall cheerfully acquiesce. Yet I hope—I hope you will be able to permit me to go!

I am with the utmost affection,
gratitude and duty,
Your EVELINA.

MR. VILLARS TO EVELINA

BERRY HILL,
March 28.

To resist the urgency of entreaty, is a power which I have not yet acquired: I aim not at an authority which deprives you of liberty, yet I would fain guide myself by a prudence which would save me the pangs of repentance. Your impatience to fly to a place which your imagination has painted to you in colours so attractive, surprises me not; I have only to hope, that the liveliness of your fancy may not deceive you: to refuse would be raising it still higher. To see my Evelina happy, is to see myself without a wish: go then, my child; and may that Heaven which alone can direct, preserve and strengthen you! To that, my love, will I daily offer prayers for your felicity. O may it guard, watch over you, defend you from danger, save you from distress, and keep vice as distant from your person as from your heart! And to me may it grant the ultimate blessing of closing these aged eyes in the arms of one so dear—so deservedly beloved!

ARTHUR VILLARS.

William Robertson

1721–1793.

A SCOTTISH VIEW OF QUEEN ELIZABETH

FOREIGNERS often accuse the English of indifference and disrespect towards their princes; but without reason. No people are more grateful than they to those monarchs who merit their gratitude. The names of Edward III and Henry V are mentioned

by the English of this age with the same warmth as they were by those who shared in the blessings and splendours of their reigns. The memory of Elizabeth is still adored in England. The historians of that kingdom, after celebrating her love of her people; her sagacity in discerning their true interest; her steadiness in pursuing it; her wisdom in the choice of her ministers; the glory she acquired by arms; the tranquillity she secured to her subjects; and the increase of fame, of riches, and of commerce, which were the fruits of all these, justly rank her among the most illustrious princes. Even the defects in her character, they observe, were not of a kind pernicious to her people. Her excessive frugality was not accompanied with the love of hoarding; and, though it prevented some great undertakings, and rendered the success of others incomplete, it introduced economy into her administration, and exempted the nation from many burdens, which a monarch more profuse or more enterprising must have imposed. Her slowness in rewarding her servants sometimes discouraged useful merit; but it prevented the undeserving from acquiring power and wealth to which they had no title. Her extreme jealousy of those princes who pretended to dispute her right to the crown, led her to take such precautions, as tended no less to the public safety, than to her own; and to court the affections of her people, as the firmest support of her throne. Such is the picture which the English draw of this great queen.

Whoever undertakes to write the history of Scotland, finds himself obliged, frequently, to view her in a very different, and in a less amiable light. Her authority, in that kingdom, during the greater part of her reign, was little inferior to that which she possessed in her own. But this authority, acquired at first by a service of great importance to the nation, she exercised in a manner extremely pernicious to its happiness. By her industry in fomenting the rage of the two contending factions; by supplying the one with partial aid; by feeding the other with false hopes; by balancing their power so artfully, that each of them was able to distress, and neither of them to subdue the other;

she rendered Scotland long the seat of discord, confusion, and bloodshed; and her craft and intrigues, effecting what the valour of her ancestors could not accomplish, reduced that kingdom to a state of dependence on England. The maxims of policy, often little consonant to those of morality, may, perhaps, justify this conduct. But no apology can be offered for her behaviour to Queen Mary, a scene of dissimulation without necessity, and of severity beyond example. In almost all her other actions, Elizabeth is the object of our highest admiration; in this we must allow that she not only laid aside the magnanimity which became a queen, but the feelings natural to a woman.

(From the *History of Scotland.*)

Edward Gibbon

1737–1794.

THE TRIUMPH OF AURELIAN

SINCE the foundation of Rome no general had more nobly deserved a triumph than Aurelian; nor was a triumph ever celebrated with superior pride and magnificence. The pomp was opened by twenty elephants, four royal tigers, and above two hundred of the most curious animals from every climate of the north, the east, and the south. They were followed by sixteen hundred gladiators, devoted to the cruel amusement of the amphitheatre. The wealth of Asia, the arms and ensigns of so many conquered nations, and the magnificent plate and wardrobe of the Syrian queen, were disposed in exact symmetry or artful disorder. The ambassadors of the most remote parts of the earth, of Æthiopia, Arabia, Persia, Bactriana, India and China, all remarkable by their rich or singular dresses, displayed the fame and power of the Roman emperor, who exposed likewise to the public view the presents that he had received, and particularly a great number of crowns of gold, the offerings of grateful cities. The victories of Aurelian were attested by the long train of captives who reluctantly attended his triumph—Goths, Vandals, Sarmatians,

Alemanni, Franks, Gauls, Syrians and Egyptians. Each people was distinguished by its peculiar inscription, and the title of Amazons was bestowed on ten martial heroines of the Gothic nation who had been taken in arms. But every eye, disregarding the crowd of captives, was fixed on the emperor Tetricus, and the queen of the East. The former, as well as his son, whom he had created Augustus, was dressed in Gallic trowsers, a saffron tunic, and a robe of purple. The beauteous figure of Zenobia was confined by fetters of gold ; a slave supported the gold chain which encircled her neck, and she almost fainted under the intolerable weight of jewels. She preceded on foot the magnicent chariot in which she once hoped to enter the gates of Rome. It was followed by two other chariots, still more sumptuous, of Odenathus and of the Persian monarch. The triumphal car of Aurelian (it had formerly been used by a Gothic king), was drawn on this memorable occasion, either by four stags or by four elephants. The most illustrious of the senate, the people, and the army closed the solemn procession. . . . So long and so various was the pomp of Aurelian's triumph, that although it opened with the dawn of day, the slow majesty of the procession ascended not the Capital before the ninth hour ; and it was already dark when the emperor returned to the palace.

(From the *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.*)

THE HARBOUR OF CONSTANTINOPLE

The harbour of Constantinople, which may be considered as an arm of the Bosphorus, obtained in a very remote period, the denomination of the *Golden Horn.* The curve which it describes might be compared to the horn of a stag, or as it should seem with more propriety, to that of an ox. The epithet of *golden* was expressive of the riches which every wind wafted from the most distant countries into the secure and capacious port of Constantinople. The river Lycus, formed by the conflux of two little streams, pours into the harbour a perpetual supply of fresh water, which serves to cleanse the bottom and to invite

the periodical shoals of fish to seek their retreat in that convenient recess. As the vicissitudes of tides are scarcely felt in those seas, the constant depth of the harbour allows goods to be landed on the quays without the assistance of boats; and it has been observed that, in many places, the largest vessels may rest their prows against the houses while their sterns are floating in the water. From the mouth of the Lycus to that of the harbour this arm of the Bosphorus is more than seven miles in length. The entrance is about five hundred yards broad, and a strong chain could be occasionally drawn across it to guard the port and city from the attack of an hostile navy.

(From *The Same.*)

THE CHARACTER OF THE EMPEROR JULIAN

The generality of princes, if they were stripped of their purple and cast naked into the world, would immediately sink to the lowest rank of society, without a hope of emerging from their obscurity. But the personal merit of Julian was, in some measure, independent of his fortune. Whatever had been his choice of life, by the force of intrepid courage, lively wit, and intense application, he would have obtained, or at least he would have deserved, the highest honours of his profession, and Julian might have raised himself to the rank of minister or general of the state in which he was born a private citizen. If the jealous caprice of power had disappointed his expectations; if he had prudently declined the paths of greatness, the employment of the same talents in studious solitude would have placed beyond the reach of kings his present happiness and his immortal fame. When we inspect with minute, or perhaps malevolent, attention, the portrait of Julian, something seems wanting to the grace and perfection of the whole figure. His genius was less powerful and sublime than that of Cæsar, nor did he possess the consummate prudence of Augustus. The virtues of Trajan appear more steady and natural, and the philosophy of Marcus is more simple and consistent. Yet Julian sustained adversity with firmness, and prosperity with moderation. After an interval of one hun-

dred and twenty years from the death of Alexander Severus, the Romans beheld an emperor who made no distinction between his duties and his pleasures, who laboured to relieve the distress and to revive the spirit of his subjects, and who endeavoured always to connect authority with merit, and happiness with virtue. Even faction, and religious faction, was constrained to acknowledge the superiority of his genius in peace as well as in war, and to confess, with a sigh, that the apostate Julian was a lover of his country, and that he deserved the empire of the world.

(From *The Same.*)

David Hume

1711–1776.

THE PRINCE OF ORANGE AND THE REVOLT OF THE NETHERLANDS

William, Prince of Orange, descended from a sovereign family, of great lustre and antiquity, in Germany, inheriting the possessions of a sovereign family in France, had fixed his residence in the Low Countries; and, on account of his noble birth and immense riches, as well as of his personal merit, was universally regarded as the greatest subject that lived in those provinces. He had opposed, by all regular and dutiful means, the progress of the Spanish usurpations: and when Alva conducted his army into the Netherlands, and assumed the government, this prince, well acquainted with the violent character of the man, and the tyrannical spirit of the Court of Madrid, wisely fled from the danger which threatened him, and retired to his paternal estate and dominions in Germany. He was cited to appear before Alva's tribunal, was condemned in his absence, was declared a rebel, and his ample possessions in the Low Countries were confiscated. In revenge, he had levied an army of protestants in the empire, and had made some attempts to restore the Flemings to liberty; but was still repulsed with loss by the vigi-

lance and military conduct of Alva, and by the great bravery, as well as discipline, of those veteran Spaniards who served under that general.

The revolt of Holland and Zealand, provinces which the Prince of Orange had formerly commanded, and where he was much beloved, called him anew from his retreat; and he added conduct, no less than spirit, to that obstinate resistance which was here made to the Spanish dominion. By uniting the revolted cities in a league, he laid the foundation of that illustrious commonwealth, the offspring of industry and liberty, whose arms and policy have long made so signal a figure in every transaction of Europe. He inflamed the inhabitants by every motive which religious zeal, resentment, or love of freedom, could inspire. Though the present greatness of the Spanish monarchy might deprive them of all courage, he still flattered them with the concurrence of the other provinces, and with assistance from neighbouring states; and he exhorted them, in defence of their religion, their liberties and their lives, to endure the utmost extremities of war. From this spirit proceeded the desperate defence of Haarlem; a defence which nothing but the most consuming famine could overcome, and which the Spaniards revenged by the execution of more than two thousand of the inhabitants. This extreme severity, instead of striking terror into the Hollanders, animated them by despair; and the vigorous resistance made at Alcmaer, where Alva was finally repulsed, shewed them that their insolent enemies were not invincible. The duke, finding at last the pernicious influence of his violent councils, solicited to be recalled: Medinaceli, who was appointed his successor, refused to accept the government: Requesens, commendator of Castile, was sent from Italy to replace Alva; and this tyrant departed from the Netherlands in 1574, leaving his name in execration to the inhabitants, and boasting in his turn, that, during the course of five years, he had delivered above eighteen thousand of these rebellious heretics into the hands of the executioner.

(From the *History of England.*)

SYMPATHY IN ITS RELATION TO MORALS

To discover the true origin of morals, and of that love or hatred which arises from mental qualities, we must take the matter pretty deep, and compare some principles, which have been already examined and explained.

We may begin with considering anew the nature and force of *sympathy*. The minds of all men are similar in their feelings and operations; nor can anyone be actuated by any affection of which all others are not, in some degree, susceptible. As in strings equally wound up, the motion of one communicates itself to the rest; so all the affections readily pass from one person to another, and beget correspondent movements in every human creature. When I see the *effects* of passion in the voice and gesture of any person, my mind immediately passes from these effects to their causes, and forms such a lively idea of the passion, as is presently converted into the passion itself. In like manner, when I perceive the *causes* of any emotion, my mind is conveyed to the effects, and is actuated by a like emotion. Were I present at any of the more terrible operations of surgery, 'tis certain that even before it began, the preparation of the instruments, the laying of the bandages in order, the heating of the irons, with all the signs of anxiety and concern in the patient and assistants, would have a great effect upon my mind, and excite the strongest sentiments of pity and terror. No passion of another discovers itself immediately to the mind. We are only sensible of its causes or effects. From *these* we refer the passion. And consequently *these* give rise to our sympathy. . . .

The same principle produces, in many instances, our sentiments of morals, as well as those of beauty. No virtue is more esteemed than justice, and no vice more detested than injustice; nor are there any qualities which go farther to fixing the characters, either as amiable or odious. Now justice is a moral virtue, merely because it has that tendency to the good of mankind; and, indeed, is nothing but an artificial invention to that purpose. The same may be said of allegiance, of the laws

of nations, of modesty, and of good manners. All these are mere human contrivances for the interest of society. And since there is a very strong sentiment of morals, which in all nations, and all ages, has attended them, we must allow, that the reflecting on the tendency of characters and mental qualities, is sufficient to give us the sentiments of approbation and blame. Now as the means to an end can only be agreeable, where the end is agreeable; and as the good of society, where our own interest is not concerned, or that of our friends, pleases only by sympathy: it follows, that sympathy is the source of the esteem which we pay to all the artificial virtues.

Thus it appears, that sympathy is a very powerful principle in human nature . . . and that it produces our sentiment of morals in all the artificial virtues. From thence we may presume, that it also gives rise to many of the other virtues; and that qualities acquire our approbation, because of their tendency to the good of mankind. This presumption must become a certainty when we find that most of those qualities which we *naturally* approve of, have actually that tendency, and render a man a proper member of society: while the qualities which we *naturally* disapprove of have a contrary tendency, and render any intercourse with the person dangerous or disagreeable. For having found that such tendencies have force enough to produce the strongest sentiment of morals we can never reasonably, in the cases, look for any other cause of approbation or blame; it being an inviolable maxim in philosophy, that where any particular cause is sufficient for an effect, we ought to rest satisfied with it, and ought not to multiply causes without necessity. We have happily attained experiments in the artificial virtues, where the tendency of qualities to the good of society is the *sole* cause of our approbation, without any suspicion of the concurrence of another principle. From thence we learn the force of that principle. And where that principle may take place, and the quality approved of is really beneficial to society, a true philosopher will never require any other principle to account for the strongest approbation and esteem.

(From *A Treatise of Human Nature.*)

Adam Smith

1723–1790.

THE WORSHIP OF RICHES AND GREATNESS

THIS disposition to admire, and almost to worship, the rich and the powerful, and to despise, or, at least, to neglect persons of poor and mean condition, though necessary both to establish and to maintain the distinction of ranks and the order of society, is, at the same time, the great and most universal cause of the corruption of our moral sentiments. That wealth and greatness are often regarded with the respect and admiration which are due only to wisdom and virtue; and that the contempt of which vice and folly are the only proper objects, often most unjustly bestowed upon poverty and weakness, has been the complaint of moralists in all ages.

We desire both to be respectable and to be respected. We dread both to be contemptible and to be contemned. But, upon coming into the world, we soon find that wisdom and virtue are by no means the sole objects of respect; nor vice and folly, of contempt. We frequently see the respectful attentions of the world more strongly directed toward the rich and the great, than towards the wise and the virtuous. We see frequently the vices and follies of the powerful much less despised than the poverty and weakness of the innocent. To deserve, to acquire, and to enjoy the respect and admiration of mankind are the great objects of ambition and emulation. Two different roads are presented to us, equally leading to the attainment of this so much desired object; the one, by the study of wisdom and the practice of virtue; the other, by the acquisition of wealth and greatness. Two different characters are presented to our emulation; the one of proud ambition and ostentatious avidity; the other of humble modesty and equitable justice. Two different models, two different pictures, are held out to us, according to which we may fashion our own character and behaviour; the one more gaudy and glittering in its colouring; the other more correct

and more exquisitely beautiful in its outline; the one forcing itself upon the notice of every wandering eye; the other, attracting the attention of scarce anybody but the most studious and careful observer. They are the wise and the virtuous chiefly, a select, though, I am afraid, but a small party, who are the real and steady admirers of wisdom and virtue. The great mob of mankind are the admirers and worshippers, and, what may seem more extraordinary, most frequently the disinterested admirers and worshippers, of wealth and greatness.

(From *The Theory of Moral Sentiments.*)

THE LABOUR INVOLVED IN PRODUCING THE SIMPLE ACCOMMODATION OF LIFE

Observe the accommodation of the most common artificer or day labourer in a civilized and thriving country, and you will perceive that the number of people of whose industry a part, though but a small part, has been employed in procuring him this accommodation, exceeds all computation! The woollen coat, for example, which covers the day labourer, as coarse and rough as it may appear, is the produce of the joint labour of a great multitude of workmen. The shepherd, the sorter of the wool, the wool-comber or carder, the dyer, the scribbler, the spinner, the weaver, the fuller, the dresser, with many others, must all join their different arts in order to complete even this homely production. How many merchants and carriers, besides, must have been employed in transporting the materials from some of those workmen to others who often live in a very distant part of the country! How much commerce and navigation in particular, how many ship-builders, sailors, sailmakers, ropemakers, must have been employed in order to bring together the different drugs made use of by the dyer, which often come from the remotest corners of the world! What a variety of labour, too, is necessary in order to produce the tools of the meanest of those workmen! To say nothing of such complicated machines as the ship of the sailor, the mill of the fuller, or even the loom of the weaver, let us consider only what a variety

of labour is requisite in order to form that very simple machine the shears with which the shepherd clips the wool. The miner, the builder of the furnace for smelting the ore, the feller of the timber, the burner of the charcoal to be made use of in the smelting house, the brick-maker, the bricklayer, the workmen who attend the furnace, the mill-wright, the forger, the smith, most all of them join their different arts in order to produce them. Were we to examine in the same manner all the different parts of his dress and household furniture, the coarse linen shirt which he wears next his skin, the shoes which cover his feet, the bed which he lies on, and all the different parts which compose it, the kitchen grate at which he prepares his victuals, the coals which he makes use of for that purpose, dug from the bowels of the earth and brought to him perhaps by a long sea and a long land carriage, all the other utensils of his kitchen, all the furniture of his table, the knives and forks. the earthern or pewter plates upon which he serves up and divides his victuals, the different hands employed in preparing his bread and his beer, the glass window which lets in the heat and the light, and keeps out the wind and the rain, with all the knowledge and art requisite for preparing that beautiful and happy invention, without which the northern parts of the world could scarce have afforded a very comfortable habitation, together with the tools of all the different workmen employed in producing those different conveniences ; if we examine, I say, all these things, and consider what a variety of labour is employed about each of them, we shall be sensible that without the assistance and co-operation of many thousands, the very meanest person in a civilized country could not be provided, even according to what we very falsely imagine, the easy and simple manner in which he is commonly accommodated.

(From *The Wealth of Nations.*)

"Junius"

AUTHOR OF THE "LETTERS."

1769–1772.

REMARKS ON THE POLITICAL SITUATION.

TO THE PRINTER OF THE *Public Advertiser*.

January 21, 1769.

SIR,—The submission of a free people to the executive authority of government is no more than a compliance with laws which they themselves have enacted. While the national honour is firmly maintained abroad, and while justice is impartially administered at home, the obedience of the subject will be voluntary, cheerful, and, I might almost say, unlimited. A generous nation is grateful even for the preservation of its rights, and willingly extends the respect due to the office of a good prince into an affection for his person. Loyalty, in the heart and understanding of an Englishman, is a rational attachment to the guardian of the laws. Prejudices and passion have sometimes carried it to a criminal length, and, whatever foreigners may imagine, we know that Englishmen have erred as much in a mistaken zeal for particular persons and families, as they ever did in defence of what they thought most dear and interesting to themselves.

It naturally fills us with resentment to see such a temper insulted and abused. In reading the history of a free people, whose rights have been invaded, we are interested in their cause. Our own feelings tell us how long they ought to have submitted, and at what moment it would have been treachery to themselves not to have resisted. How much warmer will be our resentment, if experience should bring the fatal example home to ourselves!

The situation of this country is alarming enough, to rouse the attention of every man who pretends to a concern for the public welfare. Appearances justify suspicion; and when the safety of a nation is at stake, suspicion is a just ground of enquiry. Let us enter into it with candour and decency. Respect is due

to the station of ministers; and, if a resolution must at last be taken, there is none so likely to be supported with firmness as that which has been adopted with moderation.

The ruin or prosperity of a state depends so much upon the administration of its government, that, to be acquainted with the merit of a ministry we need only observe the condition of the people. If we see them obedient to the laws, prosperous in their industry, united at home, and respected abroad, we may reasonably presume that their affairs are conducted by men of experience, ability and virtue. If on the contrary we see an universal spirit of distrust and dissatisfaction, a rapid decay of trade, dissensions in all parts of the empire, and a total loss of respect in the eyes of foreign powers, we may pronounce, without hesitation, that the government of that country is weak, distracted and corrupt. The multitude, in all countries, are patient to a certain point. Ill-usage may rouse their indignation, and hurry them into excesses; but the original fault is in government. Perhaps there never was an instance of a change in the circumstances and temper of a whole nation so sudden and extraordinary as that which the misconduct of ministers has within these few years, produced in Great Britain.

(From *Letters of Junius. Letter I.*)

Edmund Burke

1729–1797.

ON THE STRENGTH OF EXPRESSION

We do not sufficiently distinguish in our observations upon language between a clear expression and a strong expression. These are frequently confounded with each other, though they are in reality extremely different. The former regards the understanding. The latter belongs to the passions. The one describes a thing as it is; the latter describes it as it is felt. Now as there is a moving tone of voice, an impassioned countenance, an agitated gesture, which affect independently of the things

about which they are exerted, so there are words, and certain dispositions of words, which being peculiarly devoted to passionate subjects, and always used by those who are under the influence of any passion, touch and move us more than those which far more clearly and distinctly express the subject matter. We yield to sympathy what we refuse to description. The truth is, all verbal description, merely as naked description, though never so exact, conveys so poor and insufficient an idea of the thing described that it could scarcely have the smallest effect, if the speaker did not call in to his aid those modes of speech that make a strong and lively feeling in himself. Then, by the contagion of our passions, we catch a fire already kindled in another, which probably might never have been struck out by the object described. Words, by strongly conveying the passions, by those means which we have already mentioned, fully compensate for their weakness in other respects. It may be observed, that very polished languages, and such as are praised for their superior clearness and perspicuity, are generally deficient in strength. The French language has that perfection and that defect, whereas the Oriental tongues, and in general the languages of most unpolished people, have a great force and energy of expression; and this is but natural. Uncultivated people are but ordinary observers of things, and not critical in distinguishing them; but, for that reason, they admire more, and are more affected with what they see, and therefore express themselves in a warmer and more passionate manner. If the affection be well conveyed, it will work its effect without any clear idea, often without any idea at all of the thing which has originally given rise to it.

(From *An Enquiry into the origin of our ideas of the Sublime and Beautiful.*)

A VINDICATION OF HIS ENQUIRY INTO PUBLIC DISCONTENT (1770)

It is an undertaking of some degree of delicacy to examine into the cause of public disorders. If a man happens not to

succeed in such an enquiry, he will be thought weak and visionary; if he touches the true grievance, there is a danger that he may come near to persons of weight and consequence, who will rather be exasperated at the discovery of their errors, than thankful for the occasion of correcting them. If he should be obliged to blame the favourites of the people, he will be considered as the tool of power; if he censures those in power, he will be looked on as an instrument of faction. But in all exertions of duty something is to be hazarded. In cases of tumult and disorder, our law has invested every man, in some sort, with the authority of a magistrate. When the affairs of the nation are distracted, private people are, by the spirit of the law, justified in stepping a little out of their ordinary sphere. They enjoy a privilege, of somewhat more dignity and effect, than that of idle lamentation over the calamities of their country. They may look into them narrowly; they may reason upon them liberally; and if they should be so fortunate as to discover the true source of the mischief, and to suggest any probable method of removing it, though they may displease the rulers for the day, they are certainly of service to the cause of government. Government is deeply interested in everything which, even through the medium of some temporary uneasiness, may tend finally to compose the minds of the subjects and to concilitate their affections. I have nothing to do here with the abstract value of the voice of the people. But as long as reputation, the most precious possession of every individual, and as long as opinion, the great support of the State, depend entirely upon that voice, it can never be considered as a thing of little consequence either to individuals or to governments. Nations are not primarily ruled by laws; less by violence. Whatever original energy may be supposed either in force or regulation, the operation of both is, in truth, merely instrumental. Nations are governed by the same methods, and on the same principles, by which an individual without authority is often able to govern those who are his equals and his superiors; by a knowledge of their temper, and by a judicious management of it; I mean,—when public affairs

are steadily and quietly conducted: not when government is nothing but a continued scuffle between the magistrate and the multitude; in which sometimes the one and sometimes the other is uppermost; in which they alternately yield and prevail, in a series of contemptible victories and scandalous submissions. The temper of the people amongst whom he presides ought therefore to be the first study of a statesman. And the knowledge of this temper it is by no means impossible for him to attain if he has not an interest in being ignorant of what it is his duty to learn.

To complain of the age we live in, to murmur at the present possessors of power, to lament the past, to conceive extravagant hopes of the future, are the common dispositions of the greatest part of mankind; indeed the necessary effects of the ignorance and levity of the vulgar. Such complaints and humours have existed in all times; yet as all times have *not* been alike, true political sagacity manifests itself in distinguishing that complaint which only characterises the general infirmity of human nature, from those which are symptoms of the particular distemperature of our own air and season.

(From *Thoughts on the Causes of the Present Discontents*).

THE CHARACTER OF GRENVILLE

Undoubtedly Mr. Grenville was a first-rate figure in this country. With a masculine understanding, and a stout resolute heart, he had an application undissipated and unwearied. He took public business, not as a duty which he was to fulfil, but as a pleasure he was to enjoy; and he seemed to have no delight out of this House, except in such things as some way related to the business that was to be done within it. If he was ambitious I will say this for him, his ambition was of a noble and generous strain. It was to raise himself, not by the low, pimping politics of a court, but to win his way to power, through the laborious gradations of public service; and to secure to himself a well-earned rank in parliament, by a thorough knowledge of its constitution, and a perfect practice in all its business.

Sir, if such a man fell into errors, it must be from defects not intrinsical; they must be rather sought in the particular habits of his life; which, though they do not alter the groundwork of character, yet tinge it with their own hue. He was bred in a profession. He was bred to the law, which is, in my opinion, one of the first and noblest of human sciences; a science which does more to quicken and invigorate the understanding, than all the other kinds of learning put together; but it is not apt, except in persons very happily born, to open and to liberalize the mind exactly in the same proportion. Passing from that study he did not go very largely into the world; but plunged into business; I mean into the business of office; and the limited and fixed methods and forms established there. Much knowledge is to be had undoubtedly in that line; and there is no knowledge which is not valuable. But it may be truly said, that men too much conversant in office are rarely minds of remarkable enlargement. Their habits of office are apt to give them a turn to think the substance of business not to be much more important than the forms in which it is conducted; and therefore persons who are nurtured in office do admirably well as long as things go on in their common order; but when the high roads are broken up, and the waters out, when a new and troubled scene is opened, and the file affords no precedent, then it is that a greater knowledge of mankind, and a far more extensive comprehension of things, is requisite, than ever office gave, or than office can ever give. Mr. Grenville thought better of the wisdom and power of human legislation than in truth it deserves.

(From the *Speech on American Taxation.*)

THE TRUE GROUND OF CONCESSIONS TO AMERICAN DEMANDS

If we mean to conciliate and concede; let us see of what nature the concession ought to be: to ascertain the nature of our concession, we must look at their complaint. The colonies complain, that they have not the characteristic mark and seal of British freedom. They complain that they are taxed in a

parliament in which they are not represented. If you mean to satisfy them at all, you must satisfy them with regard to this complaint. If you mean to please any people, you must give them the boon which they ask; not what you think better for them, but of a kind totally different. Such an act may be a wise regulation, but it is no concession: whereas our present theme is the mode of giving satisfaction.

Sir, I think you must perceive, that I am resolved this day to have nothing at all to do with the question of the right of taxation. Some gentlemen startle—but it is true; I put it totally out of the question. It is less than nothing in my consideration. I do not indeed wonder, nor will you, sir, that gentlemen of profound learning are fond of displaying it on this profound subject. But my consideration is narrow, confined, and wholly limited to the policy of the question. I do not examine, whether the giving away a man's money be a power excepted and reserved out of the general trust of government; and how far all mankind, in all forms of polity, are entitled to an exercise of that right by the charter of nature. Or whether, on the contrary, a right of taxation is necessarily involved in the general principle of legislation, and inseparable from the ordinary supreme power. These are deep questions, where great names militate against each other; where reason is perplexed; and an appeal to authorities only thickens the confusion. For high and reverend authorities lift up their heads on both sides; and there is no sure footing in the middle. This point is the *great Serbonian, betwixt Damietta and Mount Casius old, where armies whole have sunk.* I do not intend to be overwhelmed in that bog, though in such respectable company. The question with me is, not whether you have a right to render your people miserable; but whether it is not your interest to make them happy. It is not, what a lawyer tells me I *may* do; but what humanity, reason, and justice tell me I ought to do. Is a politic act the worse for being a generous one? Is no concession proper, but that which is made from your want of right to keep what you grant? Or does it lessen the grace

or dignity of relaxing in the exercise of an odious claim, because you have your evidence-room full of titles, and your magazines stuffed with arms to enforce them? What signify all those titles, and all those arms? Of what avail are they, when the reason of the thing tells me, that the assertion of my title is the loss of my suit; and that I could do nothing but wound myself by the use of my own weapons?

Such is steadfastly my opinion of the absolute necessity of keeping up the concord of this empire by a unity of spirit, though in a diversity of operations, that, if I were sure the colonists had, at their leaving this country, sealed a regular compact of servitude; that they had solemnly abjured all the rights of citizens; that they had made a vow to renounce all ideas of liberty for them and their posterity to all generations; yet I should hold myself obliged to conform to the temper I found universally prevalent in my own day, and to govern two millions of men, impatient of servitude, on the principles of freedom. I am not determining a point of law; I am restoring tranquillity; and the general character and situation of a people must determine what sort of government is fitted for them. That point nothing else can or ought to determine.

(From the *Speech on Conciliation with America.*)

BURKE'S FRIENDSHIP WITH LORD KEPPEL

No man lives too long who lives to do with spirit and suffer with resignation what Providence pleases to command or inflict; but indeed they are sharp incommodities which beset old age. It was but the other day, that, on putting in order some things which had been brought here on my taking leave of London for ever, I looked over a number of fine portraits, most of them of persons now dead, but whose society, in my better days, made this a proud, a happy place. Amongst these was a picture of Lord Keppel. It was painted by an artist worthy of the subject, the excellent friend of that excellent man from their earliest youth, and a common friend of us both, with whom we lived

for many years without a moment of coldness, of peevishness, of jealousy, or of jar, to the day of our final separation.

I ever looked on Lord Keppel as one of the greatest and best men of his age; and I loved and cultivated him accordingly. He was much in my heart, and I believe I was in his to the very last beat. It was after his trial at Portsmouth that he gave me this picture. With what zeal and anxious affection I attended him through that his agony of glory, what part my son took in the early flush and enthusiasm of his virtue, and the pious passion with which he attached himself to all my connexions, with what prodigality we both squandered ourselves in courting almost every sort of enmity for his sake; I believe he felt, just as I should have felt such friendship on such an occasion. I partook indeed of this honour, with several of the first, and best, and ablest in the kingdom, but I was behindhand with none of them; and I am sure, that if to the eternal disgrace of this nation, and to the total annihilation of every trace of honour and virtue in it, things had taken a different turn from what they did, I should have attended him to the quarter-deck with no less good-will and more pride, though with far other feelings, than I partook of the general flow of national joy that attended the justice that was done to his virtue.

Pardon, my Lord, the feeble garrulity of age, which loves to diffuse itself in discourse of the departed great. At my years we live in retrospect alone; and, wholly unfitted for the society of vigorous life, we enjoy the best balm to all wounds, the consolation of friendship, in those only whom we have lost for ever. Feeling the loss of Lord Keppel at all times, at no time did I feel it so much as on the first day when I was attacked in the House of Lords.

(From *A Letter to a Noble Lord.*)

THE FORTUNE OF STATES

I doubt whether the history of mankind is yet complete enough, if ever it can be so, to furnish grounds for a sure theory on the internal causes which necessarily affect the fortune of a state.

I am far from denying the operation of such causes: but they are infinitely uncertain, and much more obscure, and much more difficult to trace, than the foreign causes that tend to raise, to depress, and sometimes to overwhelm a community.

It is often impossible, in these political inquiries, to find any proportion between the apparent force of any moral causes we may assign and their known operation. We are therefore obliged to deliver up that operation to mere chance, or, more piously, (perhaps more rationally), to the occasional interposition and irresistible hand of the Great Disposer. We have seen states of considerable duration, which for ages have remained nearly as they have begun, and could hardly be said to ebb or flow. Some appear to have spent their vigour at their commencement. Some have blazed out in their glory a little before their extinction. The meridian of some has been the most splendid. Others, and they the greatest number, have fluctuated, and experienced at different periods of their existence a great variety of fortune. At the very moment when some of them seemed plunged in unfathomable abysses of disgrace and disaster, they have suddenly emerged. They have begun a new course and opened a new reckoning; and, even in the depths of their calamity, and on the very ruins of their country, have laid the foundations of a towering and durable greatness. All this has happened without any apparent previous change in the general circumstances which had brought on their distress. The death of a man at a critical juncture, his disgust, his retreat, his disgrace, have brought innumerable calamities on a whole nation. A common soldier, a child,a girl at the door of an inn, have changed the face of fortune and almost of nature.

(From *Letters on a Regicide Peace.*)

APOLOGY FOR HIS REFLECTIONS ON THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

I have told you candidly my sentiments. I think they are not likely to alter yours. I do not know that they ought. You are young; you cannot guide, but must follow the fortune of your

country. But hereafter they may be of some use to you, in some future form which your commonwealth may take. In the present it can hardly remain; but before its final settlement it may be obliged to pass, as one of our poets says, "through great varieties of untried being," and in all its transmigrations to be purified by fire and blood.

I have little to recommend my opinions but long observation and much impartiality. They come from one who has been no tool of power, no flatterer of greatness; and who in his last acts does not wish to belie the tenour of his life. They come from one, almost the whole of whose public exertion has been a struggle for the liberty of others; from one in whose breast no anger durable or vehement has ever been kindled, but by what he considered as tyranny; and who snatches from his share in the endeavours which are used by good men to discredit opulent oppression, the hours he has employed on your affairs; and who in so doing persuades himself he has not departed from his usual office: they come from one who desires honours, distinctions, and emoluments, but little; and who expects them not at all; who has no contempt for fame and no fear of obloquy; who shuns contention, though he will hazard an opinion: from one who wishes to preserve consistency, but who would preserve consistency by varying his means to secure the unity of his end; and, when the equipoise of the vessel in which he sails may be endangered by overloading it upon one side, is desirous of carrying the small weight of his reasons to that which may preserve its equipoise.

(From *Reflections on the Revolution in France.*)

ON REFORMATION

At once to preserve and to reform is quite another thing. When the useful parts of an old establishment are kept, and what is superadded is to be fitted to what is retained, a vigorous mind, steady persevering attention, various powers of comparison and combination, and the resources of an understanding fruitful in expedients are to be exercised; they are to be exercised in a

continued conflict with the combined force of opposite vices; with the obstinacy that rejects all improvement, and the levity that is fatigued and disgusted with everything of which it is in possession. But you may object—"A process of this kind is slow. It is not fit for an assembly which glories in performing in a few months the work of ages. Such a mode of reforming possibly might take up many years." Without question it might; and it ought. It is one of the excellencies of a method in which time is amongst the assistants, that its operation is slow, and in some cases almost imperceptible. If circumspection and caution are a part of wisdom, when we work only upon inanimate matter, surely they become a part of duty too, when the subject of our demolition and construction is not brick and timber, but sentient beings, by the sudden alteration of whose state, condition, and habits, multitudes may be rendered miserable. But it seems as if it were the prevalent opinion in Paris, that an unfeeling heart, and an undoubting confidence, are the sole qualifications for a perfect legislator. Far different are my ideas of that high office. The true lawgiver ought to have a heart full of sensibility. He ought to love and respect his kind, and to fear himself. It may be allowed to his temperament to catch his ultimate object with an intuitive glance; but his movements towards it ought to be deliberate. Political arrangement, as it is a work for social ends, is to be only wrought by social means. There mind must conspire with mind. Time is required to produce that union of minds which alone can produce all the good we aim at. Our patience will achieve more than our force. If I might venture to appeal to what is so much out of fashion in Paris, I mean to experience, I should tell you, that in my course I have known, and, according to my measure, have co-operated with great men; and I have never yet seen any plan which has not been mended by the observations of those who were much inferior in understanding to the person who took the lead in the business. By a slow but well-sustained progress, the effect of each step is watched; the good or ill success of the first, gives light to us in the second;

and so, from light to light, we are conducted with safety through the whole series. We see that the parts of the system do not clash. The evils latent in the most promising contrivances are provided for as they arise. One advantage is as little as possible sacrificed to another. We compensate, we reconcile, we balance. We are enabled to unite into a consistent whole the various anomalies and contending principles that are found in the minds and affairs of men. From hence arises, not an excellence in simplicity, but one far superior, an excellence in composition. Where the great interests of mankind are concerned through a long succession of generations, that succession ought to be admitted into some share in the councils which are so deeply to affect them. If justice requires this, the work itself requires the aid of more minds than one age can furnish. It is from this view of things that the best legislators have been often satisfied with the establishment of some sure, solid, and ruling principle in government; a power like that which some of the philosophers have called a plastic nature; and having fixed the principle, they have left it afterwards to its own operation.

(From *The Same.*)

Thomas Gray

1716–1771.

BORROWDALE

October 3.—A heavenly day; rose at seven, and walked out under the conduct of my landlord to Borrowdale; the grass was covered with a hoarfrost, which soon melted and exhaled in a thin bluish smoke, crossed the meadows obliquely, catching a diversity of views among the hills, over the lake and islands and changing prospect at every ten paces. Left Cockshut (which we formerly mounted) and Castlehill, a loftier and more rugged hill behind me, and drew near the foot of Wallow-crag, whose bare and rocky brow cut perpendicularly down above 400 feet (as I guess, though the people call it much more) awfully overlooks the way. Our path here tends to the left, and the

ground gently rising, and covered with a glade of scattered trees and rushes on the very margin of the water, opens both ways the most delicious view that my eyes ever beheld. Opposite are the thick woods of Lord Egremont, and Newland valley, with green and smiling fields embosomed in the dark cliffs; to the left, the jaws of Borrowdale, with that turbulent chaos of mountain behind mountain, rolled in confusion, beneath you, and stretching far away to the right, the shining purity of the lake reflecting rocks, woods, fields, and inverted tops of hills, just ruffled by the breeze, enough to show it is alive, with the white buildings of Keswick, Crosthwaite church, and Skiddaw, for a background at a distance.

(From *Letters.*)

THE LAKE

In the evening I walked alone down to the lake, by the side of Crow-park, after sunset, and saw the solemn colouring of the night draw on, the last gleam of sunshine fading away on the hill tops, the deep serene of the waters, and the long shadows of the mountains thrown across them, till they nearly touched the hithermost shore. At a distance were heard the murmurs of many water-falls, not audible in the daytime; I wished for the moon, but she was dark to me and silent.

Hid in her vacant interlunar cave.

FROM KESWICK TO RYDAL

October 8.—I left Keswick, and took the Ambleside road, in a gloomy morning: about two miles (rather a mile) from the town, mounted an eminence called Castle-rigg, and the sun breaking out discovered the most enchanting view I have yet seen of the whole valley behind me, the two lakes, the river, the mountains, all in their glory; so that I had almost a mind to have gone back again. The road in some few parts is not completed, yet good country road, through sound but narrow and stony lanes, very safe in broad daylight. This is the case

about Causeway-foot, and among Naddle-fells, to Langthwaite. The vale you go in has little breadth; the mountains are vast and rocky, the fields little and poor, and the inhabitants are now making hay, and see not the sun by two hours in the day so long as at Keswick. Came to the foot of Helvellyn, along which runs an excellent road, looking down from a little height on Leathes-water (called also Thirlmere, or Wythburn-water), and soon descending on its margin. The lake looks black from its depth, and from the gloom of the vast crags that scowl over it, though really clear as glass: it is narrow, and about three miles long, resembling a river in its course; little shining torrents hurrying down the rocks to join it, but not a bush to overshadow them, or cover their march; all is rock and loose stones up to the very brow, which lies so near your way that not above half the height of Helvellyn can be seen.

Next I passed by the little chapel of Wythburn, out of which the Sunday congregation were then issuing: soon after a beck near Dunmail-raise, where I entered Westmoreland a second time; and now began to see Helmcrag, distinguished from its rugged neighbours, not so much by its height as by the strange broken outlines of its top, like some gigantic building demolished, and the stones that composed it flung across each other in wild confusion. Just beyond it opens one of the sweetest landscapes that art ever attempted to imitate. The bosom of the mountains spreading here into a broad basin, discovers in the midst Grassmere-water: its margin is hollowed into small bays with bold eminences; some of rock, some of turf, that half-conceal and vary the figure of the little lake they command; from the shore a low promontory pushes itself far into the water, and on it stands a white village, with the parish church rising in the midst of it; hanging inclosures, corn fields and meadows, green as an emerald, with their trees and hedges and cattle, fill up the whole space from the edge of the water; and just opposite to you is a large farm house, at the bottom of a deep smooth lawn, embosomed in old woods, which climb half way up the mountain sides, and discover above them a

broken line of crags that crown the scene. Not a single red tile, no gentleman's flaring house, or garden walls, break in upon the repose of this little unsuspected paradise; but all is peace, rusticity and happy poverty, in its neatest most becoming attire.

The road here winds over Grassmere hill, whose rocks soon conceal the water from your sight; yet it is continued along behind them, and contracting itself to a river, communicates with Rydal-water, another small lake, but of inferior size and beauty: it seems shallow too, for large patches of reeds appear pretty far within. Into this vale the road descends. On the opposite bank large and ancient woods mount up the hill; and just to the left of our way stands Rydall-hall, the family seat of Sir Michael le Fleming, a large old fashioned fabric, rounded with wood. Sir Michael is now on his travels, and all this timber far and wide belongs to him. Near the house rises a huge crag, called Rydal-head, which is said to command a full view of Windermere, and I doubt it not; for within a mile, that lake is visible even from the road: as to going up the crag, one might as well go up Skiddaw.

(From *The Same.*)

William Cowper

1731–1800.

ON GROWING OLDER

It costs me not much difficulty to suppose that my friends who were already grown old when I saw them last, are old still; but it costs me a good deal sometimes to think of those who were at that time young, as being older than they were. Not having been an eye-witness of the change that time has made in them, and my former idea of them not being corrected by observation, it remains the same; my memory presents me with this image unimpaired, and while it retains the resemblance of what they were, forgets that by this time the picture may have lost much of its likeness, through the

alteration that succeeding years have made in the original. I know not what impressions Time may have made upon your person, for while his claws, (as our grannams called them) strike deep furrows in some faces, he seems to sheath them with much tenderness, as if fearful of doing injury, to others. But though an enemy to the person, he is a friend to the mind, and you have found him so. Though even in this respect his treatment of us depends upon what he meets with at our hands; if we use him well, and listen to his admonitions, he is a friend indeed, but otherwise the worst of enemies, who takes from us daily something that we valued, and gives us nothing better in its stead. It is well with them who, like you, can stand a tiptoe on the mountain top of human life, look down with pleasure upon the valley they have passed, and sometimes stretch their wings in joyful hope of a happy flight into eternity. Yet a little while, and your hope will be accomplished.

(From a *Letter to Mrs. Cowper.*)

TWO GOLDFINCHES

I have two goldfinches, which in the summer occupy the greenhouse. A few days since, being employed in cleaning out their cages, I placed that which I had in hand upon the table, while the other hung against the wall: the windows and the doors stood wide open. I went to fill the fountain at the pump, and on my return was not a little surprised to find a goldfinch sitting on the top of the cage I had been cleaning, and singing to and kissing the goldfinch within. I approached him and he discovered no fear; still nearer, and he discovered none. I advanced my hand towards him, and he took no notice of it. I seized him, and supposed I had caught a new bird, but casting my eye upon the other cage perceived my mistake. Its inhabitant, during my absence, had contrived to find an opening, where the wire had been a little bent, and made no other use of the escape it afforded him, than to salute his friend, and to converse with him more intimately than he

had done before. I returned him to his proper mansion, but in vain. In less than a minute he had thrust his little person through the aperture again, and again perched upon his neighbour's cage, kissing him, as at the first, and singing, as if transported with the fortunate adventure. I could not but respect such friendship, as for the sake of its gratification had twice declined an opportunity to be free, and, consenting to their union, resolved that for the future one cage should hold them both. I am glad of such incidents; for at a pinch, and when I need entertainment, the versification of them serves to divert me.

(From a *Letter to the Rev. W. Unwin.*)

A CHARACTER

My Dear William,—Our severest winter, commonly called the spring, is now over, and I find myself seated in my favourite recess, the greenhouse. In such a situation, so silent, so shady, where no human foot is heard, and where only my myrtles presume to peep in at the window, you may suppose I have no interruption to complain of, and that my thoughts are perfectly at my command. But the beauties of the spot are themselves an interruption, my attention being called upon by those very myrtles, by a double row of grass pinks just beginning to blossom, and by a bed of beans already in bloom; and you are to consider it, if you please, as no small proof of my regard, that though you have so many powerful rivals, I disengage myself from them all, and devote this hour entirely to you.

You are not acquainted with the Rev. Mr. Bull, of Newport; perhaps it is as well for you that you are not. You would regret still more than you do that there are so many miles interposed between us. He spends part of the day with us tomorrow. A Dissenter, but a liberal one; a man of genius; master of a fine imagination, or rather not master of it—an imagination which, when he finds himself in the company he loves, and can confide in, runs away with him into such fields of speculation as amuse and enliven every other imagination

that has the happiness to be of the party! At other times he has a tender and delicate sort of melancholy in his disposition, not less agreeable in its way. No men are better qualified for companions in such a world as this than men of such a temperament. Every scene of life has two sides, a dark and a bright one, and the mind that has an equal mixture of melancholy and vivacity is best of all qualified for the contemplation of either. He can be lively without levity and pensive without dejection. Such a man is Mr. Bull. But —he smokes tobacco—nothing is perfect.

Nihil est ab omni
Parte beatum.

(From *The Same.*)

James Thomson

1700–1748.

A MOUNTAIN WATERFALL IN SUMMER

THUS up the mount, in aëry vision rapt,
I stray, regardless whither; till the sound
Of a near fall of water every sense
Wakes from the charm of thought: swift shrinking back,
I check my steps, and view the broken scene.
Smooth to the shelving brink a copious flood
Rolls fair and placid; where collected all,
In one impetuous torrent, down the steep
It thundering shoots, and shakes the country round.
At first, an azure sheet, it rushes broad;
Then whitening by degrees, as prone it falls,
And from the loud-resounding rocks below
Dashed in a cloud of foam, it sends aloft
A hoary mist, and forms a ceaseless shower.
Nor can the tortured wave here find repose:
But, raging still amid the shaggy rocks,
Now flashes o'er the scattered fragments, now

Aslant the hollow channel darts;
And, falling fast from gradual slope to slope,
With wild infracted course, and lessened roar,
It gains a safer bed, and steals, at last,
Along the mazes of the quiet vale.
  Invited from the cliff, to whose dark brow
He clings, the steep ascending eagle soars,
With upward pinions through the flood of day;
And, giving full his bosom to the blaze,
Gains on the sun, while all the tuneful race,
Smit by afflictive noon, disordered droop,
Deep in the thicket; or, from bower to bower
Responsive, force an interrupted strain.
The stock-dove only through the forest cooes,
Mournfully hoarse; oft ceasing from his plaint,
Short interval of weary woe! again
The sad idea of his murdered mate,
Struck from his side by savage fowler's guile,
Across his fancy comes; and then resounds
A louder song of sorrow through the grove.
  Beside the dewy border let me sit,
All in the freshness of the humid air;
There in that hollowed rock, grotesque and wild,
An ample chair moss-lined, and over head
By flowering umbrage shaded: where the bee
Strays diligent, and with the extracted embalm
Of fragrant woodbine loads his little thigh.

(From *The Seasons: Summer.*)

HUNTING THE HARE

Poor is the triumph o'er the timid hare!
Scared from the corn, and now to some lone seat
Retired: the rushy fen; the ragged furze,
Stretched o'er the stony heath; the stubble chapt;
The thistly lawn; the thick entangled broom;
Of the same friendly hue, the withered fern;

The fallow ground laid open to the sun,
Concoctive; and the nodding sandy bank,
Hung o'er the mazes of the mountain brook;
Vain is her best precaution; though she sits
Concealed with folded ears; unsleeping eyes,
By Nature raised to take the horizon in;
And head couched close betwixt her hairy feet,
In act to spring away. The scented dew
Betrays her early labyrinth; and deep,
In scattered sullen openings, far behind,
With every breeze she hears the coming storm,
But nearer, and more frequent, as it loads
The sighing gale, she springs amazed, and all
The savage soul of game is up at once:
The pack full-opening, various; the shrill horn
Resounded from the hills; the neighing steed,
Wild for the chase: and the loud hunter's shout;
O'er a weak, harmless, flying creature, all
Mixed in mad tumult and discordant joy.

(From *The Seasons: Autumn.*)

THE MIGRATION OF BIRDS

When Autumn scatters his departing gleams,
Warned of approaching winter, gathered, play
The swallow-people; and tossed wide around,
O'er the calm sky, in convolution swift,
The feathered eddy floats; rejoicing once,
Ere to their wintry slumbers they retire;
In clusters hung, beneath the mouldering bank.
And where, unpierced by frost, the cavern sweats,
Or rather into warmer climes conveyed,
With other kindred birds of season, there
They twitter cheerful, till the vernal months
Invite them welcome back; for, thronging, now
Innumerous wings are in commotion all.
Where the Rhine loses his majestic force

In Belgian plains, won from the raging deep,
By diligence amazing, and the strong
Unconquerable hand of Liberty,
The stork-assembly meets; for many a day,
Consulting deep, and various, ere they take
Their arduous voyage through the liquid sky.
And now their route designed, their leaders chose,
Their tribes adjusted, cleaned their vigorous wings;
And many a circle, many a short assay,
Wheeled round and round, in congregation full,
The figured flight ascends; and riding high
Th' aërial billows, mixes with the clouds.
  Or where the Northern Ocean, in vast whirls,
Boils round the naked melancholy isles
Of farthest Thule, and the Atlantic surge
Pours in among the stormy Hebrides;
Who can recount what transmigrations there
Are annual made? What nations come and go?
And how the living clouds on clouds arise?
Infinite wings! till all the plume-dark air
And rude resounding shore are one wild cry.

(From *The Seasons: Autumn.*)

TEMPEST IN WINTER

Then comes the father of the tempest forth,
Wrapt in black glooms. First joyless rains obscure
Drive through the mingling skies with vapour foul;
Dash on the mountains brow, and shake the woods,
That grumbling wave below. Th' unsightly plain
Lies a brown deluge; as the low-bent clouds
Pour flood on flood, yet unexhausted still
Combine, and deepening into night shut up
The day's fair face. The wanderers of Heaven,
Each to his home, retire; save those that love
To take their pastime in the troubled air,
Or skimming flutter round the dimply pool.

The cattle from th' untasted fields return,
And ask, with meaning lowe, their wonted stalls
Or ruminate in the contiguous shade.
Thither the household feathery people crowd,
The crested cock, with all his female train,
Pensive and dripping; while the cottage hind
Hangs o'er the enlivening blaze, and taleful there
Recounts his simple frolic; much he talks,
And much he laughs, nor recks the storm that blows
Without, and rattles on his humble roof.

(From *The Seasons : Winter.*)

PILGRIMS IN THE CASTLE OF INDOLENCE

A pleasing land of drowsyhead it was
Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye;
And of gay castles in the clouds that pass,
For ever flushing round a summer-sky:
There eke the soft delights, that witchingly,
Instil a wanton sweetness through the breast,
And the calm pleasures always hovered nigh;
But whate'er smacked of 'noyance, or unrest,
Was far, far off expelled from this delicious nest.

The landskip such, inspiring perfect ease
Where Indolence (for so the wizard hight)
Close-hid his castle mid embowering trees,
That half shut out the beams of Phœbus bright,
And made a kind of checkered day and night;
Meanwhile, unceasing at the massy gate,
Beneath a spacious palm, the wicked wight
Was placed; and to his lute, of cruel fate,
And labour harsh, complained, lamenting man's estate.

Thither continual pilgrims, crowded still,
From all the roads of earth that pass thereby:
For as they chanced to breathe on neighbouring hill,

The freshness of this valley smote their eye,
And drew them ever and anon more nigh;
Till clustering round the enchanter false they hung,
Ymolten with his siren melody;
While o'er the enfeebling flute his hand he flung,
And to the trembling chords these tempting verses sung:

"Behold, ye pilgrims of this earth, behold!
See all but man with unearned pleasure gay;
See her bright robes the butterfly unfold,
Broke from her wintery tomb in prime of May!
What youthful bride can equal her array?
Who can with her for easy pleasure vie?
From mead to mead with gentle wing to stray,
From flower to flower on balmy gales to fly,
In all she has to do beneath the radiant sky.

"Come ye, who still the cumbrous load of life
Push hard up hill; but as the furthest steep
You trust to gain, and put an end to strife,
Down thunders back the stone with mighty sweep,
And hurls your labours to the valley deep,
For ever vain: come, and withouten fee,
I in oblivion will your sorrows steep,
Your cares, your toils, will steep you in a sea
Of full delight: O come, ye weary wights, to me!"

. . . . .

He ceased. But still their trembling ears retained
The deep vibrations of his witching song;
That, by a kind of magic power, constrained
To enter in, pell-mell, the listening throng,
Heaps poured on heaps, and yet they slipt along,
In silent ease: as when beneath the beam
Of summer moons, the distant woods among,
Or by some flood all silvered with the gleam,
The soft-embodied Fays through airy portal stream:

Waked by the crowd, slow from his bench arose
A comely full-spread porter, swoln with sleep:
His calm, broad, thoughtless aspect, breathed repose;
And in sweet torpour he was plunged deep
Nor could himself from ceaseless yawning keep;
While o'er his eyes the drowsy liquor ran,
Through which his half-waked soul would faintly peep.
Then, taking his black staff, he called his man,
And roused himself as much as rouse himself he can,

Meantime the master-porter wide displayed
Great store of caps, of slippers and of gowns;
Wherewith he those that entered in, arrayed
Loose, as the breeze that plays along the downs,
And waves the summer-woods when evening frowns,
O fair undress, best dress! it checks no vein,
But every flowing limb in pleasure drowns,
And heightens ease with grace. This done, right fain,
Sir porter sat him down, and turned to sleep again.

Thus easy robed, they to the fountain sped,
That in the middle of the court upthrew
A stream, high spouting from its liquid bed,
And falling back again in drizzly dew:
There each deep draughts, as deep he thirsted drew.
It was a fountain of Nepenthe rare:
Whence, as Dan Homer sings, huge pleasaunce drew,
And sweet oblivion of vile earthly care;
Fair gladsome waking thoughts, and joyous dreams more fair.

This rite performed, all inly pleased and still,
Withouten tromp, was proclamation made.
"Ye sons of Indolence, do what you will;
And wander where you list, thro' hall or glade!
Be no man's pleasure for another staid;
Let each as likes him best his hours employ,

And cursed be he who minds his neighbour's trade!
Here dwells kind Ease and unreproving Joy:
He little merits bliss who others can annoy.

(From *The Castle of Indolence.*)

Samuel Johnson

1709–1784.

POVERTY IN LONDON

By numbers here from shame or censure free,
All crimes are safe but hated poverty.
This, only this, the rigid law pursues,
This, only this, provokes the snarling muse.
The sober trader at a tattered cloak
Wakes from his dream and labours for a joke;
With brisker air the silken courtiers gaze,
And turn the varied taunt a thousand ways.
Of all the griefs that harass the distressed,
Sure the most bitter is a scornful jest;
Fate never wounds more deep the generous heart,
Than when a blockhead's insult points the dart.
  Has heaven reserved, in pity to the poor,
No pathless waste or undiscovered shore?
No secret island in the boundless main?
No peaceful desert, yet unclaimed by Spain?
Quick let us rise, the happy seats explore,
And bear oppression's insolence no more.
This mournful truth is everywhere confessed,
"Slow rises worth by poverty depressed!"
But here more slow, where all are slaves to gold,
Where looks are merchandise, and smiles are sold;
Where won by bribes, by flatteries implored,
The groom retails the favours of his lord.

(From *London.*)

THE SCHOLAR'S LIFE

When first the college rolls receive his name,
The young enthusiast quits his ease for fame;
Through all his veins the fever of renown
Spreads from the strong contagion of the gown;
O'er Bodley's dome his future labours spread,
And Bacon's mansion trembles o'er his head.
Are these thy views? Proceed, illustrious youth,
And virtue guard thee to the throne of truth!
Yet, should thy soul indulge the generous heat
Till captive science yields her last retreat;
Should reason guide thee with her brightest ray,
And pour on misty doubt resistless day;
Should no false kindness lure to loose delight,
Nor praise relax, nor difficulty fright;
Should tempting novelty thy cell refrain,
And sloth effuse her opiate fumes in vain;
Should beauty blunt on fops her fatal dart,
Nor claim the triumph of a lettered heart;
Should no disease thy torpid veins invade,
Nor melancholy's phantoms haunt thy shade;
Yet hope not life, from grief or danger free,
Nor think the doom of man reversed for thee:
Deign on the passing world to turn thine eyes,
And pause awhile from letters, to be wise;
There mark what ills the scholar's life assail,
Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the gaol.
See nations, slowly wise and meanly just,
To buried merit raise the tardy bust.
If dreams yet flatter, once again attend,
Hear Lydiat's life, and Galileo's end,
Nor deem, when learning her last prize bestows,
The glittering eminence exempt from woes.

(From *The Vanity of Human Wishes.*)

THE CONSOLATION FOR THE VANITY OF HUMAN LIFE

Where then shall hope and fear their objects find ?
Must dull suspense corrupt the stagnant mind ?
Must helpless man, in ignorance sedate,
Roll darkling down the torrent of his fate ?
Must no dislike alarm, no wishes rise,
No cries invoke the mercies of the skies ?
Inquirer, cease ; petitions yet remain
Which heaven may hear ; nor deem religion vain.
Still raise for God the supplicating voice,
But leave to heaven the measure and the choice.
Safe in his power, whose eyes discern afar.
The secret ambush of a specious prayer ;
Implore his aid, in his decisions rest,
Secure, whate'er he gives, he gives the best.
Yet, when the sense of sacred presence fires,
And strong devotion to the skies aspires,
Pour forth thy fervours for a healthful mind,
Obedient passions, and a will resigned ;
For love, which scarce collective man can fill ;
For patience, sovereign o'er transmuted ill ;
For faith, that panting for a happier seat,
Counts death kind nature's signal of retreat.
These goods for man the laws of heaven ordain ;
These goods he grants, who grants the power to gain ;
With these celestial wisdom calms the mind,
And makes the happiness she does not find.

(From *The Same.*)

Robert Blair

1699–1746.

THE GRAVE

While some affect the sun and some the shade
Some flee the city, some the hermitage ;

Their aims as various as the roads they take
In journeying through life;—the task be mine,
To paint the gloomy horrors of the tomb;
Th' appointed place of rendezvous, where all
These travellers meet.

. . . . .

Oft in the lone churchyard at night I've seen,
By glimpse of moonlight chequering through the trees,
The school boy, with his satchel in his hand,
Whistling aloud to bear his courage up;
And lightly tripping o'er the long flat stones,
(With nettles skirted, and with moss o'ergrown),
That tell in homely phrase who lie below.
Sudden he starts, and hears, or thinks he hears,
The sound of something purring at his heels;
Full fast he flies, and dares not look behind him,
Till out of breath, he overtakes his fellows,
Who gather round and wonder at the tale
Of horrid apparition tall and ghastly,
That walks at dead of night, or takes his stand
O'er some new opened grave; and (strange to tell!)
Evanishes at crowing of the cock.

. . . . .

Dull Grave!—thou spoil'st the dance of youthful blood,
Strik'st out the dimple from the cheek of mirth,
And every smirking feature from the face;
Branding our laughter with the name of madness.
Where are the jesters now? The men of health,
Complectionally pleasant? Where's the droll,
Whose every look and gesture was a joke
To clapping theatres and shouting crowds,
And made even thick-lipped musing melancholy
To gather up her face into a smile
Before she was aware? Ah! sullen now,
And dumb as the green turf that covers them.

(From *The Grave.*)

DEATH AND HEREAFTER

If death were nothing, and nought after death;
If when men died, at once they ceased to be,
Returning to the barren womb of nothing,
Whence first they sprung, then might the debauchee
Untrembling mouth the Heavens: then might the drunkard
Reel over his full bowl, and, when 'tis drained,
Fill up another to the brim, and laugh
At the poor bugbear Death: then might the wretch
That's weary of the world, and tired of life,
At once give each inquietude the slip,
By stealing out of being when he pleased,
And by what way, whether by hemp or steel.
Death's thousand doors stand open. Who could force
The ill-pleased guest to sit out his full time,
Or blame him if he goes?—Sure he does well,
That helps himself as timely as he can,
When able.—But if there is an hereafter,
And that there is, conscience, uninfluenced,
And suffered to speak out, tells every man,
Then must it be an awful thing to die.

(From *The Same.*)

DEATH THE GLUTTON

O great man-eater!
Whose every day is carnival, not sated yet!
Unheard of epicure! without a fellow!
The veriest gluttons do not always cram;
Some intervals of abstinence are sought
To edge the appetite: thou seekest none.
Methinks the countless swarms thou hast devoured,
And thousands at each hour thou gobblest up,
This, less than this, might gorge thee to the full;
But, ah! rapacious still, thou gap'st for more:
Like one whole days defrauded of his meals.

On whom lank Hunger lays her skinny hand,
And whets to keenest eagerness his cravings;
As if diseases, massacres, and poison,
Famine, and war, were not thy caterers.

(From *The Same.*)

Edward Young

1681-1765.

THE VOYAGE OF LIFE

SELF-FLATTERED, unexperienced, high in hope,
When young, with sanguine cheer and streamers gay,
We cut our cable, launch into the world,
And fondly dream each wind and star our friend;
All in some darling enterprise embarked:
But where is he can fathom its extent?
Amid a multitude of artless hands,
Ruin's sure perquisite! her lawful prize!
Some steer aright; but the black blast blows hard,
And puffs them wide of hope: with hearts of proof
Full against wind and tide, some win their way;
And when strong effort has deserved the port,
And tugged it into view, 'tis won! 'tis lost!
Though strong their oar, still stronger is their fate:
They strike; and while they triumph, they expire.
In stress of weather, most; some, sink outright;
O'er them, and o'er their names, the billows close;
To-morrow knows not they were ever born.
Others a short memorial leave behind,
Like a flag floating, when the bark's ingulfed;
It floats a moment and is seen no more:
One Caesar lives; a thousand are forgot.
How few, beneath auspicious planets born,
(Darlings of Providence! fond Fate's elect!)
With swelling sails make good the promised port,

With all their wishes freighted! yet e'en these,
Freighted with all their wishes, soon complain;
Free from misfortune, not from nature free,
They still are men; and when is man secure?
As fatal time, as storm! the rush of years
Beats down their strength; their numberless escapes
In ruin end; and, now, their proud success
But plants new terrors in the victor's brow:
What pain to quit the world, just made their own!
Their nest so deeply drowned, and built so high!
Too low they build, who build beneath the stars.

(From *Night Thoughts.*)

THE LANGUID LADY

The languid lady next appears in state,
Who was not born to carry her own weight;
She lolls, reels, staggers, till some foreign aid
To her own stature lifts the feeble maid.
Then, if ordained to so severe a doom,
She, by just stages, journeys round the room:
But, knowing her own weakness, she despairs
To scale the Alps—that is, ascend the stairs.
My fan! let others say, who laugh at toil;
Fan! hood! glove! scarf! is her laconic style;
And that is spoke with such a dying fall,
That Betty rather sees, than hears the call:
The motion of her lips, and meaning eye,
Price out th' idea her faint words deny.
O listen with attention most profound!
Her voice is but the shadow of a sound.
And help! O help! her spirits are so dead,
One hand scarce lifts the other to her head.
If, there, a stubborn pin it triumphs o'er,
She pants! she sinks away! and is no more.

(From *Love of Fame, the Universal Passion.*)

Charles Churchill

1731–1764.

PRIVILEGE

Our times, more polished, wear a different face;
Debts are an honour, payment a disgrace.
Men of weak minds high placed in folly's list,
May gravely tell us trade cannot subsist,
Nor all those thousands who're in trade employed,
If faith 'twixt man and man is once destroyed.
Why—be it so,—we in that point accord;
But what is trade and tradesman to a lord?
Faber from day to day, from year to year,
Hath had the cries of tradesmen in his ear:
Of tradesmen by his villany betrayed,
And vainly seeking justice, bankrupts made.
What is't to Faber? lordly as before
He sits at ease and lives to ruin more:
Fixed at his door, as motionless as stone,
Begging, but only begging for their own;
Unheard they stand, or only heard by those,
Those slaves in livery, who mock their woes.
What is't to Faber? he continues great,
Lives on in grandeur and runs out in state.
The helpless widow, wrung with deep despair,
In bitterness of soul pours forth her prayer,
Hugging her starving babes with streaming eyes,
And calls down vengeance, vengeance from the skies.
What is't to Faber? he stands safe and clear,
Heaven can commence no legal action here,
And on his breast a mighty plate he wears,
A plate more firm than triple brass, which bears
The name of Privilege, 'gainst vulgar awe;
He feels no conscience, and he fears no law.

(From *The Times.*)

ON LETTERS IN ENGLAND

He[1] talked of ancients, as the man became
Who prized our own, but envied not their fame;
With noble reverence spoke of Greece and Rome,
And scorned to tear the laurel from the tomb.
"But more than just to other countries grown,
Must we turn base apostates to our own?
Where do these words of Greece and Rome excel,
That England may not please the ear as well?
What mighty magic's in the place or air,
That all perfection needs must centre there?
In states, let strangers blindly be preferred;
In state of letters, merit should be heard.
Genius is of no country, her pure ray
Spreads all abroad, as general as the day;
Foe to restraint, from place to place she flies,
And may hereafter e'en in Holland rise.
May not (to give a pleasing fancy scope
And cheer a patriot heart with patriot hope)
May not some great extensive genius raise
The name of Britain 'bove Athenian praise;
And, whilst brave thirst of fame his bosom warms
Make England great in letters as in arms?
There may—there hath—and Shakespeare's muse aspires
Beyond the reach of Greece: with native fires
Mounting aloft, he wings his daring flight,
Whilst Sophocles below stands trembling at his height.
"Why should we then abroad for judges roam,
When abler judges we may find at home?
Happy in tragic and in comic powers,
Have we not Shakespeare?—Is not Jonson ours?"

(From *The Rosciad.*)

[1] The poet Lloyd, who is represented in *The Rosciad* as arguing against those critics who "blind obedience pay to ancient schools."

Mark Akenside

1721–1770.

TRUTH SEEN THROUGH IMAGINATION

For of all
The inhabitants of Earth, to man alone
Creative wisdom gave to lift his eye
To Truth's eternal measures; thence to frame
The sacred laws of action and of will,
Discerning justice from unequal deeds,
And temperance from folly. But beyond
This energy of Truth, whose dictates bind
Assenting reason, the benignant sire,
To deck the honoured paths of just and good,
Has added bright Imagination's rays:
Where Virtue, rising from the awful depth
Of Truth's mysterious bosom, doth forsake
The unadorned condition of her birth;
And, dressed by Fancy in ten thousand hues,
Assumes a various feature, to attract,
With charms responsive to each gazer's eye,
The hearts of men. Amid his rural walk,
The ingenious youth, whom solitude inspires
With purest wishes, from the pensive shade
Beholds her moving, like a virgin-muse
That wakes her lyre to some indulgent theme
Of harmony and wonder: while among
The herd of servile minds her strenuous form
Indignant flashes on the patriot's eye,
And through the rolls of memory appeals
To ancient honour, or, in act serene,
Yet watchful, raises the majestic sword
Of public power, from dark ambition's reach
To guard the sacred volume of the laws.

(From *The Pleasures of Imagination.*)

THE PLEASURE OF THE IMAGINATIVE MAN

What though not all
Of mortal offspring can attain the heights
Of envied life; though only few possess
Patrician treasures or imperial state;
Yet Nature's care, to all her children just,
With richer treasures and an ampler state,
Endows at large whatever happy man
Will deign to use them. His the city's pomp,
The rural honours his. Whate'er adorns
The princely dome, the column and the arch,
The breathing marbles and the sculptured gold,
Beyond the proud possessor's narrow claim
His tuneful breast enjoys. For him, the Spring
Distils her dews, and from the silken gem
Its lucid leaves unfolds: for him, the hand
Of Autumn tinges every fertile branch
With blooming gold, and blushes like the morn.
Each passing hour sheds tribute from her wings;
And still new beauties meet his lonely walk,
And loves unfelt attract him. Not a breeze
Flies o'er the meadow, not a cloud imbibes
The setting sun's effulgence, not a strain
From all the tenants of the warbling shade
Ascends, but whence his bosom can partake
Fresh pleasure, unreproved. Nor thence partakes
Fresh pleasure only: for the attentive mind,
By this harmonious action on her powers,
Becomes herself harmonious: wont so oft
In outward things to meditate the charm
Of sacred order, soon she seeks at home
To find a kindred order, to exert
Within herself this elegance of love,
This fair inspired delight: her tempered powers

Refine at length, and every passion wears
A chaster, milder, more attractive mien.

(From *The Pleasures of Imagination.*)

THE INFLUENCE OF A PATRIOT

Then Curio rose to ward the public woe,
To wake the heedless, and incite the slow,
Against corruption Liberty to arm,
And quell the enchantress by a mightier charm.
Swift o'er the land the fair contagion flew,
And with the country's hopes thy honours grew.
Thee, patriot, the patrician roof confessed;
Thy powerful voice the rescued merchant blessed;
Of thee with awe the rural hearth resounds;
The bowl to thee the grateful sailor crowns;
Touched in the sighing shade with manlier fires,
To trace thy steps the love-sick youth aspires;
The learn'd recluse, who oft amazed had read
Of Grecian heroes, Roman patriots dead,
With new amazement hears a living name
Pretend to share in such forgotten fame;
And he who scorning courts and courtly ways,
Left the tame track of these dejected days,
The life of nobler ages to renew
In virtues sacred from a monarch's view,
Roused by thy labours from the blest retreat
Where social ease and public passions meet
Again ascending treads the civil scene,
To act and be a man, as thou hadst been.

(From *An Epistle to Curio.*)

William Collins

1721–1759.

ODE TO EVENING

If aught of oaten stop, or pastoral song,
May hope, chaste eve, to soothe thy modest ear,
Like thy own solemn springs,
Thy springs, and dying gales,

O nymph reserved, while now the bright-haired sun
Sits in yon western tent, whose cloudy skirts,
With brede ethereal wove,
O'erhang his wavy bed:

And many a nymph who wreathes her brow with sedge
And sheds the freshening dew, and, lovelier still,
The pensive pleasures sweet
Prepare thy shadowy car:

Then lead, calm votaress, where some sheety lake
Cheers the lone heath, or some time-hallowed pile,
Or upland fallows grey
Reflect its last cool gleam.

But when chill blustering winds, or driving rain,
Forbid my willing feet, be mine the hut,
That from the mountain's side,
Views wilds, and swelling floods,

And hamlets brown, and dim-discovered spires;
And hears their simple bell, and marks o'er all
Thy dewy fingers draw
The gradual dusky veil.

Now air is hushed, save where the weak-eyed bat
With short, shrill shriek, flits by on leathern wing;
Or where the beetle winds
His small but sullen horn,

As oft he rises 'midst the twilight path,
Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum :
Now teach me, maid composed,
To breathe some softened strain,

Whose numbers, stealing through thy darkened vale,
May, not unseemly, with its stillness suit,
As, musing slow, I hail
Thy genial loved return !

For when thy folding star arising shows
His paly circlet, at his warning lamp
The fragrant hours, and elves
Who slept in flowers the day,

While spring shall pour his showers, as oft he wont,
And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest eve,
While summer loves to sport
Beneath thy lingering light ;

While sallow autumn fills thy lap with leaves ;
Or winter, yelling through the troublous air,
Affrights thy shrinking train,
And rudely rends thy robes ;

So long, sure found beneath the sylvan shed,
Shall fancy, friendship, science, rose-lipped health,
Thy gentlest influence own,
And hymn thy favourite name.

AN ODE

On the Popular Superstitions of the Highlands of Scotland Considered as the Subject of Poetry. Inscribed to Mr. John Home.

There must thou wake perforce thy Doric quill ;
'Tis Fancy's land to which thou sett'st thy feet ;
Where still, 'tis said, the fairy people meet,
Beneath each birken shade, on mead or hill.

There each trim lass, that skims the milky store
  To the swart tribes, their creamy bowls allots;
By night they sip it round the cottage-door,
  While airy minstrels warble jocund notes.
There every herd by sad experience knows
  How winged with fate their elf-shot arrows fly,
When the sick ewe her summer food forgoes
  Or stretched on earth the heart-sunk heifers lie.
Such airy beings awe th' untutored swain:
  Nor thou, though learn'd, his homelier thoughts neglect;
Let thy sweet muse the rural faith sustain;
  These are the themes of simple, sure effect,
That add new conquests to her boundless reign,
  And fill with double force her heart-commanding strain

. . . . .

Unbounded is thy range; with varied skill
  Thy Muse may, like those feathery tribes which spring
  From their rude rocks, extend her skirting wind
Round the moist marge of each cold Hebrid isle,
  To that hoar pile which still its ruin shows:
In whose small vaults a Pigmy-folk is found,
  Whose bones the delver with his spade upthrows,
And culls them, wondering, from the hallowed ground!
Or thither, where beneath the showery west
  The mighty kings of three fair realms are laid:
Once foes, perhaps, together now they rest,
  No slaves revere them, and no wars invade:
Yet frequent now, at midnight solemn hour,
  The rifted mounds their yawning cells unfold,
And forth the monarchs stalk with sovereign power,
  In pageant robes, and wreathed with sheeny gold,
And on their twilight tombs aerial council hold.

. . . . .

Nor needest thou blush that such false themes
  Thy gentle mind of fairer stores possest;
  For not alone they touch the village breast,

But filled in elder time th' historic page.
  There Shakespeare's self, with every garland crowned
Flew to these fairy climes his fancy sheen,
  In musing hour; his wayward sisters found,
And with their terrors dressed the magic scene.
  From them he sung, when, mid his bold design,
Before the Scot, afflicted, and aghast,
  The shadowy Kings of Banquo's fated line
Through the dark cave in gleamy pageant passed.
  Proceed, nor quit the tales which simply told
Could once so well my answering bosom pierce;
  Proceed, in forceful sounds, and colour bold,
The native legends of thy land rehearse;
To such adapt thy lyre, and suit thy powerful verse.

. . . . .

All hail, ye scenes, that o'er my soul prevail!
  Ye splendid friths and lakes which, far away,
  Are by smooth Anan filled or pastoral Tay,
Or Don's romantic springs, at distance, hail!
The time shall come when I, perhaps, may tread
  Your lowly glens o'erhung with spreading broom,
Or o'er your stretching heaths, by Fancy led;
  Or o'er your mountains creep, in awful gloom.
Then will I dress once more the faded bower,
  Where Jonson sat in Drummond's classic shade,
Or crop, from Tiviotdale, each lyric flower.
  And mourn on Yarrow's banks, where Willy's laid.
Meantime, ye powers, that on the plains which bore
  The cordial youth,[1] on Lothian's plains, attend;
Where'er Horne dwells, on hill or lowly moor,
  To him I love, your kind protection lend,
And touched with love like mine, preserve my absent friend.

[1] The friend who introduced Home to Collins.

Thomas Gray

1716-1771.

TO ADVERSITY

DAUGHTER of Jove, relentless Power,
  Thou tamer of the human breast,
Whose iron scourge and tort'ring hour
  The bad affright, afflict the best!
Bound in thine adamantine chain
The proud are taught to taste of pain,
And purple tyrants vainly groan
With pangs unfelt before, unpitied and alone.

When first thy sire to send on earth
  Virtue, his darling child, design'd,
To thee he gave the heav'nly birth,
  And bade to form her infant mind.
Stern rugged Nurse! thy rigid lore
With patience many a year she bore:
What sorrow was, thou bad'st her know,
And from her own she learn'd to melt at others' woe.

Scared at thy frown terrific, fly
  Self-pleasing Folly's idle brood,
Wild Laughter, Noise, and thoughtless Joy,
  And leave us leisure to be good.
Light they disperse, and with them go
The summer friend, the flatt'ring foe;
By vain Prosperity received,
To her they vow their truth, and are again believed.

Wisdom in sable garb array'd,
  Immersed in rapt'rous thought profound,
And Melancholy, silent maid,
  With leaden eye, that loves the ground,

Still on thy solemn steps attend:
Warm Charity, the general friend,
With Justice, to herself severe,
And Pity, dropping soft the sadly-pleasing tear.

Oh, gently on thy suppliant's head,
  Dread goddess, lay thy chast'ning hand!
Not in thy Gorgon terrors clad,
  Nor circled with the vengeful band,
(As by the impious thou art seen)
With thund'ring voice, and threat'ning mien,
With screaming Horror's funeral cry,
Despair, and fell Disease, and ghastly Poverty.

Thy form benign, oh Goddess, wear,
  Thy milder influence impart,
Thy philosophic train be there
  To soften, not to wound my heart.
The generous spark extinct revive,
Teach me to love and to forgive,
Exact my own defects to scan,
What others are to feel, and know myself a man.

SHAKESPEARE, MILTON AND DRYDEN

  Far from the sun and summer-gale
In thy green lap was Nature's Darling laid,
What time, where lucid Avon stray'd,
  To him the mighty mother did unveil
Her awful face: the dauntless child
Stretched forth his little arms and smiled.
"This pencil take (she said), whose colours clear
Richly paint the vernal year;
Thine too these golden keys, immortal Boy!
This can unlock the gates of joy,
Of horror that, and thrilling fears,
Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic tears."

Nor second He, that rode sublime
Upon the seraph-wings of Ecstasy,
The secrets of the abyss to spy.
He passed the flaming bounds of place and time:
The living throne, the sapphire blaze,
Where angels tremble while they gaze,
He saw; but, blasted with excess of light,
Closed his eyes in endless night.
Behold, where Dryden's less presumptuous car,
Wide o'er the fields of glory bear
Two coursers of ethereal race,
With necks in thunder clothed, and long-resounding pace.

(From *The Progress of Poesy.*)

William Shenstone

1714–1763.

THE SCHOOL-MISTRESS

A RUSSET stole was o'er her shoulders thrown;
A russet kirtle fenced the nipping air;
'Twas simple russet, but it was her own;
'Twas her own country bred the flock so fair!
'Twas her own labour did the fleece prepare;
And, sooth to say, her pupils ranged around,
Through pious awe, did term it passing rare;
For they in gaping wonderment abound,
And think no doubt, she been the greatest wight on ground.

. . . . .

One ancient hen she took delight to feed,
The plodding pattern of the busy dame;
Which, ever and anon, impelled by need,
Into her school, begirt with chickens, came!
Such favour did her past deportment claim:
And, if neglect had lavished on the ground

Fragment of bread, she would collect the same;
For well she knew, and quaintly could expound,
What sin it were to waste the smallest crumb she found.

Herbs too she knew, and well of each could speak
That in her garden sipped the silvery dew;
Where no vain flower disclosed a gawdy streak;
But herbs for use, and physic, not a few,
Of grey renown, within those borders grew:
The tufted basil, pun-provoking thyme,
Fresh baum, and marygold of cheerful hue;
The lowly gill, that never dares to climb;
And more I fain would sing, disdaining here to rhyme.

(From the *School-Mistress*.)

William Hamilton of Bangour

1704–1754.

THE BRAES OF YARROW[1]

Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bonny bride,
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow?
Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bonny bride,
And think nae mair on the Braes of Yarrow.

Where gat ye that bonny bonny bride?
Where gat ye that winsome marrow?
I gat her where I dare na weil be seen
Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

Weep not, weep not, my bonny bonny bride
Weep not, weep not, my winsome marrow,
Nor let thy heart lament to leive
Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

[1] The entire Ballad is too long to give here; but the verses quoted are given more especially to mark its association with Wordsworth's Yarrow poems.

Why does she weep, thy bonny bonny bride?
  Why does she weep thy winsome marrow?
And why dare ye nae mair weil be seen
  Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow?

Lang maun she weep, lang maun she, maun she weep,
  Lang maun she weep with dule and sorrow,
And lang maun I nae mair weil be seen
  Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

For she has tint her luver luver dear,
  Her luver dear, the cause of sorrow,
And I hae slain the comeliest swain
  That e'er pu'd birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

. . . . .

Sweet smells the birk, green grows, green grows the grass,
  Yellow on Yarrow's bank the gowan,
Fair hangs the apple frae the rock,
  Sweet the wave of Yarrow flowan.

David Mallet

1705–1765.

WILLIAM AND MARGARET

(The whole ballad consists of 17 stanzas, a few of which are here quoted.)

'Twas at the silent solemn hour
  When night and morning meet;
In glided Margaret's grimly ghost
  And stood at William's feet.

Her face was like an April-morn
  Clad in a wintry cloud;
And clay cold was her lily hand,
  That held her sable shroud.

. . . . .

"Awake!" she cried, "thy true-love calls,
Come from her midnight grave
Now let thy pity hear the maid
Thy love refused to save.

. . . . .

"How could you say my face was fair,
And yet that face forsake?
How could you win my virgin-heart,
Yet leave that heart to break?

. . . . .

"But, hark! the cock has warned me hence
A long and late adieu!
Come, see, false man, how low she lies
Who died for love of you."

The lark sang low; the morning smiled,
With beams of rosy red
Pale William quaked in every limb
And raving left his bed.

He hied him to the fatal place
Where Margaret's body lay
And stretched him on the green grass turf,
That wrapped her breathless clay.

And thrice he called on Margaret's name,
And thrice he wept full sore;
Then laid his cheek to her cold grave,
And word spoke never more.

James Macpherson

1736–1796.

FINGAL DESCRIBES THE DESOLATION OF BALCLUTHA, AND PROPHESIES OF HIS OWN FAME

I HAVE seen the walls of Balclutha, but they were desolate. The fire had resounded in the halls; and the voice of the people

is heard no more. The stream of Clutha was removed from its place by the fall of the walls. The thistle shook, there, its lonely head; the moss whistled to the wind. The fox looked out from the windows, the rank grass of the wall waved round its head. Desolate is the dwelling of Moina; silence is in the house of her fathers. Raise the song of mourning, O bards! over the land of strangers. They have but fallen before us; for, one day, we must fall. Why dost thou build the hall, son of the winged days? Thou lookest from thy towers to-day; yet a few years, and the blast of the desert comes; it howls in thy empty court, and whistles round thy half-worn shield. And let the blast of the desert come! We shall be renowned in our day! The mark of my arm shall be in battle; my name in the song of the bards. Raise the song; send round the shell; let joy be heard in my hall. When thou, sun of heaven, shalt fail! if thou shalt fail, thou mighty light! if thy brightness is for a season, like Fingal; our fame shall survive thy beams!

Such was the song of Fingal in the day of his joy. His thousand bards leaned forward from their seats, to hear the voice of the king. It was like the music of harps on the gale of the spring. Lovely were thy thoughts, O Fingal!

(From *Carthon.*)

Thomas Chatterton

1752–1770.

SIR CHARLES BAWDIN SENTENCED TO DEATH[1]

The feathered songster Chanticleer
Has wound his bugle horn,
And told the early villager
The coming of the morn.

[1] The first piece given here is modernized throughout. The second retains many of Chatterton's "unauthorized" words. The third is given as he wrote it, spelling and all.

King Edward saw the ruddy streaks
  Of light eclipse the gray;
And heard the raven's croaking throat
  Proclaim the fated day.

"Thou'rt right," quoth he, "for, by the God
  That sits enthroned on high!
Charles Bawdin, and his fellows twain,
  To-day shall surely die."

Then with a jug of nappy ale
  His knights did on him wait;
"Go tell the traitor, that to-day
  He leaves this mortal state."

Sir Canterlone then bended low,
  With heart brimful of woe;
He journeyed to the castle gate,
  And to Sir Charles did go.

But when he came, his children twain,
  And eke his loving wife,
With briny tears did wet the floor,
  For good Sir Charles's life.

"O good Sir Charles!" said Canterlone,
  "Bad tidings do I bring";
"Speak boldly, man," said brave Sir Charles,
  "What says thy traitor king?"

"I grieve to tell, before yon sun
  Does from the welkin fly,
He hath upon his honour sworn,
  That thou shalt surely die."

"We all must die," quoth brave Sir Charles,
  "Of that I'm not afeared;
What boots to live a little space?
  Thank Jesu, I'm prepared;

But tell thy king, for mine he's not,
I'd sooner die to-day
Than live his slave, as many are,
Tho' I should live for aye."

(From *The Bristowe Tragedy, or the Dethe of Syr Charles Bawdin.*)

A STORM IN SUMMER

In Virginé the sweltry sun gan sheen,
And hot upon the mees did cast his ray;
The apple ruddied from its paly green
And the mole pear did bend the leafy spray,
The pied chelandry sung the livelong day;
'Twas now the pride, the manhood of the year,
And eke the ground was dight in its most deft aumere.

The sun was gleaming in the mid of day,
Dead-still the air and eke the welkin blue,
When from the sea arist in drear array
A heap of clouds of sable sullen hue,
The which full fast unto the woodland drew,
Hiltring attenes the sunne's fetive face
And the black tempest swollen and gathered up apace.

The gathered storm is ripe; the big drops fall;
The forswat meadows smeth and drench the rain
The coming ghastness doth the cattle pall,
And the full flocks are driving o'er the plain;
Dashed from the clouds the waters flott again;
The welkin opes; the yellow levin flies;
And the hot, fiery smothe in the wide lowings dies.

List; now the thunder's rattling clymming sound
Sheves slowly on, and then embollen clangs,

Mees] meads. Mole] soft. Chelandry] goldfinch. Aumere] a loose robe. Hiltring] hiding. Attenes] at once. Fetive] beauteous. Forswat] sunburnt. Smeth] smoke. Drench] cloud. Pall] appal. Flott] fly. Smothe] steam or vapours. Clymming] noisy. Sheves] moves. Embollen] swelled, strengthened.

Shakes the high spire, and lost, dispended, drowned,
Still on the gallard ear of terror hangs;
The winds are up; the lofty elmen swangs;
Again the levin and the thunder pours,
And the full clouds are brast attenes in stonen showers.

(From *An Excelente Balade of Charite.*)

MY LOVE IS DEAD

O! synge untoe mie roundelaie,
O! droppe the brynie teare wythe mee,
Daunce ne moe atte hallie daie,
Lycke a reynunge ryver bee;
Mie love ys dedde,
Gon to hys death-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe tree.

Blacke hys cryne as the wyntere nyghte
Whyte hys rode as the sommer snowe,
Rodde his face as the mornynge lyghte,
Cald he lyes ynne the grave belowe;
Mie love ys dedde
Gon to hys death-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe tree.

Swote hys tyngue as the throstle's note,
Quycke ynn daunce as thought canne bee,
Deft hys taboure, codgelle stote,
O! hee lyes bie the wyllowe tree:
Mie love ys dedde,
Gonne to hys death-bedde,
All under the wyllowe tree.

(From *A Minstrel's Song in Ælla.*)

Gallard] frighted. Elmen] elm-tree. Brast] burst. Stonen] stony.
Cryne] hair. Rode] complexion. Codgelle stote] cudgel stout.

John Dyer

1700 (?)–1758.

THE PROSPECT FROM GRONGAR HILL

Now, I gain the mountain's brow,
What a landscape lies below!
No clouds, no vapours intervene;
But the gay, the open scene
Does the face of Nature show,
In all the hues of Heaven's bow!
And, swelling to embrace the light
Spreads around beneath the sight.
  Old castles on the cliffs arise,
Proudly towering in the skies!
Rushing from the woods, the spires
Seem from hence ascending fires!
Half his beams Apollo sheds
On the yellow mountain-heads!
Gilds the fleeces of the flocks,
And glitters on the broken rocks!
Below me trees unnumbered rise,
Beautiful in various dyes:
The gloomy pine, the poplar blue,
The yellow beech, the sable yew,
The slender fir that taper grows,
The sturdy oak with broad spread boughs.
And beyond the purple grove,
Haunt of Phyllis, queen of love!
Gaudy as the opening dawn,
Lies a long and level lawn,
On which a dark hill, steep and high,
Holds and charms the wandering eye!
Deep are his feet in Tony's flood,
His sides are clothed with waving wood,

And ancient towers crown his brow,
That cast an awful look below.

. . . . .

See on the mountain's southern side
Where the prospect opens wide,
Where the evening gilds the tide;
How close and small the hedges lie!
What streaks of meadow cross the eye
A step methinks may pass the stream,
So little distant dangers seem;
So we mistake the Future's face,
Eyed through Hope's deluding glass;
As yon summits soft and fair,
Clad in colours of the air,
Which to those who journey near
Barren brown and rough appear;
Still we tread the same coarse way,
The present's still a cloudy day.

(From *Grongar Hill.*)

RITES AND FEASTING OF THE SHEEP-SHEARERS

. . . . With light fantastic toe the nymphs
Thither assembled, thither every swain;
And o'er the dimpled stream a thousand flowers.
Pale lilies, roses, violets and pinks
Mixed with the greens of burnet, mint and thyme,
And trefoil, sprinkled with their sportive arms.
Such custom holds along the irriguous vales,
From Wreakin's brow to rocky Dolvoryn,
Sabrina's early haunt, ere yet she fled
The search of Guendolen, her stepdame proud,
With curious hate enraged. The jolly cheer
Spread on a mossy bank, untouched abides,
Till cease the rites: and now the mossy bank
Is gaily circled, and the jolly cheer

Dispersed in copious measure; early fruits,
And those of frugal store, in husk or rind;
Steeped grain, and curdled milk with dulcet cream
Soft tempered, in full merriment they quaff,
And cast about their gibes; and some apace
Whistle to roundelays: their little ones
Look on delighted: while the mountain-woods,
And winding valleys, with the various notes
Of pipe, sheep, kine, and birds, and liquid brooks
Unite their echoes: near at hand the wide
Majestic wave of Severn slowly rolls
Along the deep divided glebe: the flood,
And trading bark with low contracted sail,
Linger among the reeds and copsy banks
To listen; and to view the joyous scene.

(From *The Fleece.*)

Oliver Goldsmith

1728–1774.

ITALY

Far to the right, where Apennine ascends,
Bright as the summer, Italy extends:
Its uplands sloping deck the mountain's side,
Woods over woods in gay theatric pride;
While oft some temple's mouldering tops between
With memorable grandeur mark the scene.
  Could Nature's bounty satisfy the breast,
The sons of Italy were surely blest.
Whatever fruits in different climes are found,
That proudly rise or humbly court the ground;
Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,
Whose bright succession decks the varied year;
Whatever sweets salute the northern sky
With vernal lives, that blossom but to die;

These here disporting over the kindred soil,
Nor ask luxuriance from the planter's toil
While sea-born gales their gelid wings expand,
To winnow fragrance round the smiling land.

(From *The Traveller.*)

HOLLAND

To men of other minds my fancy flies,
Embosomed in the deep where Holland lies.
Methinks her patient sons before me stand,
Where the broad ocean leans against the land,
And, sedulous to stop the coming tide,
Lift the tall rampire's artificial pride.
Onward, methinks, and diligently slow,
The firm connected bulwark seems to grow;
Spreads its long arms amidst the watery roar,
Scoops out an empire, and usurps the shore:
While the pent ocean, rising o'er the pile;
Sees an amphibious world beneath him smile:
The slow canal, the yellow-blossomed vale,
The willow-tufted bank, the gliding sail,
The crowded mart, the cultivated plain,
A new creation rescued from his reign.

(From *The Same.*)

THE VILLAGE, THEN AND NOW

Sweet was the sound, when oft at evening's close,
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose;
There, as I passed with careless steps and slow,
The mingling notes came softened from below;
The swain responsive as the milk-maid sung,
The sober head that loved to meet their young;
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children just let loose from school;
The watch dog's voice that bayed the whispering wind,
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind;

These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
And filled each pause the nightingale had made.
But now the sounds of population fail,
No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,
No busy steps the grass-grown footway tread.
But all the blooming flush of life is fled:
All but yon widowed solitary thing,
That feebly bends beside the plashy spring;
She, wretched matron, forced in age, for bread,
To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,
To pick her wintry faggot from the thorn,
To seek her nightly shed and weep till morn:
She only left of all the harmless train,
The sad historian of the pensive plain.

(From *The Deserted Village.*)

THE VILLAGE INN

Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head on high,
Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,
Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts inspired,
Where grey-beard mirth and smiling toil retired,
Where village statesmen talked with looks profound,
And news much older than their ale went round;
Imagination fondly stoops to trace
The parlour splendours of that festive place;
The whitewashed wall, the nicely sanded floor,
The varnished clock that clicked behind the door;
The chest contrived a double debt to pay,
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day;
The pictures placed for ornament and use,
The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose;
The hearth, except when winter chilled the day,
With aspen boughs, and flowers, and fennel gay;
While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for show,
Rang'd o'er the chimney, glistened in a row.

(From *The Same.*)

Thomas Warton

1728–1790.

SONNET

While summer suns o'er the gay prospect played,
Through Surrey's verdant scenes, where Epsom spreads
Mid intermingling elms her flowery meads,
And Hascombe's hill, in towering groves arrayed,
Reared its romantic steep, with mind serene,
I journeyed blithe. Full pensive I returned;
For now my breast with hopeless passion burned,
Wet with hoar mists appeared the gaudy scene,
Which late in careless indolence I passed;
And autumn all around those hues had cast
Where past delight my recent grief might trace.
Sad change, that Nature a congenial gloom
Should wear, when most, my cheerless mood to chase,
I wished her green attire, and wonted bloom!

Joseph Warton

1722–1800.

FROM THE ODE TO THE NIGHTINGALE

O thou, that to the moon-light vale
Warblest oft thy plaintive tale,
What time the village's murmurs cease,
And the still eye is hushed to peace,
When now no busy sound is heard,
Contemplation's favourite bird!

Chauntress of night, whose amorous song
(First heard the tufted groves among)
Warns wanton Mabba to begin
Her revels on the circled green,
Whene'er by meditation led
I nightly seek some distant mead,

A short repose of cares to find,
And sooth my love-distracted mind,
O fail not then, sweet Philomel,
Thy sadly-warbled woes to tell;
In sympathetic numbers join
Thy pangs of luckless love with mine.

James Beattie

1735–1803.

THE YOUTH WITH NATURE

Lo! where the stripling, wrapt in wonder, roves,
Beneath the precipice o'erhung with pine;
And sees, on high, amidst the encircling groves,
From cliff to cliff the foaming torrents shine:
While waters, woods, and winds, in concert join,
And Echo swells the chorus to the skies,
Would Edwin this majestic scene resign
For aught the huntsman's puny craft supplies?
Ah! no; he better knows great Nature's charms to prize.

And oft he traced the uplands, to survey,
When o'er the sky advanced the kindling dawn,
The crimson cloud, blue main, and mountain grey,
And lake, dim-gleaming on the smoky lawn:
Far to the West the long long vale withdrawn,
Where twilight loves to linger for a while;
And now he faintly kens the bounding fawn,
And villager abroad at early toil
But lo! the Sun appears! and heaven, earth, ocean, smile.

And oft the craggy cliff he loved to climb,
When all in mist the world below was lost,
What dreadful pleasure! there to stand sublime,
Like shipwrecked mariner on desert coast,
And view the enormous waste of vapour, tost

In billows, lengthening to the horizon round,
Now scooped in gulfs, with mountains now embossed!
And hear the voice of mirth and song rebound,
Flocks, herds, and waterfalls, along the hoar profound!

(From *The Minstrel.*)

Michael Bruce

1746–1767.

RURAL LIFE

But chief mine eye on the subjected vale
Of Leven pleased looks down; while o'er the trees,
That shield the hamlet with the shade of years,
The towering smoke of early fire ascends,
And the shrill cock proclaims the advanced morn
How blest the man! who, in these peaceful plains,
Ploughs his paternal field; far from the noise,
The care, and bustle of a busy world.
All in the sacred, sweet, sequestered vale
Of solitude, the secret primrose-path
Of rural life, he dwells; and with him dwells
Peace and content, twins of the Sylvan shade,
And all the graces of the golden age.
Such is Agricola, the wise, the good
By nature formed for the quiet retreat,
The silent path of life. . . .
Deep in the bottom of the flowery vale,
With blooming fallows and the leafy twine
Of verdant alders fenced, his dwelling stands
Complete in rural elegance. The door,
By which the poor or pilgrim never passed,
Still open, speaks the master's bounteous heart.
There, O how sweet! amid the fragrant shrubs
At evening cool to sit; while, on their boughs,
The nested songsters twitter o'er their young,

And the hoarse low of folded cattle breaks
The silence, wafted o'er the sleeping lake,
Whose waters glow beneath the purple tinge
Of western cloud ; while converse sweet deceives
The stealing foot of time.

(From *Lochleven.*)

John Langhorne

1735–1779.

AN APOLOGY FOR VAGRANTS

For him, who, lost to every hope of life,
Has long with fortune held unequal strife,
Known to no human love, no human care,
The friendless, homeless object of despair ;
For the poor vagrant, feel, while he complains,
Nor from sad freedom send to sadder chains.
Alike, if folly or misfortune brought
Those last of woes his evil days have wrought,
Believe with social mercy and with me,
Folly's misfortune in the first degree.
  Perhaps in some inhospitable shore
The houseless wretch a widowed parent bore,
Who, then, no more by golden prospects led,
Of the poor Indian begged a leafy bed.
Cold on Canadian hills, or Minden's plain
Perhaps that parent mourned her soldier slain ;
But o'er her babe, her eye dissolved in dew,
The big drops mingling with the milk he drew,
Gave the sad presage of his future years,
The child of misery, baptized in tears.

(From *The Country Justice.*)

William Mickle

1735–1788.

THE MARINER'S WIFE[1]

And are ye sure the news is true?
  And are ye sure he's weel?
Is this a time to think of wark!
  Ye jades, lay by your wheel;
Is this the time to spin a thread
  When Colin's at the door?

Reach down my cloak, I'll to the quay
  And see him come ashore.
For there's nae luck about the house,
  There's nae luck at a';
There's little pleasure in the house
  When our gudeman's awa'.

And gie to me my bigonet
  My bishop's satin gown;
For I maun tell the baillie's wife
  That Colin's in the town.
My Turkey slippers maun gae on
  My stockin's pearly blue;
It's a' to pleasure our gudeman,
  For he's baith leal and true.

Rise, lass, and mak' a clean fireside,
  Put on the muckle pot,
Gie little Kate her button gown
  And Jock his Sunday coat;
And mak' their shoon as black as slaes,
  Their hose as white as snaw
It's a' to please my ain gudeman,
  For he's been long awa'.

[1] The authorship is uncertain. The poem may be by Jean Adams (1710–1765).

There's twa fat hens upo' the coop
  Been fed this month and mair;
Mak' haste and thraw their necks about,
  That Colin weel may fare;
And spread the table neat and clean,
  Gar ilka thing look braw,
For wha can tell how Colin fared
  When he was far awa'?

Sae true his heart, sae smooth his speech
  His breath like caller air;
His very foot has music in't
  As he comes up the stair—
And will I see his face again?
  And will I hear him speak?
I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought.
  In troth I'm like to greet.

If Colin's weel, and weel content,
  I hae nae mair to crave:
And gin I live to keep him sae,
  I'm blest aboon the lave:
And will I see his face again?
  And will I hear him speak?
I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought
  In troth I'm like to greet.
For there's nae luck about the house,
  There's nae luck at a';
There's little pleasure in the house
  When our gudeman's awa'.

Christopher Smart

1722–1771.

A SONG TO DAVID

O THOU that sitt'st upon a throne,
With harp of high, majestic tone,
  To praise the King of Kings:
And voice of heaven, ascending, swell,
Which, while its deeper notes excel,
  Clear as a clarion rings.

. . . . .

O servant of God's holiest charge,
The minister of praise at large,
  Which thou mayst now receive;
From thy blest mansion hail and hear,
From topmost eminence appear,
  To this the wreath I weave.

. . . . .

He sang of God—the mighty source
Of all things—the stupendous force
  On which all strength depends;
From Whose right arm, beneath Whose eyes,
All period, power, and enterprise
  Commences, reigns and ends.

. . . . .

Of man—the semblance and effect
Of God and love—the saint elect
  For infinite applause—
To rule the land, and briny broad,
To be laborious in his laud,
  And heroes in his cause.

The world—the clustering spheres He made,
The glorious light, the soothing shade,
  Dale, champaign, grove and hill;

The multitudinous abyss,
Where secrecy remains in bliss
  And wisdom hides her skill.

Trees, plants, and flowers—of virtuous root;
Gem yielding blossom, yielding fruit,
  Choice gums and precious balm;
Bless ye the nosegay in the vale,
And with the sweetness of the gale
  Enrich the thankful psalm.

Of fowl—even every beak and wing
Which cheer the winter, hail the spring,
  That live in peace or prey;
They that make music, or that mock,
The quail, the brave domestic cock,
  The raven, swan, and jay.

Of fishes—every size and shape,
Which nature frames of light escape,
  Devouring man to shun:
The shells are in the wealthy deep,
The shoals upon the surface leap,
  And love the glancing sun.

Of beasts—the beaver plods his task;
While the sleek tigers roll and bask;
  Nor yet the shades arouse;
Her cave the mining coney scoops;
Where o'er the mead the mountain stoops,
  The kids exult and browse.

Of gems—their virtue and their price,
Which, hid in earth from man's device,
  Their darts of lustre sheath;
The jasper of the master's stamp,
The topaz blazing like a lamp,
  Among the mines beneath.

Blest was the tenderness he felt,
When to his graceful harp he knelt,
  And did for audience call;
When Satan with his hand he quelled,
And in serene suspense he held
  The frantic throes of Saul.

. . . . .

O David, scholar of the Lord!
Such is thy science, whence reward,
  And infinite degree;
O strength, O sweetness, lasting ripe,
God's harp thy symbol, and thy type
  The lion and the bee.

. . . . .

Tell them, I AM, Jehovah said
To Moses; while earth heard in dread,
  And, smitten to the heart,
At once above, beneath, around,
All Nature, without voice or sound,
  Replied, "O Lord, THOU ART.

Thou art—to give and to confirm,
For each his talent and his term;
  All flesh thy bounties share;
Thou shalt not call thy brother fool:
The porches of the Christian school
  Are meekness, peace and prayer."

. . . . .

Strong is the lion—like a coal
His eyeball—like a bastion's mole
  His chest against the foes:
Strong the gier-eagle on his sail,
Strong against tide the enormous whale
  Emerges as he goes.

But stronger still in earth and air,
And in the sea the man of prayer,
  And far beneath the tide:
And in the seat to faith assigned
Where ask is have, where seek is find,
  Where knock is open wide.

. . . . .

Glorious the sun in mid career;
Glorious the assembled fires appear;
  Glorious the comet's train:
Glorious the trumpet and alarm;
Glorious the Almighty's stretched-out arm;
  Glorious the enraptured main.

Glorious the northern lights astream;
Glorious the song, when God's the theme;
  Glorious the thunder's roar:
Glorious Hosannah from the den;
Glorious the catholic Amen;
  Glorious the martyr's gore.

Glorious—more glorious—in the crown
Of Him that brought salvation down,
  By meekness called Thy Son;
Thou that stupendous truth believed;
And now the matchless deed's achieved,
  Determined, Dared and Done.

Allan Ramsay

1686-1758.

SONG

My Peggy is a young thing,
  Just entered in her teens,
Fair as the day, and sweet as May,
Fair as the day, and always gay.

My Peggy is a young thing,
And I'm not very auld,
Yet well I like to meet her at
The wauking of the fauld.

My Peggy speaks sae sweetly,
Whene'er we meet alane,
I wish nae mair to lay my care,—
I wish nae mair of a' that's rare
My Peggy speaks sae sweetly
To a' the lave I'm cauld;
But she gars a' my spirits glow
At the wauking of the fauld.

My Peggy smiles sae kindly,
Whene'er I whisper love,
That I look down on a' the town
That I look down upon a crown.
My Peggy smiles sae kindly,
It makes me blithe and bauld;
And naething gie's me sic delight
As wauking of the fauld.

My Peggy sings sae saftly,
When on my pipe I play,
By a' the rest it is confest,—
By a' the rest, that she sings best.
My Peggy sings sae softly,
And in her songs are tauld,
With innocence, the wale o' sense,
At wauking of the fauld.

(From *The Gentle Shepherd.*)

Lave] rest, remainder. Wauking of the fauld] the act of watching the sheepfold, about the end of summer, when the lambs were weaned and the ewes milked. Wale] best.

MOTHER-HAPPINESS

Yes, 'tis a heartsome thing to be a wife,
When round the ingle-edge young sprouts are rite.
Gif I'm sae happy, I shall have delight
To hear their little plaints, and keep them right.
Wow, Jenny! can there greater pleasure be,
Than see sic wee tots toolying at your knee;
When a' the ettle at,—their greatest wish,—
Is to be made of, and obtain a kiss?
Can there be toil in tenting day and night
The like of them, when love makes care delight?

(From *The Same.*)

Robert Fergusson

1758–1774.

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF SCOTS MUSIC

On Scotia's plains, in days of yore,
When lads and lasses tartan wore,
Saft Music rang on ilka shore
In hamely weid;
But harmony is now no more
And Music dead.

. . . .

Whan the saft vernal breezes ca'
The grey-haired Winter fogs awa'
Naebody than is heard to blaw,
Near hill or mead,
On chaunter, or on aiten straw,
Sin' Music's dead.

Nae lasses now, on Summer days,
Will lilt at bleachin' o' their claes;

Ettle] aim.
Chaunter] bagpipe.

Nae herds on Yarrow's bonny braes,
Or banks o' Tweed,
Delight to chant their hamely lays,
Sin' Music's dead.

At gloamin' now the bagpipe's dumb,
Whan weary owsen hameward come,
Sae sweetly as it wont to burn,
An' pibrochs skreed;
We never hear its warlike hum
For Music's dead.

Macgibbon's gane! ah! wae's my heart!
The man in Music maist expert,
Wha could sweet melody impart,
An' tune the reed
Wi' sic a slee an' pawky art;
But now he's dead.

. . . . .

Could lavrocks, at the dawnin' day,
Could linties, chirmin' frae the spray,
Or todlin burns that smoothly play
Ow'r gowden bed,
Compare wi' Birks o' Invermay?
But now they're dead.

O Scotland! that could ance afford
To band the pith o' Roman sword,
Winna your songs, wi' joint accord,
To battle speed,
And fight till music be restored.
Whilk now lies dead?

Slee] ingenious. Pawky] witty. Linties] linnets. Chirmin'] warbling. Todlin] purling. Gowden] golden.

Jane Elliot

1727–1805.

LAMENT FOR FLODDEN

("Flowers of the Forest.")

I'VE heard them lilting at our ewe-milking,
  Lasses a' lilting before dawn o' day;
But now they are moaning on ilka green loaning—
  The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

At brights, in the morning, nae blythe lads are scorning,
  Lasses are lonely and dowie and wae;
Nae daffing, nae gabbing, but sighing and sabbing,
  Ilk ane lifts her leglin and hies her away.

In har'st, at the shearing, nae youths now are jeering,
  Bandsters are lyart, and runkled and gray;
At fair or at preaching, nae wooing, nae fleeching—
  The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

At e'en, in the gloaming, nae swankies are roaming
  'Bout stacks wi' the lasses at bogle to play;
But ilk ane sits eerie, lamenting her dearie—
  The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

Dool and wae for the order sent our lads to the Border!
  The English for once, by guile wan the day;
The Flowers of the Forest, that fought aye the foremost,
  The prime of our land, lie cauld in the clay.

We'll hear nae mair lilting at our ewe-milking;
  Women and bairns are heartless and wae;
Sighing and moaning on ilka green loaning—
  The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

Loaning] lane, field-track. Wede] reft. Brights] sheep-folds. Dowie] dreary. Daffing, gabbing] joking, chatting. Leglin] milk-pail. Bandsters] sheaf-binders. Lyart] faded. Fleeching] coaxing. Swankies] brave lads. Bogle] bogey, ghost. Dool] mourning.

William Blake

1757–1827.

SONG

How sweet I roamed from field to field,
  And tasted all the summer's pride,
Till I the Prince of Love beheld
  Who in the sunny beams did glide.

He showed me lilies for my hair,
  And blushing roses for my brow;
He led me through his gardens fair,
  Where all his golden pleasures grow.

With sweet May-dews my wings were wet,
  And Phœbus fired my vocal rage;
He caught me in his silken net,
  And shut me in his golden cage.

He loves to sit and hear me sing,
  Then, laughing, sports and plays with me,
Then stretches out my golden wing,
  And mocks my loss of liberty.

(From *Poetical Sketches.*)

SONG

My silks and fine array,
  My smiles and languished air,
By love are driven away;
  And mournful lean Despair
Brings me yew to deck my grave:
Such end true lovers have.

His face is fair as heaven,
  When springing buds unfold;
O why to him was't given
  Whose heart is wintry cold?

His breast is love's all-worshipped tomb,
Where all love's pilgrims come.

Bring me an axe and spade,
  Bring me a winding-sheet;
When I my grave have made,
  Let winds and tempests beat;
Then down I'll lie, as cold as clay,
True love doth pass away.

(From *The Same.*)

TO THE MUSES

Whether on Ida's shady brow,
  Or in the chambers of the East,
The chambers of the Sun, that now
  From ancient melody have ceas'd;

Whether in heaven ye wander fair
  Or the green corners of the earth,
Or the blue regions of the air,
  Where the melodious winds have birth;

Whether on crystal rocks ye rove,
  Beneath the bosom of the sea,
Wandering in many a coral grove;
  Fair Nine, forsaking Poetry;

How have you left the ancient love,
  That bards of old enjoyed in you!
The languid strings do scarcely move,
  The sound is forced, the notes are few!

(From *The Same.*)

INTRODUCTION TO SONGS OF INNOCENCE

Piping down the valleys wild,
  Piping songs of pleasant glee,

On a cloud I saw a child,
And he laughing said to me:

"Pipe a song about a Lamb!"
So I piped with merry cheer.
"Piper, pipe that song again;"
So I piped: he wept to hear.

"Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe;
Sing thy songs of happy cheer!"
So I sung the same again,
While he wept with joy to hear.

"Piper sit thee down and write
In a book that all may read!"
So he vanished from my sight;
And I plucked a hollow reed.

And I made a rural pen,
And I stained the water clear,
And I wrote my happy songs,
Every child may joy to hear,

THE LAMB

Little Lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee,
Gave thee life and bid thee feed
By the stream and o'er the mead;
Gave thee clothing of delight,
Softest clothing, woolly, bright;
Gave thee such a tender voice,
Making all the vales rejoice?
Little lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?

Little lamb, I'll tell thee:
Little lamb, I'll tell thee:
He is called by thy name,

For He calls Himself a Lamb.
He is meek, and He is mild,
He became a little child.
I a child, and thou a lamb,
We are callèd by His name.
Little lamb, God bless thee!
Little lamb, God bless thee!

(From *Songs of Innocence.*)

INFANT JOY

"I have no name;
I am but two days old!"
What shall I call thee?
"I happy am
Joy is my name."
Sweet joy befall thee!

Pretty joy!
Sweet joy but two days old.
Sweet joy I call thee:
Thou dost smile,
I sing the while;
Sweet joy befall thee!

(From *The Same.*)

THE DIVINE IMAGE

To Mercy, Pity, Peace and Love,
All pray in their distress,
And to these virtues of delight
Return their thankfulness.

For Mercy, Pity, Peace and Love,
Is God our Father dear,
And Mercy, Pity, Peace and Love,
Is man, His child and care.

For Mercy has a human heart;
  Pity a human face;
And Love the human form divine,
  And Peace, the human dress.

Then every man of every clime,
  That prays in his distress,
Prays to the human form divine:
  Love, Mercy, Pity, Peace.

And all must love the human form,
  In heathen, Turk or Jew.
Where Mercy, Love, and Pity dwell,
  Thee God is dwelling too.

(From *The Same.*)

A DREAM

Once a dream did weave a shade
O'er my angel-guarded bed,
That an emmit lost its way
Where on grass methought I lay.

Troubled, wildered, and forlorn,
Dark, benighted, travel-worn,
Over many a tangled spray,
All heart broke I heard her say:

"O my children! do they cry?
Do they hear their father sigh?
Now they look abroad to see,
Now return and weep for me!"

Pitying I dropped a tear,
But I saw a glow-worm near,
Who replied, "What wailing wight
Calls the watchman of the night?

I am set to light the ground,
While the beetle goes his round:
Follow now the beetle's hum;
Little wanderer, hie thee home!

(From *The Same.*)

THE TIGER

Tiger, tiger burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy dreadful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?
On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder, and what art
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
And, when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand and what dread feet?

What the hammer? What the chain?
In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil? What dread grasp
Dares its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears,
And watered heaven with their tears,
Did He smile his work to see?
Did He who made the lamb make thee?

Tiger, tiger burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

(From *Songs of Experience.*)

INFANT SORROW

My mother groaned, my father wept:
Into the dangerous world I leapt,
Helpless, naked, piping loud,
Like a fiend hid in a cloud.

Struggling in my father's hands,
Striving against my swaddling bands,
Bound and weary, I thought best,
To sulk upon my mother's breast.

(From *The Same.*)

A DIVINE IMAGE

Cruelty has a human heart
  And jealousy a human face;
Terror the human form divine,
  And Secrecy the human dress.

The human dress is forgèd iron
  The human form a fiery forge,
The human face a furnace sealed,
  The human heart its hungry gorge.

(From *The Same.*)

THE POISON TREE

I was angry with my friend:
I told my wrath, my wrath did end.
I was angry with my foe:
I told it not, my wrath did grow.

And I watered it in fears
Night and morning with my tears,
And I sunnèd it with smiles,
And with soft deceitful wiles.

And it grew both day and night,
Till it bore an apple bright,
And my foe beheld it shine,
And he knew that it was mine—

And into my garden stole
When the night had veiled the pole;
In the morning glad I see
My foe outstretched beneath the tree.

(From *The Same.*)

LONDON

I wander through each chartered street,
Near where the chartered Thames doth flow,
A mark in every face I meet,
Marks of weakness, marks of woe.

In every cry of every man,
In every infant's cry of fear,
In every voice, in every ban,
The mind-forged manacles I hear.

How the chimney-sweeper's cry,
Every blackening church appals,
And the hapless soldier's sigh
Runs in blood down palace-walls.

But most, through midnight streets I hear,
How the youthful harlot's curse
Blasts the new-born infant's tear,
And blights with plagues the marriage hearse.

(From *The Same.*)

PRAYER OF KING EDWARD, BEFORE THE BATTLE OF CRESSY

O Thou to whose fury the nations are
But as dust!—maintain thy servant's right.
Without thine aid, the twisted mail, and spear,
And forged helm, and shield of seven times beaten brass,
Are the idle trophies of the vanquisher.
When confusion rages, when the field is in a flame,
When the cries of blood tear horror from heaven,
And yelling Death runs up and down the ranks,
Let Liberty, the chartered right of Englishmen,
Won by our fathers in many a glorious field
Enerve my soldiers; let Liberty
Blaze in each countenance, and fire the battle.
The enemy fight in chains, invisible chains but heavy;
Their minds are fettered; then how can they be free?
While, like the mounting flame,
We spring to battle o'er the floods of death.

(From *King Edward the Third.*)

William Cowper

1731–1800.

THE WAITING SOUL

Breathe from the gentle south, O Lord,
And cheer me from the north;
Blow on the treasures of thy word,
And call the spices forth.

I wish, Thou know'st, to be resigned,
And wait with patient hope;
But hope delayed fatigues the mind,
And drinks the spirits up.

Help me to reach the distant goal,
  Confirm my feeble knee,
Pity the sickness of a soul,
  That faints for love of thee.

Cold as I feel this heart of mine
  Yet since I feel it so,
It yields some hope of life divine
  Within, however low.

I seem forsaken and alone,
  I hear the lion roar;
And every door is shut but one,
  And that is mercy's door.

There, till the dear delivered come,
  I'll wait with humble prayer;
And when he calls his exile home,
  The Lord shall find him there.

(From *Olney Hymns.*)

ON THE RECEIPT OF MY MOTHER'S PICTURE

Oh that those lips had language! Life has passed
With me but roughly since I heard thee last.
Those lips are thine—thy own sweet smile I see,
The same that oft in childhood solaced me;
Voice only fails, else how distinct they say,
"Grieve not, my child, chase all thy fears away!"
The meek intelligence of those dear eyes
(Blest be the Art that can immortalize,—
The Art that baffles Time's tyrannic claim
To quench it) here shines on me still the same.

. . . . .

My mother! when I learned that thou wast dead,
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed?
Hovered thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,

Wretch even then, life's journey just begun ?
Perhaps thou gavest me, though unfelt, a kiss ;
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss—
Ah, that maternal smile ! it answers—" Yes."
I heard the bell tolled on thy burial day,
I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away,
And, turning from my nursery window, drew
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu !
But was it such ?—It was—Where thou art gone
Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown ;
May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
The parting word shall pass my lips no more !

. . . . .

Thou, as a gallant bark from Albion's coast,
(The storms all weathered and the ocean crossed)
Shoots into port at some well-havened isle,
Where spices breathe, and brighter seasons smile,
There sits quiescent on the floors that show
Her beauteous form reflected clear below,
While airs impregnated with incense play
Around her, fanning light her streamers gay ;—
So thou, with sails how swift ! hast reached the shore,
" Where tempests never beat nor billows roar " ;
And thy loved consort on the dangerous tide
Of life, long since has anchored by thy side.
But me, scarce hoping to attain that rest,
Always from port withheld, always distressed—
The howling blasts drive devious, tempest-tossed,
Sails ripped, seams opening wide, and compass lost,
And day by day some current's thwarting force
Sets me more distant from a prosperous course.
Yet oh, the thought that thou art safe and he !
That thought is joy, arrive what may to me.

TO MARY

The twentieth year is well nigh past,
Since first our sky was overcast;
Ah would that this might be the last!
My Mary!

Thy spirits have a fainter flow,
I see thee daily weaker grow—
'Twas my distress that brought thee low,
My Mary!

Thy needles once a shining store,
For my sake restless heretofore,
Now most disused, and shine no more,
My Mary!

For though thou gladly wouldst fulfil
The same kind office for me still,
Thy sight now seconds not thy will,
My Mary!

But well thou playedst the housewife's part
And all thy threads with magic art
Have wound themselves about this heart,
My Mary!

Thy indistinct impressions seem
Like language uttered in a dream;
Yet me they charm, whate'er the theme,
My Mary!

Thy silver locks, once auburn bright,
Are still more lovely in my sight
Than golden beams of orient light,
My Mary!

For, could I view nor them nor thee,
What sight worth seeing could I see ?
The sun would rise in vain for me,
My Mary !

Partakers of thy sad decline,
Thy hands their little force resign ;
Yet gently pressed, press gently mine,
My Mary !

Such feebleness of limbs thou provest,
That now at every step thou movest
Upheld by two ; yet still thou lovest,
My Mary !

And still to love, though pressed with ill,
In wintry age to feel no chill,
With me is to be lovely still,
My Mary !

But ah ! by constant heed I know,
How oft the sadness that I show
Transforms thy smiles to looks of woe.
My Mary !

And should my future lot be cast
With much resemblance of the past,
Thy worn-out heart will break at last.
My Mary !

THE CASTAWAY

Obscurest night involved the sky,
The Atlantic billows roared,
When such a destined wretch as I,
Washed headlong from on board,

Of friends, of hope, of all bereft
His floating home for ever left.

. . . . .

Not long beneath the whelming brine
  Expert to swim, he lay,
Nor soon he felt his strength decline,
  Or courage die away:
But waged with Death a lasting strife,
Supported by despair of life.

He shouted; nor his friends had failed
  To check the vessel's course,
But so the furious blast prevailed,
  That, pitiless perforce,
They left their outcast mate behind,
And scudded still before the wind.

Some succour yet they could afford;
  And, such as storms allow,
The cask, the coop, the floated cord
  Delayed not to bestow;
But he, they knew, nor ship nor shore,
Whate'er they gave, should visit more.

. . . . .

At length, his transient respite past,
  His comrades, who before
Had heard his voice in every blast,
  Could catch the sound no more:
For then, by toil subdued, he drank
The stifling wave, and then he sank.

. . . . .

No voice divine the storm allayed,
  No light propitious shone;
When snatched from all effectual aid,
  We perished, each alone:
But I beneath a rougher sea,
And whelmed in deeper gulfs than he.

THE RETIRED CAT

A Poet's cat, sedate and grave
As poet well could wish to have
Was much addicted to enquire
For nooks to which she might retire,
And where, secure as mouse in chink,
She might repose, or sit and think.

. . . . .

A drawer, it chanced, at bottom lined.
With linen of the softest kind,
With such as merchants introduce
From India for the ladies' use,
A drawer impending o'er the rest,
Half open in the topmost chest,
Of depth enough, and none to spare,
Invited her to slumber there ;
Puss with delight beyond expression
Surveyed the scene and took possession.
Recumbent at her ease, ere long,
And lulled by her own humdrum song,
She left the cares of life behind,
And slept as she would sleep her last,
When in came, housewifely inclined,
The chambermaid and shut it fast ;
By no malignity impelled,
But all unconscious whom it held.
Awakened by the shock (cried Puss)
" Was ever cat attended thus ?
The open drawer was left, I see,
Merely to prove a nest for me,
For soon as I was well composed,
Then came the maid and it was closed,
How smooth those 'kerchiefs and how sweet !
Oh ! what a delicate retreat !
I will resign myself to rest

Till Sol, declining in the west,
Shall call to supper, when, no doubt,
Susan will come and let me out."
The evening came, the sun descended,
And Puss remained still unattended.

. . . . .

That night, by chance, the poet watching,
Heard the inexplicable scratching;
His noble heart went pit-a-pat,
And to himself he said—"What's that?"
He drew the curtain at his side,
And forth he peeped, but nothing spied,
Yet, by his ear directed, guessed
Something imprisoned in the chest,
And, doubtful what, with prudent care,
Resolved it should continue there.
At length a voice which well he knew,
A long and melancholy mew,
Saluting his poetic ears,
Consoled him and dispelled his fears;
He left his bed; he trod the floor,
He 'gan in haste the drawers explore,
The lowest first, and without stop,
The rest in order to the top.
For 'tis a truth well-known to most,
That whatsoever thing is lost,
We seek it, ere it come to light,
In every cranny but the right.
Forth skipped the cat, not now replete
As erst with any self-conceit,
Nor in her own fond apprehension
A theme for all the world's attention,
But modest, sober, cured of all
Her notions hyperbolical,
And wishing for a place of rest
Anything rather than a chest.

. . . .

PASSAGES FROM THE TASK

A Country Landscape

How oft upon yon eminence, our pace
Has slackened to a pause, and we have borne
The ruffling wind, scarce conscious that it blew,
While admiration feeding at the eye,
And still unsated, dwelt upon the scene.
Thence with what pleasure have we just discerned
The distant plough slow-moving, and beside
His labouring team, that swerved not from the track,
The sturdy swain diminished to a boy ?
Here Ouse, slow winding through a level plain
Of spacious meads with cattle sprinkled o'er,
Conducts the eye along his sinuous course
Delighted. There fast rooted in his bank
Stand, never overlooked, our favourite elms
That screen the herdsman's solitary hut ;
While far beyond and overthwart the stream
That as with molten glass, inlays the vale,
The sloping land recedes into the clouds ;
Displaying on its various side the grace
Of hedgerow beauties numberless, square tower,
Tall spire, from which the sound of cheerful bells
Just undulates upon the listening ear ;
Groves, heaths and smoking villages remote.

(Bk. i.)

Crazy Kate

There often wanders one, whom better days
Saw better clad, in cloak of satin trimmed
With lace, and hat with splendid ribbon bound.
A serving-maid was she, and fell in love
With one who left her, went to sea and died.
Her fancy followed him through foaming waves

To distant shores, and she would sit and weep
At what a sailor suffers; fancy too,
Delusive most where warmest wishes are,
Would oft anticipate his glad return,
And dream of transports she was not to know.
She heard the doleful tidings of his death,
And never smiled again. And now she roams
The dreary waste; there spends the livelong day,
And there, unless when charity forbids,
The livelong night. A tattered apron hides,
Worn as a cloak, and hardly hides a gown
More tattered still; and both but ill conceal
A bosom heaved with never-ceasing sighs.
She begs an idle pin of all she meets,
And hoards them in her sleeve; but needful food,
Though pressed with hunger oft, or comelier clothes,
Though pinched with cold, asks never.—Kate is crazed!

(Bk. i.)

I was a Stricken Deer

I was a stricken deer that left the herd
Long since; with many an arrow deep infixt
My panting side was charged, when I withdrew
To seek a tranquil death in distant shades.
There was I found by one who had himself
Been hurt by the archers. In his side he bore,
And in his hands and feet, the cruel scars.
With gentle force soliciting the darts
He drew them forth, and healed and bade me live.
Since then, with few associates, in remote
And silent woods I wander, far from those
My former partners of the peopled scene.
With few associates, and not wishing more.

(Bk. iii.)

The Bastille!

Ye horrid towers, the abode of broken hearts,
Ye dungeons and ye cages of despair,
That monarchs have supplied from age to age,
With music such as suits their sovereign ears,
The sighs and groans of miserable men!
There's not an English heart that would not leap
To hear that ye were fallen at last, to know
That even our enemies, so oft employed
In forging chains for us, themselves were free.
For he that values liberty, confines
His zeal for her predominance within
No narrow bounds; her cause engages him
Wherever pleaded. 'Tis the cause of man.

On Liberty

'Tis liberty alone that gives the flower
Of fleeting life its lustre and perfume,
And we are weeds without it. All constraint,
Except what wisdom lays on evil men,
Is evil; hurts the faculties, impedes
Their progress in the road of science; blinds
The eyesight of discovery, and begets,
In those that suffer it, a sordid mind
Bestial, a meagre intellect, unfit
To be the tenant of man's noble form.
Thee therefore still, blameworthy as thou art,
With all thy loss of empire, and though squeezed
By public exigence, till annual food
Fails for the craving hunger of the state,
Thee I account still happy, and the chief
Among the nations, seeing thou art free,
My native nook of earth! Thy clime is rude,
Replete with vapours, and disposes much
All hearts to sadness, and none more than mine;

Thine unadulterate manners are less soft
And plausible than social life requires.
And thou hast need of discipline and art
To give thee what politer France receives
From Nature's bounty—that humane address
And sweetness, without which no pleasure is
In converse, either starved by cold reserve,
Or flushed with force dispute, a senseless brawl;
Yet, being free, I love thee; for the sake
Of that one feature, can we well content,
Disgraced as thou hast been, poor as thou art,
To seek no sublunary rest beside.
But once enslaved, farewell! I could endure
Chains nowhere patiently; and chains at home,
Where I am free by birthright, not at all.
Then what were left of roughness in the grain
Of British natures, wanting its excuse
That it belongs to freemen, would disgust
And shock me. I should then with double pain
Feel all the rigour of thy fickle clime;
And, if I must bewail the blessing lost
For which our Hampdens and our Sidneys bled,
I would at least bewail it under skies
Milder, among a people less austere,
In scenes which, having never known me free,
Would not reproach me with the loss I felt.

. . . . . .

He is the freeman whom the truth makes free,
And all are slaves beside. There's not a chain
That hellish foes confederate for his harm
Can wind around him, but he casts it off
With as much ease as Samson his green withes.
He looks abroad into the varied field
Of Nature, and though poor perhaps compared
With those whose mansions glitter in his sight,
Calls the delightful scenery all his own.

His are the mountains, and the valleys his,
And the resplendent rivers. His to enjoy
With a propriety that none can feel,
But who, with filial confidence inspired,
Can lift to heaven an unpresumptuous eye!
And smiling say—My Father made them all!

(Bk. v.)

Animal Life

These shades are all my own. The timorous hare,
Grown so familiar with frequent guest,
Scarce shuns me; and the stock dove unalarmed
Sits cooing in the pine-tree, nor suspends
His long love-ditty for my near approach.
Drawn from some refuge in some lonely elm
That age or injury has hollowed deep,
Where on his bed of wool and matted leaves
He has outslept the winter, ventures forth
To frisk awhile, and bask in the warm sun,
The squirrel, flippant, pert, and full of play,
He sees me, and at once, swift as a bird,
Ascends the neighbouring beech; there whisks his brush,
And perks his ears, and stamps and scolds aloud,
With all the prettiness of feigned alarm,
And anger insignificantly fierce.

(Bk. vi.)

A Glade in Winter—Musings

I tread
The walk still verdant under oaks and elms
Whose outspread branches overarch the glade.
The roof though movable through all its length,
As the wind sways it, has yet well sufficed,
And, intercepting in their silent fall
The frequent flakes, has kept a path for me.

No noise is here, nor none that hinders thought:
The redbreast warbles still, but is content
With slender notes and more than half-suppressed.
Pleased with his solitude, and flitting light
From spray to spray, where'er he rests he shakes
From many a twig the pendant drops of ice,
That tinkle in the withered leaves below,
Stillness, accompanied with sounds so soft,
Charms more than silence. Meditation here
May think down hours to moments. Here the heart
may give an useful lesson to the head,
And learning wiser grow without his books.
Knowledge and wisdom, far from being one,
Have ofttimes no connection. Knowledge dwells
In heads replete with thoughts of other men;
Wisdom in minds attentive to their own.
Knowledge, a rude unprofitable mass,
The mere materials with which wisdom builds,
Till smoothed and squared and fitted to its place,
Does but encumber whom it seems to enrich.
Knowledge is proud that he has learned so much,
Wisdom is humble that he knows no more.

. . . . . .

But trees, and rivulets whose rapid course
Defies the check of winter, haunts of deer,
And sheepwalks populous with bleating lambs,
And lanes in which the primrose ere her time
Peeps through the moss that clothes the hawthorn root,
Deceive no student. Wisdom there, and truth,
Not shy as in the world, and to be won
By slow solicitation, seize at once
The roving thought, and fix it on themselves.

(Book vi.)

George Crabbe

1754-1832.

OLD AGE AND POVERTY

For yonder see that hoary swain, whose age
Can with no cares except its own engage;
Who, propt on that rude staff, looks up to see
The bare arms broken from the withering tree,
On which, a boy, he climbed the loftiest bough,
Then his first joy, but his sad emblem now.
  He once was chief in all the rustic trade;
His steady hand the straightest furrow made;
Full many a prize he won, and still is proud
To find the triumphs of his youth allowed;
A transient pleasure sparkles in his eyes,
He hears and smiles, then thinks again and sighs:
For now he journeys to his grave in pain;
The rich disdain him; nay the poor disdain;
Alternate masters now their slave command,
Urge the weak efforts of his feeble hand,
And, when his age attempts its task in vain,
With ruthless taunts, of lazy poor complain.
  Oft may you see him, when he tends the sheep,
His winter charge, beneath the hillock weep;
Oft hear him murmur to the winds that blow
O'er his white locks and bury them in snow,
When, roused by rage and muttering in the morn,
He mends the broken hedge with icy thorn:—
  "Why do I live, when I desire to be
At once from life and life's long labour free?
Like leaves in spring the young are blown away,
Without the sorrows of a slow decay;
I, like yon withered leaf remain behind,
Nipt by the frost and shivering in the wind;
There it abides till younger buds come on,

As I, now all my fellow-swains are gone;
Then from the rising generation thrust,
It falls, like me, unnoticed to the dust,
These fruitful fields, these numerous flocks I see,
Are others' gain, but killing cares to me;
To me the children of my youth are lords,
Cool in their looks, but hasty in their words:
Wants of their own demand their care; and who
Feels his own want and succours others too?
A lonely wretched man, in pain I go,
None need my help, and none relieve my woe;
Then let my bones beneath the turf be laid,
And men forget the wretch they would not aid."
Thus groan the old, till by disease oppressed,
They taste a final woe, and then they rest.

(From *The Village.*)

THE RIVER TIDES

(*Peter Grimes, a fisherman of bad reputation, can find non to work with him, and he haunts the river.*)

Thus by himself compelled to live each day,
To wait for certain hours the tide's delay;
At the same time the same dull views to see,
The bounding marsh-bank and the blighted tree;
The water only, when the tides were high,
When low, the mud half-covered and half-dry;
The sun-burnt tar that blisters on the planks,
And bank-side stakes in their uneven ranks;
Heaps of entangled weeds that slowly float,
As the tide rolls by the impeded boat.

When tides were neap, and, in the sultry day,
Through the tall bounding mud-banks made their way,
Which on each side rose swelling, and below
The dark warm flood ran silently and slow;
There anchoring, Peter chose from man to hide,

There hang his head, and view the lazy tide
In its hot slimy channel slowly glide;
Where the small eels that left the deeper way
For the warm shore, within the shallows play;
Where gaping mussels, left upon the mud,
Slope their slow passage to the fallen flood;—
Here dull and hopeless he'd lie down and trace
How sidelong crabs had scrawled their crooked race,
Or sadly listen to the tuneless cry
Of fishing gull or clanging golden-eye;
What time the sea-birds to the marsh would come,
And the loud bittern, from the bull-rush home,
Gave from the salt ditch side the bellowing boom;
He nursed the feelings these dull scenes produce,
And loved to stop beside the opening sluice;
Where the small stream, confined in narrow bound,
Ran with a dull, unvaried, saddening sound;
Where all, presented to the eye or ear,
Oppressed the soul with misery, grief, and fear.

(From *The Borough.*)

THE KEEPER'S WIFE

(Rachel was courted by two brothers, one of whom was a poacher, and one a gamekeeper. She loves the poacher, but his doings put him in power of the law, while his rival brother, who is the prosecutor, makes her marriage with him the condition of his forbearance. She consults her imprisoned lover with the result given in the following passage.)

She saw him fettered, full of grief, alone,
Still as the dead, and he suppressed a groan
At her appearance—Now she prayed for strength;
And the sad couple could converse at length.
It was a scene that shook her to repeat,—
Life fought with love, both powerful, and both sweet.
"Wilt thou die, Robert, or preserve thy life?

Shall I be thine own maid, or James's wife?"
"His wife!—No!—never will I thee resign—
No, Rachel, no!"—"Then am I ever thine:
I know thee rash and guilty,—but to thee
I pledged my vow, and thine will ever be.
Yet think again,—the life that God has lent
Is thine, but not to cast away—consent,
If 'tis thy wish; for this I made my way
To thy distress—command, and I obey."
"Perhaps my brother may have gained thy heart?"
"Then why this visit, if I wished to part?
Was it—ah, man ungrateful!—wise to make
Effort like this, to hazard for thy sake
A spotless reputation, and to be
A suppliant to that stern man for thee!
But I forgive,—thy spirit has been tried,
And thou art weak, but still thou must decide
I asked thy brother James, 'Wouldst thou command
Without the loving heart, the obedient hand'?
I ask thee, Robert, lover, canst thou part
With this poor hand, when master of the heart?—
He answered, Yes!—I tarry thy reply,
Resigned with him to live, content with thee to die."
Assured of this, with spirits low and tame,
Were life so purchased—there a death of shame;
Death once his merriment, but now his dread,
And he with terror thought upon the dead:
"O! sure 'tis better to endure the care
And pain of life, than go we know not where:—
And is there not the dreaded hell for sin,
Or is it only this I feel within?
That if it lasted, no man would sustain,
But would by any change relieve the pain:
Forgive me, love! it is a loathsome thing
To live not thine; but still this dreaded sting
Of death torments me,—I to nature cling.

Go, and be his—but love him not, be sure—
Go, love him not,—and I will life endure:
He, too, is mortal!"—Rachel deeply sighed,
But would no more converse: she had complied,
And was no longer free—she was his brother's bride.
"Farewell!" she said, with kindness, but not fond,
Feeling the pressure of the recent bond,
And put her tenderness apart to give
Advice to one who so desired to live:
She then departed, joined the attending guide,
Reflected—wept—was sad—was satisfied.

. . . . .

(*The sacrifice is in vain. The outlaw returns to his evil ways and the brothers fall by each other's hands in a midnight encounter. They are found by the distracted Rachel, whose life henceforward is one of sad resignation. The following passage tells of the final scene of the tragedy.*)

'Twas past the dead of night, when every sound
That nature mingles might be heard around;
But none from man,—man's feeble voice was hushed,
Where rivers swelling roared, and woods were crushed;
Hurried by these, the wife could sit no more,
But must the terrors of the night explore.
Softly she left her door, her garden gate,
And seemed as then committed to her fate:
To every horrid thought and doubt a prey,
She hurried on, already lost her way:
Oft as she glided on in that sad night,
She stopped to listen and she looked for light;
An hour she wandered, and was still to learn
Aught of her husband's safety or return:
A sudden break of heavy clouds could show
A place she knew not, but she strove to know;
Still further on she crept with trembling feet,
With hope a friend, with fear a foe to meet;

And there was something fearful in the sight
And in the sound of what appeared to-night;
For now, of night and nervous terror bred,
Arose a strong and superstitious dread;
She heard strange noises, and the shapes she saw
Of fancied beings bound her soul in awe.
The moon was risen, and she sometimes shone
Through thick white clouds, that flew tumultuous on,
Passing beneath her with an eagle's speed,
That her soft light imprisoned and then freed:
The fitful glimmering through the hedgerow green
Gave a strange beauty to the changing scene;
And roaring winds and rushing waters lent
Their mingled voice that to the spirit went.
  To these she listened; but new sounds were heard,
And sight more startling to her soul appeared;
These were low lengthened tones with sobs between,
And near at hand, but nothing yet was seen;
She hurried on, and "Who is there?" she cried,—
"A dying wretch!" was from the earth replied.
  It was her lover—was the man she gave,
The price she paid, himself from death to save;
With whom, expiring, she must kneel and pray,
While the soul flitted from the shivering clay
That pressed the dewy ground and bled its life away
This was the part that duty bade her take,
Instant and ere her feelings were awake;
But now they waked to anguish: there came then,
Hurrying with lights, loud speaking, eager men.
  "And here, my lord, we met—And who is here?
The keeper's wife!—Ah! woman go not near!
There lies the man that was the head of all—
See in his temples went the fatal ball!
And James that instant, who was then our guide,
Felt in his heart the adverse shot, and died!
It was a sudden meeting, and the light

Of a dull moon made indistinct our fight;
He foremost fell!—but see, the woman creeps
Like a lost thing, that wanders as she sleeps.
See, here her husband's body—but she knows
That other dead, and that her action shows.
Rachel! why look you at your mortal foe?—
She does not hear us—Whither will she go?"
Now, more attentive, on the dead they gazed,
And they were brothers: sorrowing and amazed,
On all a momentary silence came,
A common softness, and a moral shame.
"Seized you the poachers"? said my lord.—"They fled,
And we pursued not—one of them was dead,
And one of us: they turned through the wood,
Two lives were gone, and we no more pursued.
Two lives of men, of valiant brothers, lost!
Enough, my lord, do hares aud pheasants cost!"

. . . . .

As men with children at their sport behold,
And smile to see them, though unmoved and cold,
Smile at the recollected games, and then
Depart and mix in the affairs of men:
So Rachel looks upon the world, and sees.
It cannot longer pain her, cannot please,
But just detain the passing thought, or cause
A gentle smile of pity or applause;
And then the recollected soul repairs
Her slumbering hope, and heeds her own affairs.

(From *Tales of the Hall.* Bk. xxi.)

Robert Bloomfield

1766–1823.

PLOUGHING IN THE OLDER DAYS

No wheels support the diving pointed share;
No groaning ox is doomed to labour there;

No helpmates teach the docile steed his road
(Alike unknown the ploughboy and the goad);
But, unassisted through each toilsome day,
With smiling brow the ploughman cleaves his way,
Draws his fresh parallels, and widened still,
Treads slow the heavy dale, or climbs the hill:
Strong on the wing his busy followers play,
Where writhing earth-worms meet the unwelcome day;
Till all is changed, and hill and level down
Assume a livery of a sober brown;
Again disturbed when Giles with wearying strides
From ridge to ridge the ponderous harrow guides;
His heels deep sinking every step he goes,
Till dirt adhesive loads his clouted shoes.
Welcome green headland! firm beneath his feet;
Welcome the friendly bank's refreshing seat;
There, warm with toil, his panting horses browse
Their sheltering canopy of pendent boughs;
Till Rest delicious chaise each transient pain
And new born vigour swell in every vein.
Hour after hour, and day to day succeeds;
Till every clod and deep drawn furrow spreads
To crumbling mould; a level surface clear,
And strewed with corn to crown the rising year;
And o'er the whole Giles traverse once again,
In earth's moist bosom buries up the grain.

(From the *Farmer's Boy.*)

THE OLD COUPLE

Come, Goody, stop your humdrum wheel,
Sweep up your orts, and get your hat;
Old joys revived once more I feel.
'Tis fair-day;—aye, and more than that.

Have you forgot, Kate, prithee say,
How many seasons here we've tarried?

'Tis fifty years, this very day,
Since you and I, old girl, were married.

. . . . .

His mattock he behind the door
And hedging gloves again replaced;
And looked across the yellow moor,
And urged his tottering spouse to haste.

The day was up, the air serene,
The firmament without a cloud;
The bee hummed o'er the level green,
Where knots of trembling cowslips bowed.

And Richard thus with heart elate,
As past things rushed across his mind,
O'er his shoulder talked to Kate,
Who, snug tucked up, walked slow behind.

. . . . .

And soon the aged couple spied
Their lusty sons and daughters dear:—
When Richard thus exulting cried,
"Didn't I tell you they'd be here?"

The cordial greetings of the soul
Were visible in every face;
Affection, void of all control,
Governed with a resistless grace.

'Twas good to see the honest strife
Which should contribute most to please;
And hear the long recounted life
Of infant tricks and happy days.

Robert Burns

1759–1796.

TO A MOUSE,

On turning her up in her nest, with the plough, November, 1785.

Wee, sleekit, cowrin, tim'rous beastie,
O, what a panic's in thy breastie!
Thou needna start awa sae hasty,
Wi' bickerin' brattle!
I wad be laith to rin and chase thee,
Wi' murdring pattle.

I'm truly sorry man's dominion
Has broken nature's social union,
An' justifies that all opinion
Which maks thee startle
At me, thy poor earth-born companion
An' fellow-mortal!

I doubt na, whyles, but thou may thieve;
What then? Poor beastie, thou maun live!
A daimen-icker in a thrave
'S a sma' request.
I'll get a blessin' wi' the lave,
And never miss't!

Thy wee bit housie, too, in ruin!
It's silly wa's the win's are strewin'!
An' naething, now, to big a new ane,
O' foggage green!
An' bleak December's winds ensuin'
Baith snell and keen!

Brattle] hurry. Pattle] plough-staff. Daimen-icker] an ear of corn occasionally. Thrave] 24 sheaves. Big] build. Snell] bitter. Foggage], grass.

Thou saw the fields laid bare an' waste,
An' weary winter comin' fast,
An' cozie here, beneath the blast,
Thou thought to dwell,
Till, crash! the cruel coulter past
Out thro' thy cell.

That wee bit heap o' leaves an' stibble
Has cost thee mony a weary nibble!
Now thou's turned out, for a' thy trouble,
But house or hald,
To thole the winter's sleety dribble,
An' crawreuch cold.

But, mousie, thou art no thy lane,
In proving foresight may be vain:
The best laid schemes o' mice and men,
Gang aft agley,
An' lea'e us nought but grief and pain
For promis'd joy.

Still thou art blest, compar'd wi' me!
The present only toucheth thee:
But, och! I backward cast my e'e,
On prospects drear!
An' forward, tho' I canna see
I guess and fear.

TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

Thou ling'ring star, with less'ning ray,
Thou lov'st to greet the early morn,
Again thou usher'st in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn.

But] without. Hald] holding. Thole] suffer. Crawreuch] Hoarfrost. No thy lane] not alone. Gang aft agley] go often wrong.

O Mary! dear departed shade!
  Where is thy place of blissful rest?
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
  Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

That sacred hour can I forget,
  Can I forget the hallow'd grove,
Where by the winding Ayr we met,
  To live one day of parting love!
Eternity will not efface
  Those records dear of transports past;
Thy image at our last embrace;
  Ah! little thought we 'twas our last!

Ayr, gurgling, kissed his pebbled shore,
  O'erhung with wild woods, thick'ning green,
The fragrant birch and hawthorn hoar,
  Twin'd amorous round the raptur'd scene.
The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,
  The birds sang love on every spray—
Till too, too soon, the glowing west
  Proclaimed the speed of wingèd day.

Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes,
  And fondly broods with miser care!
Time but th' impression stronger makes,
  As streams their channels deeper wear.
My Mary! dear departed shade!
  Where is thy place of blissful rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
  Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

JEAN.

Of a' the airts the wind can blaw,
  I dearly like the west,

Airts] ways.

For there the bonnie lassie lives,
  The lassie I lo'e best :
There wild woods grow, and rivers row
  And mony a hill between :
But day and night my fancy's flight
  Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flowers,
  I see her sweet and fair :
I hear her in the tunefu' birds,
  I hear her charm the air :
There's not a bonnie flower that springs
  By fountain, shaw or green ;
There's not a bonnie bird that sings,
  But minds me o' my Jean.

THE BANKS O' DOON.

Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
  How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair ?
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
  And I sae weary fu' o' care.
Thou'll break my heart, thou warbling bird,
  That wantons thro' the flowering thorn :
Thou minds me o' departed joys,
  Departed never to return.

Aft hae I roved by bonnie Doon,
  To see the rose and woodbine twine ;
And ilka bird sang o' its Luve,
  And fondly sae did I o' mine ;
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
  Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree !
And my fause luver staw my rose,
  But, ah ! he left the thorn wi' me.

Row] roll. Shaw] wood.
Braes] slopes. Staw] stole.

JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
  When we were first acquent;
Your locks were like the raven,
  Your bonnie brow was brent;
But now your brow is beld, John,
  Your locks are like the snaw;
But blessings on your frosty pow,
  John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
  We clamb the hill thegither;
And mony a cantil day, John,
  We've had wi' ane anither:
Now we maun totter down, John,
  And hand in hand we'll go,
And sleep thegither at the foot,
  John Anderson, my jo.

AULD LANG SYNE.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
  And never brought to min'?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
  And days o' auld lang syne?

And surely ye'll be your pint-stowp,
  And surely I'll be mine;
And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet
  For auld lang syne!

Acquent] acquainted. Brent] smooth. Beld] bald. Pow] pate. Cantil] jolly.
Pint-stowp] two-quart measure.

We twa hae rin about the braes,
And pu'd the gowans fine;
But we've wander'd monie a weary fit
Sin' auld lang syne.

We twa hae paidl't i' the burn,
Frae mornin' sun till dine;
But seas between us braid hae roar'd
Sin' auld lang syne.

And here's a hand, my trusty fiere,
And gie's a hand o' thine;
And we'll tak a right guid-willie waught
For auld lang syne.

For auld lang syne, my dear.
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne.

A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT.

Is there, for honest poverty,
That hings his head, and a' that?
The coward-slave, we pass him by,
We dare be poor for a' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Our toils obscure, and a' that;
The rank is but the guinea stamp
The man's the gowd for a' that.

What tho' on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hoddin-grey, and a' that;

Gowans] daisies. Fit] foot. Braid] broad. Fiere] companion, chum. Waught] draught.
Hings] hangs. Gowd] gold. Hoddin grey] coarse gray woollen stuff.

Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine.
A man's a man for a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
Their tinsel show, and a' that:
The honest man, tho' e'er sae poor,
Is king o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie ca'd 'a lord,'
Wha struts, and stares, an a' that?
Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a cuif for a' that.
For a' that, an' a' that,
His ribband, star and a' that,
The man o' independent mind
He looks and laughs at a' that.

A prince can mak a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that;
But an honest man's aboon his might,
Gude faith, he mauna fa' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
Their dignities and a' that,
The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
Are higher rank than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it will for a' that;
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree, and a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
It's coming yet, for a' that;
That man to man, the world o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that.

Birkie] fellow. Cuif] dolt. Mauna] manage. Gree] pre-eminence.

THE FAREWELL

It was a' for our rightfu king,
  We left fair Scotland's strand;
It was a' for our rightfu' king
  We e'er saw Irish land, my dear,
  We e'er saw Irish land.

Now a' is done that men can do,
  And a' is done in vain;
My love and native land, farewell,
  For I maun cross the main, my dear,
  For I maun cross the main.

He turned him right, and round about,
  Upon the Irish shore;
And gae his bridle-reins a shake,
  With adieu for evermore, my dear,
  With adieu for evermore.

The sodger frae the wars returns
  The sailor frae the main;
But I hae parted frae my love,
  Never to meet again, my dear,
  Never to meet again.

  When day is gane and night is come,
  And a' folk bound to sleep;
I think on him that's far awa'
  The lee-lang night, and weep, my dear,
  The lee-lang night, and weep.

BURNING THE NUTS AT HALLOWEEN [1]

Upon that night, when Fairies light
  On Cassilis Downans [2] dance,
Or owre the lays, in splendid blaze,
  On sprightly coursers prance;
Or for Colean the rout is ta'en,
  Beneath the moon's pale beams;
There, up the Cove,[3] to stray an' rove
  Amang the rocks and streams
    To sport that night;

Amang the bonnie, winding banks,
  Where Doon rins, wimplin, clear,
Where Bruce [4] ance rul'd the martial ranks,
  An' shook his Carrick spear,
Some merry, friendly, country folks,
  Together did convene,
To burn their nits, an' pou their stocks,
  An' haud their Halloween
    Fu' blythe that night.

The lasses feat, an' cleanly neat,
  Mair braw than when they're fine;
Their faces blythe, fu' sweetly kythe,
  Hearts leal, an' warm, an' kin:

Lays] pastures. Wimplin] winding. Pou] pull. Stocks] plants. Haud] hold. Feat] trim. Braw] fair. Kythe] show.

[1] Is thought to be a night when witches, devils, and other mischief-making beings are all abroad on their baneful, midnight errands; particularly those aërial people, the fairies, are said, on that night, to hold a grand anniversary.—R. B.

[2] Certain little, romantic, rocky, green hills, in the neighbourhood of the ancient seat of the Earls of Cassilis.—R. B.

[3] A noted cavern near Colean House, called the Cove of Colean; which, as well as Cassilis Downans, is famed in country story for being a favourite haunt of fairies.—R. B.

[4] The famous family of that name, the ancestors of Robert, the great deliverer of his country, were Earls of Carrick.—R. B.

The lads sae trig, wi' wooer-babs,
  Weel knotted on their garten,
Some unco blate, an' some wi' gabs,
  Gar lasses' hearts gang startin
    Whyles fast at night.

. . . . .

The auld guidwife's weel-hoordet nits[1]
  Are round an' round divided,
An' monie lads' and lasses' fates
  Are there that night decided:
Some kindle, couthie, side by side,
  An' burn thegither trimly;
Some start awa, wi' saucy pride,
  An' jump out-owre the chimlie
    Fu' high that night.

Jean slips in twa, wi' tentie e'e;
  Wha 'twas, she wadna tell;
But this is Jock, and this is me,
  She says in to hersel:
He bleez'd owre her, an' she owre him,
  As they wad never mair part;
Till fuff! he started up the lum,
  An' Jean had e'en a sair heart
    To see't that night.

Poor Willie, wi' his bow-kail runt,
  Was brunt wi' primsie Mallie,
An' Mary, nae doubt, took the drunt,
  Te be compar'd to Willie:

Wooer-babs] love-knots. Blate] shy. Gabs] talk. Gar] make. Couthie] cosily. Tentie] watchful. Lum] chimney. Primsie] prim. Drunt] buff.

[1] Burning the nuts is a famous charm. They name the lad and the lass to each particular nut, as they lay them in the fire; and accordingly as they burn quietly together, or start from beside one another, the course and issue of the courtship will be.—R. B.

Mall's nit lap out, wi' pridefu' fling,
  An' her ain fit it brunt it;
While Willie lap, an' swoor by jing.
  'Twas just the way he wanted
    To be that night.

Nell had the fause-house in her min',
  She pits hersel an' Rob in;
In loving bleeze they sweetly join,
  Till white in ase they're sobbin:
Nell's heart was dancin at the view;
  She whisper'd Rob to leuk for't:
Rob, stownlins, prie'd her bonnie mou,
  Fu' cozie in the neuk for't,
    Unseen that night.

. . . . .

Wi' merry sangs, and friendly cracks,
  I wat they did na weary;
And unco tales, an' funnie jokes,
  Their sports were cheap and cheary;
Till butter'd So'ns,[1] wi' fragrant lunt,
  Set a' their gabs a-steering;
Syne, wi' a social glass o' strunt,
  They parted aff careerin
    Fu' blythe that night.

(From *Halloween.*)

Fit] foot. Ase] ashes. Stowlins] stealthily. Pried] kissed. Mou] mouth. Neuk] corner. Lunt] steam. Gabs] tongues. A-steerin] wagging. Strunt] liquor.

[1] Sowens, with butter instead of milk to them, is always the *Halloween Supper.*—R. B.

FROM THE HOLY FAIR

A robe of seeming truth and trust
Hid crafty Observation;
And secret hung, with poison'd crust,
The dirk of Defamation:
A mask that like the gorget show'd,
Dye-varying on the pigeon;
And for a mantle large and broad,
He wrapt him in Religion.
HYPOCRISY À-LA-MODE.

Upon a simmer Sunday morn,
When Nature's face is fair,
I walked forth to view the corn,
An' snuff the caller air.
The risin' sun, owre Galston muirs,
Wi' glorious light was glintin;
The hares were hirplin down the furrs,
The lav'rocks they were chantin
Fu' sweet that day.

As lightsomely I glowr'd abroad,
To see a scene sae gay,
Three hizzies, early at the road,
Cam skelpin up the way.
Twa had manteeles o' dolefu' black,
But ane wi' lyart lining;
The third, that gaed a wee a-back,
Was in the fashion shining
Fu' gay that day.

The twa appear'd like sisters twin,
In feature, form, an' claes;
Their visage wither'd, lang an' thin,
An' sour as ony slaes:

Caller] cool. Hirplin] hopping. Furs] furrows. Glowr'd] gazed. Hizzies] young women. Lyart] grey.

The third cam up, hap-step-an'-lowp,
As light as ony lambie,
An' wi' a curchie low did stoop,
As soon as e'er she saw me,
Fu' kind that day.

Wi' bonnet aff, quoth I, "Sweet lass,
I think ye seem to ken me;
I'm sure I've seen that bonnie face,
But yet I canna name ye."
Quo' she, an' laughin' as she spak,
An' taks me by the han's,
"Ye, for my sake, hae gi'en the feck
Of a' the ten comman's
A screed some day.

"My name is Fun—your cronie dear,
The nearest friend ye hae;
An' this is Superstition here,
An' that's Hypocrisy.
I'm gaun to Mauchline Holy Fair,
To spend an hour in daffin:
Gin ye'll go there, yon runkl'd pair,
We will get famous laughin
At them this day."

Quoth I, "With a' my heart, I'll do't;
I'll get my Sunday's sark on,
An' meet you on the holy spot;
Faith, we'se hae fine remarkin!"
Then I gaed hame at crowdie-time,
An' soon I made me ready;
For roads were clad, frae side to side,
Wi' monie a wearie bodie,
In droves that day.

Hap, lowp] hop, jump. Curchie] curtsey. Feck] bulk. Daffin] larking. Sark] shirt. Crowdie] porridge.

Here, farmers gash, in ridin graith
  Gaed hoddin by their cotters,
There, swankies young, in braw braid-claith,
  Are springin owre the gutters.
The lasses, skelpin barefit, thrang,
  In silks an' scarlets glitter;
Wi' sweet-milk cheese, in monie a whang,
  An' farls, bak'd wi' butter,
        Fu' crump that day.

When by the plate we set our nose,
  Weel heaped up wi' ha'pence,
A greedy glowr Black Bonnet throws,
  An' we maun draw our tippence.
Then in we go to see the show,
  On ev'ry side they're gath'rin,
Some carryin dails, some chairs an' stools,
  An' some are busy bleth'rin
        Right loud that day.

. . . . .

Now a' the congregation o'er
  Is silent expectation;
For Moodie speels the holy door,
  Wi' tidings o' damnation.
Should Hornie, as in ancient days,
  'Mang sons o' God present him,
The vera sight o' Moodie's face,
  To's ain het hame had sent him
        Wi' fright that day.

Hear how he clears the points o' faith
  Wi' rattlin an' wi' thumpin!
Now meekly calm, now wild in wrath,
  He's stampin an' he's jumpin!

Gash] bold. Graith] gear. Hoddin] jogging. Swankies] youngsters. Skelpin] tripping. Thrang] thronged. Whang] piece. Farls] cakes. Crump] crisp. Glowr] glance. Black bonnet] an elder. Dails] planks. Hornie] the devil.

His lengthen'd chin, his turned-up snout,
  His eldritch squeel an' gestures,
O how they fire the hearts devout,
  Like cantharidian plasters,
        On sic a day!

But, hark! the tent has chang'd its voice;
  There's peace an' rest nae langer:
For a' the real judges rise,
  They canna sit for anger.
Smith opens out his cauld harangues,
  On practice and on morals;
An' aff the godly pour in thrangs,
  To gie the jars an' barrels
        A lift that day.

. . . . .

The lads an' lasses, blythely bent
  To mind baith saul an' body,
Sit round the table, weel content,
  An' steer about the toddy.
On this ane's dress, an' that ane's leuk,
  They're makin observations;
While some are cozie i' the neuk,
  An' formin assignations
        To meet some day.

But now the Lord's ain trumpet touts,
  Till a' the hills are rairin,
An' echoes back return the shouts;
  Black Russel is na spairin:
His piercing words, like Highlan' swords,
  Divide the joints an' marrow;
His talk o' Hell, where devils dwell,
  Our vera "sauls does harrow"
        Wi' fright that day!

Eldritch] unearthly.

A vast, unbottom'd, boundless pit,
  Fill'd fou o' lowin brunstane,
Wha's ragin flame, an' scorchin heat,
  Wad melt the hardest whun-stane!
The half asleep start up wi' fear,
  An' think they hear it roarin,
When presently it does appear,
  'Twas but some neebor snorin
    Asleep that day.

'Twad be owre lang a tale to tell
  How monie stories past,
An' how they crowded to the yill,
  When they were a' dismist:
How drink gaed round, in cogs an' caups,
  Amang the furms and benches;
An' cheese an' bread, frae women's laps,
  Was dealt about in lunches,
    An' dawds that day.

THE TWA DOGS

A Tale

'Twas in that place o' Scotland's isle,
That bears the name o' Auld King Coil,
Upon a bonnie day in June,
When wearing thro' the afternoon,
Twa dogs, that were na thrang at hame,
Forgather'd ance upon a time.

The first I'll name, they ca'd him Cæsar,
Was keepit for his Honour's pleasure:
His hair, his size, his mouth, his lugs,
Shew'd he was nane o' Scotland's dogs;
But whalpit some place far abroad,
Whare sailors gang to fish for cod.

Lowin] flaming. Lunches] generous portions. Dawds] lumps. Lugs] ears. Whalpit] born at.

His locked, letter'd, braw brass collar,
Shew'd him the gentleman and scholar;
But tho' he was o' high degree,
The fient a pride—nae pride had he;
But wad hae spent an hour caressin,
Ev'n wi' a tinkler-gipsey's messin.

At kirk or market, mill or smiddie,
Nae tawted tyke, tho' e'er sae duddie,
But he wad stan't, as glad to see him,
An' stroan't on stanes and hillocks wi' him.

The tither was a ploughman's collie,
A rhyming, ranting, raving billie,
Wha for his friend and comrade had him
An' in his freaks had Luath ca'd him,
After some dog in Highland sang,
Was made lang syne,—Lord knows how lang.

He was a gash an' faithfu' tyke,
As ever lap a sheugh or dike.
His honest, sonsie, baws'nt face,
Ay gat him friends in ilka place;
His breast was white, his touzie back
Weel clad wi' coat o' glossy black;
His gawcie tail, wi' upward curl,
Hung owre his hurdies wi' a swirl.

Nae doubt but they were fain o' ither,
An' unco pack an' thick thegither;
Wi' social nose whyles snuff'd and snowkit;
Whyles mice and moudieworts they howkit;
Whyles scour'd awa in lang excursion,
An' worry'd ither in diversion;

Messin] mongrel. Smiddie] smithy. Tawted] matted. Duddie] ragged. Gash] wise. Sheugh] fence. Sonsie] pleasant. Baws'nt] white streaked. Gawcie] joyful. Hurdies] hind-quarters. Moudieworts] moles. Howkit] dug.

Until wi' daffin weary grown,
Upon a knowe they sat them down,
An' there began a lang digression
About the lords o' the creation.

CÆSAR.

I've aften wonder'd, honest Luath,
What sort o' life poor dogs like you have;
An' when the gentry's life I saw,
What way poor bodies liv'd ava.

Our Laird gets in his racked rents,
His coals, his kain, an' a' his stents:
He rises when he likes himsel;
His flunkies answer at the bell;
He ca's his coach; he ca's his horse;
He draws a bonnie, silken purse
As lang's my tail, whare thro' the steeks,
The yellow letter'd Geordie keeks.

Frae morn to e'en, it's nought but toiling,
At baking, roasting, frying, boiling;
An' tho' the gentry first are stechin,
Yet ev'n the ha' folk fill their pechan,
Wi' saucè, ragouts, and such like trashtrie,
That's little short o' downright wastrie.
Our whipper-in, wee blastit wonner,
Poor worthless elf, it eats a dinner,
Better than ony tenant man
His Honour has in a' the lan:
An' what poor cot-folk pit their painch in,
I own it's past my comprehension.

Ava] at all. Kain] rents in kind. Stents] dues. Steeks] stitches. Geordie] guinea. Stechin] cramming. Pechan] stomach. Ha' folk] servants. Painch] paunch.

LUATH.

Trowth, Cæsar, whyles they're fash't eneugh:
A cotter howkin in a sheugh,
Wi' dirty stanes biggin a dyke,
Baring a quarry, and siclike,
Himsel, a wife, he thus sustains,
A smytrie o' wee duddie weans,
An' nought but his han' darg, to keep
Them right an' tight in thack an' rape.

An' when they meet wi' sair disasters,
Like loss o' health, or want o' masters,
Ye maist wad think, a wee touch langer,
An' they maun starve o' cauld and hunger;
But, how it comes, I never kend yet,
They're maistly wonderfu' contented;
An' buirdly chiels, an' clever hizzies,
Are bred in sic a way as this is.

CÆSAR.

But then to see how ye're negleckit,
How huff'd, an' cuff'd, an' disrespeckit!
Lord, man, our gentry care as little
For delvers, ditchers, an' sic cattle,
They gang as saucy by poor folk,
As I wad by a stinking brock.

I've notic'd, on our Laird's court-day,
An' mony a time my heart's been wae,
Poor tenant bodies, scant o' cash,
How they maun thole a factor's snash:
He'll stamp an' threaten, curse an' swear,
He'll apprehend them, poind their gear;
While they maun stan', wi' aspect humble,
An' hear it a', an' fear an' tremble!

Baring] clearing. Smytrie] litter. Darg] labour. Thack] thatch. Rape] rope. Buirdly chiels] stout lads. Brock] badger. Snash] abuse. Poind] seize.

I see how folk live that hae riches;
But surely poor folk maun be wretches.

LUATH.

They're no sae wretch'ds ane wad think:
Tho' constantly on poortith's brink:
They're sae accustom'd wi' the sight,
The view o't gies them little fright.

Then chance an' fortune are sae guided,
They're ay in less or mair provided;
An' tho' fatigu'd wi' close employment,
A blink o' rest's a sweet enjoyment.

The dearest comfort o' their lives,
Their grushie weans an' faithfu' wives:
The prattling things are just their pride,
That sweetens a' their fire-side.

An' whyles twalpennie worth o' nappy
Can mak the bodies unco happy;
They lay aside their private cares,
To mind the Kirk and State affairs;
They'll talk o' patronage an' priests,
Wi' kindling fury i' their breasts,
Or tell what new taxation's comin,
An' ferlie at the folk in Lon'on.

As bleak-fac'd Hallowmass returns,
They get the jovial, ranting kirns,
When rural life, o' ev'ry station,
Unite in common recreation;
Love blinks, Wit slaps, an' social Mirth
Forgets there's Care upo' the earth.

Poortith's] poverty's. Grushie] growing. Ferlie] marvel. Ranting kirns] harvest homes.

That merry day the year begins,
They bar the door on frosty winds;
The nappy reeks wi' mantling ream,
An' sheds a heart-inspiring steam;
The luntin pipe, an' sneeshin mill,
Are handed round wi' right guid will;
The cantie auld folks crackin crouse,
The young anes ranting thro' the house,—
My heart has been sae fain to see them,
That I for joy hae barkit wi' them.

Still its owre true that ye hae said,
Sic game is now owre aften play'd.
There's monie a creditable stock
O' decent, honest, fawsont folk,
Are riven out baith root an' branch,
Some rascal's pridefu' greed to quench,
Wha thinks to knit himsel the faster
In favour wi' some gentle Master,
Wha, aiblins, thrang a parliamentin,
For Britain's guid his saul indentin—

CÆSAR.

Haith, lad, ye little ken about it;
For Britain's guid! guid faith! I doubt it.
Say rather, gaun as Premiers lead him,
An' saying *aye* or *no's* they bid him:
At operas an' plays parading,
Mortgaging, gambling, masquerading
Or maybe, in a frolic daff,
To Hague or Calais taks a waft,
To make a tour, an' tak a whirl,
To learn *bon ton* an' see the worl'.

Ream] cream. Luntin] smoking. Sneeshin mill] snuff box. Crouse] cheerfully. Fawsont] well-doing. Aiblins] may be. Indentin] indenturing. Gaun] going.

There, at Vienna or Versailles,
He rives his father's auld entails;
Or by Madrid he taks the rout,
To thrum guitars, an' fecht wi' nowt;
Or down Italian vista startles,
Whore-hunting amang groves o' myrtles:
Then bouses drumly German water,
To make himsel look fair and fatter,
An' clear the consequential sorrows,
Love-gifts of Carnival Signoras,

For Britain's guid! for her destruction!
Wi' dissipation, feud, an' faction!

LUATH.

Hech, man! dear sirs! is that the gate
They waste sae mony a braw estate?
Are we sae foughten an' harass'd
For gear to gang that gate at last?

O would they stay aback frae courts,
An' please themsels wi' countra sports,
It wad for ev'ry ane be better,
The laird, the tenant, an' the cotter!
For thae frank, rantin, ramblin billies,
Fient haet o' them's ill-hearted fellows
Except for breaking o' their timmer,
Or speaking lightly o' their limmer,
Or shootin' o' a hare or moor-cock,
The ne'er-a-bit they're ill to poor folk.

But will ye tell me, Master Cæsar,
Sure great folk's life's a life o' pleasure?
Nae cauld nor hunger e'er can steer them,
The vera thought o't need na fear them.

Fecht] fight. Drumlie] muddy. Timmer] timber. Limmer] mistress.

CÆSAR.

Lord, man, were ye but whyles whare I am,
The gentles ye wad ne'er envy 'em,

It's true, they need na starve or sweat,
Thro' winter's cauld, or simmer's heat;
They've nae sair wark to craze their banes,
An' fill auld age wi' grips an' granes:
But human bodies are sic fools,
For a' their colleges and schools,
That when nae real ills perplex them,
They mak enow themsels to vex them;
An' ay the less they hae to sturt them,
In like proportion, less will hurt them.

A country fellow at the pleugh,
His acre's till'd, he's right eneugh;
A country girl at her wheel,
Her dizzen's done, she's unco weel:
But Gentlemen, an' Ladies warst,
Wi' ev'n down want o' wark are curst.
They loiter, lounging, lank, an' lazy;
Tho' deil haet ails them, yet uneasy:
Their days insipid, dull, an' tasteless;
Their nights unquiet, lang, an' restless;

An' ev'n their sports, their balls an' races,
Their galloping thro' public places,
There's sic parade, sic pomp, an' art,
The joy can scarcely reach the heart.

The men cast out in party-matches,
Then sowther a' in deep debauches.
Ae night, they're mad wi' drink an' whoring,
Niest day their life is past enduring.

Dizzen] dozen. Ev'n down] right down. Deil-haet] nothing.

The Ladies arm-in-arm in clusters.
As great an' gracious a' as sisters;
But hear their absent thoughts o' ither,
They're a' run deils an' jads thegither.
Whyles, owre the wee bit cup an' platie,
They sip the scandal potion pretty;
Or lee-lang nights, wi' crabbit leuks,
Pore ower the devil's pictur'd beuks;
Stake on a chance a farmer's stackyard,
An' cheat like ony unhang'd blackguard.

There's some exceptions, man an' woman;
But this is Gentry's life in common.

By this, the sun was out o' sight,
An' darker gloamin brought the night:
The bum-clock humm'd wi' lazy drone,
The kye stood rowtin i' the loan;
When up they gat, an' shook their lugs,
Rejoic'd they were na *men* but *dogs*;
An' each took aff his several way,
Resolv'd to meet some ither day.

ADDRESS TO THE UNCO GUID, OR THE RIGIDLY RIGHTEOUS

My son, these maxims make a rule,
And lump them aye thegither;
The Rigid Righteous is a fool,
The Rigid Wise anither:
The cleanest corn that e'er was dight
May hae some pyles o' caff in;
So ne'er a fellow-creature slight
For random fits o' daffin.
Solomon.—Eccles. vii. 16.

O ye wha are sae guid yoursel,
Sae pious and sae holy,

Bum-clock] beetle. Rowtin] lowing. Loan] field-path.

Ye've nought to do but mark and tell
  Your Neebour's fauts and folly!
Whase life is like a weel-gaun mill,
  Supply'd wi' store o' water,
The heapet happer's ebbing still,
  And still the clap plays clatter.

Hear me, ye venerable core,
  As counsel for poor mortals,
That frequent pass douce Wisdom's door,
  For glaikit Folly's portals;
I, for their thoughtless, careless sakes,
  Would here propone defences,
Their donsie tricks, their black mistakes,
  Their failings and mischances.

Ye see your state wi' their's compar'd,
  And shudder at the niffer,
But cast a moment's fair regard,
  What maks the mighty differ;
Discount what scant occasion gave
  That purity ye pride in,
And (what's aft mair than a' the lave)
  Your better art o' hiding.

Think, when your castigated pulse
  Gies now and then a wallop,
What raging must his veins convulse,
  That still eternal gallop:
Wi' wind and tide fair i' your tail,
  Right on ye scud your sea-way;
But in the teeth o' baith to sail,
  It maks an unco leeway.

Dight] sifted. Caff] chaff. Daffin] larking. Happer] hopper. Clap] clapper. Core] company. Glaikit] giddy. Propone] put forth. Donsie] restive. Niffer] exchange. Unco] uncommon.

See Social life and Glee sit down,
  All joyous and unthinking,
Till, quite transmugrify'd, they're grown
  Debauchery and Drinking :
O would they stap to calculate
  Th' eternal consequences ;
Or your more dreaded hell to state,
  Damnation of expenses !

Ye high, exalted, virtuous Dames,
  Ty'd up in godly laces,
Before ye gie poor Frailty names,
  Suppose a change o' cases ;
A dear lov'd lad, convenience snug,
  A treacherous inclination—
But, let me whisper i' your lug,
  Ye've aiblins nae temptation.

Then gently scan your brother Man,
  Still gentler sister Woman ;
Tho' they may gang a kennin wrang,
  To step aside is human :
One point must still be greatly dark,
  The moving *Why* they do it ;
And just as lamely can ye mark,
  How far perhaps they rue it.

Who made the heart, 'tis He alone
  Decidedly can try us,
He knows each chord—its various tone,
  Each spring—its various bias :
Then at the balance let's be mute,
  We never can adjust it ;
What's *done* we partly may compute,
  But know not what's *resisted.*

Lug] ear. Aiblins] may be.

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